

SHINING LIGHTS.

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SHINING LIGHTS;

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SKETCHES OF EMINENT SAINTS OF DIFFERENT AGES,
NATIONS AND CHURCHES, ILLUSTRATING THE
WONDROUS POWER OF DIVINE GRACE.

BY THE

REV. A. SIMS,

Author of "Bible Salvation and Popular Religion Contrasted," "How Every
Christian May Win Souls," "Helps to Bible Study," and various
Pamphlets and Tracts.

"Whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation."—PAUL



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INTRODUCTION.

THE lives of eminently pious persons are fraught with lessons of the greatest value. It is scarcely possible to estimate all the good to be derived from the reading of such experiences. One of the most devout and learned of men—Philip Doddridge—says :—"My own heart has been so much edified and animated by what I have read in the memoirs of persons who have been eminent for wisdom and piety, that I cannot but wish the treasure may be more increased."

The Rev. John Lancaster says :—"The benefits to be derived from a serious perusal of such writings are peculiarly interesting. They unfold to us the secrets of other hearts, and thus qualify us to commune more profitably with our own ; they increase our stock of facts with regard to the human mind, and powerfully promote our advancement in one of the most useful branches of knowledge—the knowledge of man ; they enable us to trace the sublime march of an immortal and redeemed spirit, through the intricacies and dangers of this land of peril, to the kingdom of our heavenly Father ; they evince the efficacy of grace ; they publish the triumphs of faith, the pleasures of devotion, the truth of the promises, the faithfulness of God ; they especially tend to elevate our hopes, give a

higher and better tone to our feelings, and with a sweet, constraining influence, stimulate to high and laudable endeavors.

"By the pious records which eminent Christians have left behind they set forth the power of divine grace, in first subjecting their own hearts, and then in leading them forward from joys of conquest to the possession of an eternal crown. They beckon to posterity to follow them as they followed Christ. By publishing their errors, they warn of danger; by telling of their conflicts, they summon still conflicting champions to gird on the whole armor of God; by recording the trophies they have won, they unfurl the banners of the cross, and proclaim as with shouts of triumph certain victory to all who continue faithful unto death."

Hence, as the immortal poet—Charles Wesley—has written:—

"We gather up with pious care
What happy saints have left behind;
Their writings in our memory bear,
Their sayings on our faithful mind.
Their works, which traced them to the skies,
As patterns to ourselves we take,
And dearly love and highly prize
The mantle for the wearer's sake."

If this book shall prove to be as great a blessing to its readers as the preparation of it has been to us, our labor will not have been in vain. That it may have a world-wide influence in the promotion of holy living, is the earnest prayer of

THE AUTHOR.

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SHINING LIGHTS.

GREGORY LOPEZ.

GREGORY LOPEZ was born at Madrid, July 4, 1542. God favored him with uncommon grace, even from his tender years. In the providence of God, he was made page to a Spanish potentate. The fear of the Lord was so rooted in the heart of young Lopez, that even a court life, and all its various agitations, which, like impetuous winds, are apt to ruffle the calmest souls, failed to disturb his composure; and he has related, that when his master sent him with any message, he had such an attention to God, that neither persons of the highest quality with whom he had to do, nor all the other occasions of distracting the mind, which are found in the courts of princes, interrupted his thinking of God.

We cannot commend the step he took in resolving to live in absolute retirement from the world, or the extreme austerities he practised, which no doubt considerably shortened his life.

Aside from these mistakes, however, his piety was of the deepest type. On one occasion he remarked to a friend, that he had had such a conflict with the great enemy, and

was obliged to use so violent efforts in resisting him, that the blood gushed out of his nose and ears. The knowledge which God infused into his mind was indeed wonderful. Though he had never learned Latin, he translated the Scriptures from Latin into Spanish, in terms so proper, as if he had been equally acquainted with that and with his native tongue. It seemed that the whole Bible was continually before him. When men of learning asked him where such and such texts were, he not only told them without hesitation, but showed the sense of them with such clearness, however obscure they were, that there remained no difficulty or obscurity in them. Many persons of eminent knowledge came to him to resolve their doubts concerning passages of Scripture, and they all returned, not barely satisfied, but amazed at the understanding which God had given him. He knew, with all the clearness which could be drawn from the Scripture and other histories, all that passed from the creation to Noah; and he recited all the generations, their degrees of kindred to each other, their several ages, and the times when they lived, with as much exactness as if he had had the Bible before him and was reading them out of the book. Nor was he ignorant of the history of other people; but if occasion offered, could tell with the utmost accuracy—so far as any records remained—what were their manners, their customs, and the arts which they had invented.

The same knowledge he had of what passed from Noah to Christ, and spoke of those times as if they had been present to him. He referred all profane histories to the sacred; knew the wars and events which had occurred in any nation to the birth of Jesus Christ, and spoke of them as clearly as he could have done of the things of his own times.

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He was a thorough master of all ecclesiastical history since the birth of Christ; as likewise of all the emperors to Philip II., in whose reign he died.

He was equally skilled in profane history, ancient as well as modern. He drew up a chronology from the creation of the world to the pontificate of Clement VIII., so exact, though so short, that all remarkable incidents, whether ecclesiastical or secular, were set down therein.

But this knowledge was not limited to history. He was so knowing in astronomy, cosmography, and geography, that it seemed as if he had himself measured the heavens, the earth, and the sea. He had a globe and a general map of the world, made with his own hands, so just that it has been admired by persons deeply skilled in the science; and he was so ready herein that the Marquis of Salinas having sent him a very large one, he observed in it several mistakes, corrected them, gave his reasons for it, and sent it back.

He had so particular a knowledge of nations, provinces, and the customs of them, that he could tell punctually where every country was, and in what degree of latitude; their cities, their rivers, their isles; the plants and animals which were peculiar to them—of all which he spoke as knowing what he said, yet without that arrogance which sometimes attends knowledge; because his, coming from heaven, was not sullied with the defects of that which is acquired in this world.

He was well acquainted with anatomy, and several times made many curious remarks of that kind which gave me reason to admire the wisdom of God in the human frame, and to own that we are fearfully and wonderfully made.

He was no less acquainted with the art of medicine.

He wrote a book of excellent recipes, cheap and easy to be procured; and God blessed them with remarkable success.

He was an excellent botanist; he not only knew the qualities of plants, and for what diseases they were proper, but likewise how these qualities might be altered, by mixing or infusing them with various liquors.

He wrote several hands perfectly well, particularly in the map of the world; all the writing whereof one would imagine to be print, the strokes are so elegant, bold and strong.

But all this knowledge did not for a moment divert his mind from the one thing needful. When asked one day, whether none of these things ever gave him any distraction, he replied: "I find God alike in little things and in great." God being the continual object of his attention, he saw all things only in God. He had also great skill in directing others. He saw spiritual things with the eyes of his soul as clearly as outward things with those of his body, and had an amazing accuracy in distinguishing what was of grace from what was of nature; and that not only with regard to himself, but those also who consulted him in their doubts and difficulties. He fully satisfied all the doubts that were proposed to him; he instructed every one in the manner wherein he should behave in his profession. None were so afflicted, but he comforted them; imprinted on the spirit of all to whom he spake an ardent desire of holiness. His words were all words of fire, and inflamed the heart with the love of God. No one went from him without feeling himself comforted and strengthened.

"If any man offend not in word," saith the apostle James, "the same is a perfect man." We may then pronounce Lopez a perfect man. One who had lived with him in the strictest intimacy for eighteen years, says that he had never heard him speak one single word that could be reprov'd. His conversation was always of things use-

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al and spiritual, meet to minister grace to the hearers.
He measured his words so well that he spoke no more than
was necessary to make himself understood, and he never
exaggerated anything.

His patience and humility shone with great resplendency.
Although he frequently suffered great pain at his stomach,
and violent colics, he never made any complaint, nor in-
deed any show of them. While he was at St. Foy he had
the toothache for almost a year together, but it was not
perceived by any outward sign, only that twice he used
some herbs which he knew to be good for it, and that
sometimes it was so violent that he could not eat.

He desired to be despised like his Master. He studied
to forget all temporal things, and thought only of seeking
God and serving him. He received, with constant patience,
all that could befall him, without seeking any satisfaction,
not finding any, even in his virtues, but as they contributed
to the glory of God, to whom alone his heart was attached,
forgetting all things else. "I knew a man," said he on
one occasion, by whom undoubtedly he meant himself,
who, for six and thirty years, never discontinued, for one
single moment, to make with all his strength, an act of
pure love to God." But although this servant of God was
continually employed in this act of love to God and his
neighbor, yet he had likewise other ways of praying, which
did not hinder, but increased his union with God.

When he had any great conflicts, he rejoiced to sustain
them for the love of God; and, after he had conquered, he
offered all that he had suffered as a sacrifice to him. He
offered him not only the spoils won from his enemies, but
the gifts and graces which he had given him, joined with
 fervent prayer, and an unspeakable sense of his obligations
to the Giver of every good gift; so that when he received

any new grace or gift, his understanding being more enlightened, and his heart still more inflamed with love, instead of resting on those gifts and graces, he offered them to God, from whom alone he loved all that he received from him.

No wonder that the Rev. John Wesley should have said of him: "For many years I despaired of finding any inhabitant of Great Britain, that could stand in any degree of comparison with Gregory Lopez." During the last few months of his life he was much afflicted; and after having endured great bodily pain, this eminent saint passed triumphantly away, July 20, 1596.

GEORGE FOX.

GEORGE FOX, founder of the Society of Friends, was born at Drayton, Leicestershire, England, in July, 1624. His parents were pious members of the Church of England, and brought him up carefully. The *Christian Times* says: "His mother, Mary Lago, was of the martyr stock, and had inherited their intense feelings and religious enthusiasm. To her he probably owed his education, and many of the determining principles of his life. As to his father, he was indebted for the incorruptible integrity and tenderly scrupulous regard for truth by which he was characterized. As a child, he was singularly quiet, docile, observant, and meditative. He sat among his elders silently, watching their frivolity, untruthfulness, gluttony, and intemperance, and inwardly resolving: If ever I come to be a man,

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surely I shall not do so, nor be so wanton. Some of his
relatives would have had the thoughtful lad trained for a
clergyman, but others objecting, he was apprenticed to a
person who, as the manner then was, combined a number
of trades—shoemaking, wool-stapling, cattle dealing, and
so on. George proved a valuable assistant to him. The
fear of God rested mightily upon him, and he was anxiously
watchful in all things to maintain strict integrity.
“Verily” was a favorite word of his, and it became a
common saying among those who knew him that, “If
George says ‘Verily,’ there is no altering him.”

His early religious experience was very deep, and, after
the termination of his apprenticeship, he felt himself im-
pelled by a divine monition (1643), to leave his home and
friends, seeking for “light.” In 1647, after, as he says,
forsaking the priests and the separate preachers also, and
those esteemed the most experienced people, none of whom
would speak to his “condition,” he “heard a voice” calling
him to Christ, and his “heart leaped for joy.” In this
same year he began his ministry, which lasted during his
life. He says, “When the Lord sent me forth into the
world, he forbid me to put off my hat to any, high or low,
and I was required to ‘thee’ and ‘thou’ all men and
women, without any respect to rich or poor, great or
small; and as I travelled up and down, I was not to bid
people ‘good morning’ or ‘good evening,’ neither might I
bow or scrape with my leg to any one; and this made the
acts and professions to rage.”

Fox was imprisoned for some time as a “disturber of the
peace.” He continued, however, to travel up and down
England, preaching and exhorting, and leaving permanent
traces behind him everywhere. The term “Quaker” was
first applied to him at Derby, in 1650, by Justice Bennet,

as Fox says, "because I bid them tremble at the word of the Lord." In 1655, he was brought before Cromwell, who pronounced favorably upon both his doctrines and character. Still he was frequently imprisoned by country magistrates.

He visited the continent of Europe several times, and in 1671, made a voyage to America, where he spent two years with gratifying success. His visit to the Netherlands was also attended with much of the Divine blessing.

We give a few extracts from his journal, showing the remarkable success and power of this man of God, and the bitter persecutions he endured for righteousness' sake :—

"As I travelled through markets, fairs and divers places, I saw death and darkness in all people, where the power of the Lord God had not shaken them. As I was passing on in Leicestershire, I came to Twy-Cross, where there were excisemen. I was moved of the Lord to go to them, and warn them to take heed of oppressing the poor; and people were much affected with it. There was in that town a great man, that had long lain sick, and was given up by the physicians; and some Friends in the town desired me to go to see him. I went up to him in his chamber, and spoke the word of life to him, and was moved to pray by him, and the Lord was entreated, and restored him to health. But when I was come down stairs, into a lower room, and was speaking to the servants and to some people that were there, a serving man of his came raving out of another room, with a naked rapier in his hand, and set it just to my side. I looked steadfastly on him, and said, 'Alack for thee, poor creature! what wilt thou do with thy carnal weapon? it is no more to me than a straw.' The standers by were much troubled, and he went away in a rage, and full of wrath. But when the news of it came to his master, he turned him out of his service. Thus the Lord's power

able at the word of Cromwell, who was very loving to Friends; and when I came to that town again, both he and his wife came to see me.

"After this I was moved to go into Derbyshire, where the mighty power of God was among Friends. And I went to Chesterfield, where one Britland was priest. He saw beyond the common sort of priests, for he had been partly convinced, and had spoken much of truth, before he was priest there; but when the priest of that town died, he got the parsonage, and choked himself with it. I was moved to speak to him and the people in the great love of God, that they might come off from all men's teaching unto God's teaching; and he was not able to gainsay. But they had before the mayor, and threatened to send me with some others to the House of Correction; and kept us in custody late in the night. Then the officers, with the watchmen, put us out of town, leaving us to shift as we could. I bent my course towards Derby, having a friend or two with me. In our way we met with many professors; and at Kidsey Park many were convinced.

When, coming to Derby, I lay at a doctor's house whose wife was convinced; and so were several more in the town. I was walking in my chamber, the steeple-house bell rang, and it struck at my life at the very hearing of it; so I asked the woman of the house what the bell rang for? She said there was to be a great lecture there that day, and many officers of the army, and priests, and preachers were to be there, and a colonel that was a preacher. Then was I moved of the Lord to go up to them; and when they had come I spoke to them what the Lord commanded me, and they were pretty quiet. But there came an officer and took me by the hand, and said I must go before the magistrates, and the other two that were with me. It was about the

first hour after noon that we came before them. They asked me why we came thither? I said, 'God moved us so to do;' and I told them, 'God dwells not in temples made with hands.' I told them also, 'All their preaching, baptism, and sacrifices, would never sanctify them;' and bid them look unto Christ in them, and not unto men; for it is Christ that sanctifies. Then they ran into many words; but I told them they were not to dispute of God and Christ, but to obey him. The power of God thundered amongst them, and they flew like chaff before it. They put me in and out of the room, often hurrying me backward and forward; for they were from the first hour till the ninth at night in examining me. Sometimes they would tell me, in a deriding manner, that I was taken up in raptures. At last they asked me whether I was sanctified? I answered, 'Yes; for I was in the paradise of God.' Then they asked me if I had no sin? I answered, 'Christ, my Saviour, has taken away my sin, and in him there is no sin.' They asked, how we knew Christ did abide in us? I said, 'By his Spirit, that he hath given us.' They temptingly asked, if any of us were Christ? I answered, 'Nay, we were nothing, Christ is all.' They said, 'If a man steal, is it no sin?' I answered, 'All unrighteousness is sin.' So when they had wearied themselves in examining me, they committed me and one other man to the House of Correction in Derby for six months, as blasphemers.

"Now did the priests in their pulpits bestir themselves to preach up sin for term of life; and much of their work was to plead for it, so that the people said never was the like heard."

This heroic man is next imprisoned in Carlisle gaol. He says:—

"The judges were resolved not to suffer me to be

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brought before them ; but reviling and scoffing at me behind my back, left me to the magistrates of the town ; giving them what encouragement they could to exercise their cruelty upon me. Whereupon (though I had been kept so close in the jailer's house that Friends were not suffered to visit me, and Colonel Benson and Justice Pearson were denied to see me), yet the next day, after the judges were gone out of town, an order was sent to the jailer, to put me down into the dungeon among the moss-troopers, thieves, and murderers, which accordingly he did. A filthy, nasty place it was, where men and women were put together in a very uncivil manner, and not even a house of convenience to it ; and the prisoners so lousy that one woman was almost eaten to death with lice. Yet, as bad as the place was, the prisoners were all made very loving and subject to me ; and some of them were convinced of the truth, as the publicans and harlots were of old ; so that they were able to confound any priest that might come to the grates to dispute. But the jailer was very cruel, and the under jailer very abusive to me and to Friends that came to see me ; for he would beat Friends with a great cudgel, that did but come to the window to look in upon me. I could get up to the grate, where sometimes I took in my meat, at which the jailer was often offended. One time he came in a great rage, and beat me with a great cudgel, though I was not at the grate at that time ; and as he beat me, he cried, 'Come out of the window,' though I was then far enough from it. While he struck me, I was made to sing in the Lord's power ; and that made him rage the more. Then he fetched a fiddler, and brought him in where I was, and set him to play, thinking to vex me thereby ; but, while he played, I was moved, in the everlasting power of the Lord God, to sing, and my voice drowned the voice of the

fiddle, and struck and confounded them, and made them give over fiddling and go their way."

A way of escape from this horrible gaol soon presented itself. The authorities offered Fox the captaincy of a company of soldiers. Here is the record of what followed:—

"I told them, I knew from whence all wars arose, even from the lust according to James' doctrine; and that I lived in the virtue of that life and power that took away the occasion of all wars. But they courted me to accept their doctrine, and thought I did but compliment them. But I told them I was come into the covenant of peace, which was before wars and strifes were. They said they offered it in love and kindness to me, because of my virtue; and such like flattering words they used. But I told them if that was their love and kindness, I trampled it under my feet. Then their rage got up, and they said, 'Take him away, jailer, and put him in the dungeon among the rogues and felons.' So I was taken away and put into a lousy, stinking place, without any bed, amongst thirty felons, where I was kept almost half a year, unless it were at times; for they would sometimes let me walk in the garden, having a belief that I would not go away. Now when they had got me into Derby dungeon, it was the belief and saying of people that I should never come out; but I had faith in God, and believed I should be delivered in his time; for the Lord had said to me before, that I was not to be removed from that place yet, being set there for a service which he had for me to do.

"After it became noised abroad that I was in Derby dungeon, my relations came to see me again; and some thought I was mad, because I advocated purity, and righteousness, and perfection.

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magistrates were uneasy about me; but they could not agree what to do with me. One while they would have sent me up to the parliament; another while they would have banished me to Ireland. At first they called me a deceiver, a seducer, and a blasphemer; afterwards, when God had brought his plagues upon them, they said I was an honest, virtuous man. But their good report or bad report, their well-speaking or their ill-speaking, was nothing to me; for the one did not lift me up, nor the other cast me down; praised be the Lord! At length they were made to turn me out of jail, about the beginning of winter in the year 1651, after I had been a prisoner in Derby, almost a year: six months in the House of Correction, and the rest of the time in the common jail and dungeon."

His journal records the fact that one Lancashire and Yorkshire campaign produced twenty-four Friends, who spent their lives in salvation work. Here is a specimen of his constant experience :—

"The next First-day I went to Tickhill, whither the Friends of that side gathered together, and in the meeting a mighty brokenness by the power of God was amongst the people. I went out of the meeting, being moved of God to go to the steeple-house; and when I came there, I found the priest and most of the chief of the parish together in the chancel. So I went up to them and began to speak; but they immediately fell upon me; and the clerk took up his Bible, as I was speaking, and struck me on the face with it, so that it gushed out with blood, and I bled exceedingly in the steeple-house. Then the people cried, 'Let us have him out of the church!' and when they had got me out, they beat me exceedingly, and threw me down and over a hedge; and afterwards they dragged me through a house into the street, stoning and beating me as they drew me along, so

that I was besmeared all over with blood and dirt. They got my hat from me, which I never obtained again. Yet when I was got upon my legs again, I declared to them the Word of Life, and showed to them the fruits of their teacher, and how they dishonored Christianity. After awhile I got into the meeting again amongst Friends, and the priest and people coming by the house, I went forth with Friends into the yard, and there I spoke to the priest and people. The priest scoffed at us, and called us Quakers; but the Lord's power was so over them, and the word of life was declared in such authority and dread to them, that the priest began trembling himself, and one of the people said, '*Look how the priest trembles and shakes, he is turned a Quaker also.*'"

GREAT STREET MEETING.

"On the market-day I went to Lancaster, and spoke through the market in the dreadful power of God, declaring the day of the Lord to the people, and crying out against all their deceitful merchandise. I preached righteousness and truth unto them, which they should all follow after, and walk and live in, directing them how and where they might find and receive the Spirit of God to guide them thereinto. After I had cleared myself in the market, I went to my lodging, whither several people came, and many were convinced, who have stood faithful to the truth.

"On the First-day following, in the forenoon, I had a great meeting in the street at Lancaster, amongst the soldiers and people, unto whom I declared the word of life and the everlasting truth. I opened unto them that all the traditions they had lived in, and all their worships and religions, and the professions they made of the Scriptures, were good for nothing while they lived out of the life and power which they were in who gave forth the Scriptures.

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I directed them to the light of Christ, the heavenly Man, and to the Spirit of God in their own hearts, that they might come to be acquainted with God and with Christ, receive him for their teacher, and know his kingdom set up in them.

"After this I returned into Westmoreland, and spoke through Kendal on a market day. So dreadful was the power of God upon me, that people flew like chaff before me into their houses. I warned them of the mighty day of the Lord, and exhorted them to hearken to the voice of God in their own hearts, who was now come to teach his people himself. When some opposed, many others took my part, insomuch that at last some of the people fell to fighting about me; but I went and spoke to them, and they parted again. Several were convinced."

We can form but a faint idea in these quiet days of the fearful state of things that surrounded Fox and his friends. At one time there were *more than 4,500 Friends in prison. of whom no less than 245 died in gaol.* Just imagine what must have been the character of the conflict, when the authorities stripped female ministers to the waist, and lashed them through the towns in that condition till the blood ran down their backs!

Again he says:—

"Now in Cornwall, Devonshire, Dorsetshire, and Somersetshire, truth began to spread mightily, and many were turned to Christ Jesus and his free teaching; for many Friends that came to visit us, were drawn forth to declare the truth in those counties; which made the priests and professors rage, and they stirred up the magistrates to ensnare Friends. They placed watches in the streets and highways, on pretence of taking up all suspicious persons; under which color they stopped and took up the Friends that

travelled in and through those counties, coming to visit us in prison ; which they did, that they might not pass up and down in the Lord's service. But that by which they thought to stop the truth, was the means of spreading it so much the more; for then Friends were frequently moved to one constable and to the other officer, and to the justices they were brought before; and this caused the truth to spread the more amongst them in all their parishes. And when Friends got among the watches, it would be a fortnight or three weeks before they could get out of them again; for no sooner had one constable taken them and carried them before the justices, and they had discharged them, than another would take them up, and carry them before other justices; which put the country to much needless trouble and charges."

Space will not allow us to mention more than one of the judgments which fell upon some of their persecutors:—

A PERSECUTOR'S AWFUL END.

"Then I came again to Thomas Taylor's, within three miles of Halifax, where was a meeting of about two hundred people, amongst which were many rude people, and divers butchers, several of whom had bound themselves with an oath before they came out, that they would kill me (as I was told); one of these butchers had been accused of killing a man and a woman. They came in a very rude manner, and made a great disturbance in the meeting. The meeting being in a field, Thomas Taylor stood up, and said unto them, 'If you will be civil, you may stay, but, if not, I charge you to begone from off my ground.' But they were the worse, and said they would make it like a common; and they yelled, and made a noise, as if they had been at a

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bear-baiting. They thrust Friends up and down; and Friends, being peaceable, the Lord's power came over them. Several times they thrust me off from the place I stood on, by the crowding of the people together against me; but still I was moved of the Lord to stand up again, as I was thrust down. At last I was moved of the Lord to say unto them, 'If they would discourse of the things of God, let them come up to me one by one; and if they had anything to say or to object, I would answer them all, one after another,' but they were all silent, and had nothing to say. And then the Lord's power came so over them all, and answered the witness of God in them, that they were bound by the power of God; and a glorious, powerful meeting we had, and his power went over all, and the minds of the people were turned by the Spirit of God in them to God, and to Christ their teacher. The powerful word of Christ was largely declared that day; and in the life and power of God we broke up our meeting; and that rude company went their way to Halifax. The people asked them why they did not kill me, according to the oath they had sworn; and they maliciously answered, that I had so bewitched them, that they could not do it. Thus was the devil chained at that time. Friends told me, that they used to come at other times, and be very rude; and sometimes break their stools and seats, and make frightful work amongst them; but the Lord's power had now bound them. Shortly after this, the butcher that had been accused of killing a man and a woman before, and who was one of them that had bound himself by an oath to kill me, killed another man, and then was sent to York jail. Another of those rude butchers who had also sworn to kill me, having accustomed himself to thrust his tongue out of his mouth, in derision of Friends when they passed

by him, had it so swollen out of his mouth that he could never draw it in again, but died so."

Pen in his preface to "Fox's Journal," has given the following tribute to his lofty character: "He had an extraordinary gift in opening the Scriptures, but above all he excelled in prayer. The inwardness and weight of his speech, the reverence and solemnity of his address and behaviour, and the trueness and fulness of his words, have often struck even strangers with admiration. The most awful, living reverent frame I ever felt or beheld, I must say was his prayer. He was of an innocent life, no busybody, nor self-seeker, a most merciful man, as ready to forgive, as unapt to give or take an offence, . . . an incessant laborer; as unwearied, so undaunted in his services for God and his people; he was no more to be moved to fear than to wrath; civil beyond all forms of breeding, very temperate, eating little, and sleeping less, though a bulky person. He was a diligent student of the word of God. He knew the Scriptures so well that it has been said of him, 'If the Bible should be lost, you could find it all in George's head.' He died in London, January 13, 1691.

MADAME GUYON.

MADAME DE LA MOTHE GUYON was born in 1648, in the city of Montargis. When four years of age she was placed in a Benedictine convent. At the age of sixteen she was married to a wealthy contractor. Her mother-in-law and a nurse speedily made her life so miserable as to crush her

down. She was converted to God through the agency of a Franciscan monk on the 22nd of July, 1668. She says :—

“I bade farewell forever to assemblies which I had visited, to plays and diversions, dancing, unprofitable walks, and parties of pleasure. The amusements and pleasures so much prized and esteemed by the world, now appeared to me dull and insipid—so much so, that I wondered how I ever could have enjoyed them.

“I had a secret desire given me, *from that time*, to be wholly devoted to the disposal of my God. The language of my heart, addressing itself to my heavenly Father, was, What *couldst* thou not demand of me which I would not willingly sacrifice or offer Thee? O, spare me not! It seemed to me that I loved God too much, willingly or knowingly to offend him. I could hardly hear God or our Lord Jesus Christ spoken of without being almost transported out of myself.”

A few years afterwards her husband died. Passing through severe trials, she was led to give herself more fully to God, and to learn the blessedness of walking constantly by faith in him. She says :—

“Great was the change which I had now experienced ; but still, in my exterior life, I appeared to others quite simple, unobtrusive and common. And the reason was, that my soul was not only brought in harmony with itself and with God, but with God’s providences. In the exercise of faith and love, I endured and performed whatever came in God’s providence, in submission, in thankfulness, and silence. I was now in God and God in me ; and where God is, there is as much simplicity as power. And what I did was done in such simplicity and childlikeness of spirit, that the world did not observe anything which was much calculated to attract notice,

"I had a deep peace which seemed to pervade the whole soul, and resulted from the fact that all my desires were fulfilled in God. I feared nothing; that is, considered in its *ultimate results and relations*, because my strong faith placed God at the head of all perplexities and events. I desired nothing but what I now had, because I had a full belief that, in my present state of mind, the results of each moment constituted the fulfilment of the Divine purposes. As a sanctified heart is always in harmony with the Divine providences, I had no will but the Divine will, of which such providences are the true and appropriate expression. How could such a soul have other than a deep peace, not limited to the uncertainties of the emotional part of our nature, but which pervaded and blessed the whole mind! Nothing seemed to diminish it; nothing troubled it.

"I do not mean to say that I was in a state in which I could not be afflicted. My physical system, my senses, had not lost the power of suffering. My natural sensibilities were susceptible of being pained. Oftentimes I suffered much. But in the centre of the soul, if I may so express it, there was divine and supreme peace. The soul, considered in its connection with the objects immediately around it, might at times be troubled and afflicted; but the soul considered in its relation to God and the Divine will, was entirely calm, trustful and happy. The trouble at the circumference, originating in part from a disordered physical constitution, did not affect and disturb the divine peace of the centre.

"One characteristic of this higher degree of experience was a sense of inward purity. *My mind had such a oneness with God*, such a unity with the Divine nature, that nothing seemed to have power to soil it and to diminish its purity. It experienced the truth of that declaration of Scripture, that 'to the pure all things are pure.' The pollution which

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surrounds has no power upon it ; as the dark and impure mud does not defile the sunbeams that shine upon it, which rather appear brighter and purer from the contrast.

" But though I was so much blessed, I was not conscious of any merit, nor tempted by any suggestions of merit, in myself. Indeed, I seemed to be so united with God, so made one with the centre and sum of all good, that my thoughts did not easily turn upon myself as a distinct object of reflection ; and, consequently, it would not have been an easy thing for me to attach to myself the idea of merit. If I had done virtuously and meritoriously by a *laborious effort*, the idea of merit would more naturally and readily have suggested itself, and I might have been tempted to indulge thoughts of that kind. But now that God had become the inward operator, and every movement was a movement originating, as it were, in a Divine inspiration, and as a holy life had become as natural to me as the life of nature had been, I could not well attribute to myself what evidently belonged to God. To him, and to him only, to his goodness and his grace, I attributed all worthiness, all praise."

Finding the house she lived in to be quite unhealthy, this wealthy lady, who had been accustomed to enjoy all the splendor of Paris, removed to a little hut, of which she says :—

"It had a look of the greatest poverty, and had no chimney except in the kitchen, through which one was obliged to pass to go to the chamber. I gave up the largest chamber to my daughter and the maid. The chamber reserved to myself was a very small one ; and I ascended to it by a ladder. Having no furniture of my own except some beds, quite plain and homely, I bought a few cheap chairs, and such articles of earthen and wooden ware as were necessary. I fancied everything better on wood than on plate.

Never did I enjoy a greater content than in this hovel. It seemed to me entirely conformable to the littleness and simplicity which characterize the true life in Christ."

Her enemies, however, were determined not to let her rest long even in this poor shelter.

"It would be difficult for me to enumerate all the unkindness and cruelty practised toward me. The little garden near my cottage I had put in order. Persons came at night and tore it all up, broke down the arbor, and overturned everything in it; so that it appeared as if it had been ravaged by a body of soldiers. My windows were broken with stones, which fell at my feet. All the night long persons were around the house, making a great noise, threatening to break it in, and uttering personal abuse. I have learned since who put these persons upon their wicked work.

"It was at this time that notice reached me *that I must go out of the diocese*. Crimes were tolerated, but the work of God, resulting in the conversion and sanctification of souls, could not be endured. All this while I had no uneasiness of mind. My soul found rest in God; I never repented that I had left all to do what seemed to me to be his will. I believed that God had a design in everything which took place; and I left all in his hands, both the sorrow and the joy."

"It pleased God," she says, 'to make use of me in the conversion of two or three ecclesiastics. Attached to the prevalent views and practices, their repugnance to the doctrines of faith and of an inward life was at first great. One of these persons at first vilified me very much. But God at length led him to see his errors, and gave him new dispositions.

"People," says Madame Guyon, "flocked together from

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all sides, far and near. Friars, priests, men of the world, maids, wives, widows, all came, one after another, to hear what was to be said. So great was the interest felt, that for some time I was wholly *occupied from six o'clock in the morning till eight in the evening*, in speaking of God. It was not possible to aid myself much in my remarks by meditation and study. But God was with me. He enabled me, in a wonderful manner, to understand the spiritual condition and wants of those who came to me. Many were the souls which submitted to God at this time; God knows how many. Some appeared to be changed as it were in a moment. Delivered from a state in which their hearts and lips were closed, they were at once endued with gifts of prayer, which were wonderful. Marvellous, indeed, was the work of the Lord.

"They were grievously chagrined, says Madame Guyon, "that a woman should be so much flocked to and sought after. For looking at the things as they were in themselves, and not as they were in God, who uses what instrument he pleases, they forgot, in their contempt for the instrument, to admire the goodness and grace manifested through it. The good brother, however, first converted persevered in his efforts, and after a time persuaded the Superior of the House to come, and at least to thank me for the charities of which he knew I had been the agent.

"He came. We entered into conversation. The Lord was present, and was pleased so to order my words, that they reached his heart. He was not only affected but was at last convinced and completely gained over to the views which he at first opposed. So much so, that he bought quite a number of religious books at his own expense, and circulated them widely."

About this time, she wrote a little book entitled, "A

Short Method of Prayer." Speaking of the effects which this book produced on the minds of certain members of a religious order, she says:—

"They experienced so much benefit from it, that the Superior said to me, 'I am become quite a new man. Prayer, which was formerly burdensome to me, and especially after my intellectual faculties became exhausted and dull, I now practise with great pleasure and ease. God, who formerly seemed to be a great way off, is now near; and the communion I have with him, which is frequent, results in great spiritual blessings.'

"The Master of the Novitiates said, 'I have been a member of a Religious House these forty years, and have practised the form of prayer, and perhaps in something of its spirit; but I can truly say, that I have never practised it as I have done since I read that little book. And I can say the same of my other religious exercises.' Among the other persons experimentally interested, were three monks, men of ability and reputation, belonging to another monastery, the members of which were, in general, very much opposed to me.

"God also made me of service to a great number of nuns, virtuous young women, and even men of the world. Among those was a young man of the Order of the Knights of Malta. Led to understand something of the peaceful nature and effects of religion, he abandoned the profession of arms for that of a preacher of the Gospel of Christ. He became a man constant in prayer, and was much favored of the Lord. I could not well describe the great number of souls, of whose spiritual good God was pleased to make me the instrument. Among the number were three curates, one canon, and one grand-vicar, who were more particularly given to me. Generally speaking, those who sought

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religion did not seek it in vain. There was one priest, however, for whom I was interested, and for whom, in my anxiety for his salvation, I suffered much. He desired religion, while he felt the power of other and inferior attachments. He sought it, but with a divided heart. The contest was severe, and it was with painful emotions, that I saw him, after all his desires and efforts, go back again to the world.

"I ought to add, perhaps, that those who were the subjects of this remarkable work, generally remained steadfast in the faith. In the severe trials which followed, some of them were shaken for a time, but returned again. The great body were steadfast—immovable."

Her "Methods of Prayer" were destined to exercise a mighty influence in the land. One thousand, five hundred copies were immediately given away by a good man in Grenoble, and wherever they went they were eagerly read, and stirred the people up to seek God. Three hundred copies were found and burnt in Dijon some time after this!

"One day she entered into a church in which some religious services were being performed. The priest, who had the direction of them, observed her; and after they were concluded, went immediately to the house in which she lodged, and stated to her, with great simplicity and frankness, his inward trials and necessities. 'He made his statements,' she remarks, 'with as much humility as simplicity. In a short time he was filled with joy, and thankful acknowledgments to God. He became a man of prayer, and a true servant of God.'

"But, notwithstanding this unfavorable state of things, 'God,' she says, '*did not fail to make use of me to gain many souls to himself.*' He was pleased to regard me with

great kindness. In the poverty and weakness of his poor handmaid, he gave me spiritual riches. The more persecution raged against me, the more attentively was the word of the Lord listened to, and the greater number of spiritual children given to me.'

"Some of these persons were involved in the trials she endured. A number were banished from the city, chiefly on the ground of having attended religious conferences at her house or with her. One was banished, she states, against whom nothing further was alleged than his having made the remark, that her little book, meaning probably her book on Prayer, was a good one."

On the 29th January, 1688, she was suddenly ordered to go to a convent, where she was kept separated from her daughter, and hardly treated, yet she coolly says:—

"When none came to see her, with whom she might converse, she wrote; when tired of writing the incidents of her life, she corresponded with her friends; when opportunities for doing good in this manner did not present themselves, she solaced the hours of solitude by writing poems.

She was offered her liberty if she would consent to the marriage of her daughter with a godless nobleman, nephew to the Archbishop of Paris. She made this noble reply:—

"God allows suffering, but never allows wrong. I see clearly that it is his will that I should remain in prison, and endure the pains which are connected with it; and I am entirely content that it should be so. I can never buy my liberty at the expense of sacrificing my daughter."

After eight months' imprisonment, she was set at liberty by the intercession of Madame de Maintenon, and immediately began again her course of private meetings, but now devoting the time more entirely to those who were saved and seeking sanctification.

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"After the labors of the day, I have, for some time past, spent a portion of the night in writing commentaries on the Scriptures. I began this at Grenoble; and though my labors were many and my health was poor, the Lord enabled me, in the course of six months, to write on all the books of the Old Testament."

It was at this time that she made the acquaintance of Abbé Fenelon, afterwards Archbishop of Cambray, who became a sanctified witness to the truth, and remained till death not only a fearless champion of the cause of holiness, but a true friend to the persecuted lady, who had been to so great an extent his mother in the faith.

Madame de Maintenon had established at St. Cyr an institution for the education of two hundred and fifty young ladies, whose parents had become poor. Having been pleased and blessed under Madame Guyon herself, she let her visit this school, and soon many of the young ladies got saved.

On the 8th of July, 1695, the Duchess of Mortemar came to the convent to take Madame Guyon back to Paris. It was no sooner known that she was in Paris than the city was in an uproar. She soon had to hide, and after some six months of this she was found and sent to prison. She says:—

"I passed my time in great peace, content to spend the remainder of my life there, if such should be the will of God. I employed part of my time in writing religious songs. I, and my maid La Gautiere, who was with me in prison, committed them to heart as fast as I made them. Together we sang praises to thee, O our God! It sometimes seemed to me as if I were a little bird whom the Lord had placed in a cage, and that I had nothing to do now but to sing. The joy of my heart gave a brightness to

the objects around me. *The stones of my prison looked in my eyes like rubies.* I esteemed them more than all the gaudy brilliancies of a vain world. My heart was full of that joy which thou givest to them who love thee in the midst of their greatest crosses."

At last, in 1702, she was released from prison, and banished for life to Blois, a city one hundred miles from Paris.

"My life," says she, "is consecrated to God, to *suffer* for him, as well as to enjoy him. I came out of my place of confinement in the Bastile; but, in leaving my prison, I did not leave the cross. My afflicted spirit began to breathe and recover itself a little after the termination of my residence there; but my body was from that time sick, and borne down with all sorts of infirmities. I have had almost continual maladies, which have often brought me to the very verge of death."

Numbers of religious people, some from foreign countries, and among others some persons of high rank from Germany and England came to see her. They had heard of her labors and sufferings, and came either to receive the benefit of her conversation and instructions, or to pay the homage of sincere respect to her character. It was through the instrumentality of some one of these persons, whose name is not known, that her autobiography was first published.

Great numbers of persons came to see her. Religion was the great subject of her discourse. Forgetful of herself, she regulated her remarks exclusively by a regard to the spiritual state and the wants of those who thus had interviews with her. It would not be easy to estimate the good she was capable of doing, and which she was actually the means of doing, in this way.

In one of her last letters, she says:—

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"If my work is done, I think I can say, I am ready to go. In the language of the proverb, I have already 'one foot in the stirrup,' and am willing to mount and be gone, as soon as my heavenly Father pleases."

In the beginning of the month of March, 1717, she had a very severe attack of sickness, from which she never recovered. During her sickness she conversed with her friends, and wrote a few letters; but she had no doubt that her labors were drawing to a close. At half-past eleven o'clock, on the night of the 9th of June, 1717, she died, aged sixty-nine.

SILAS TOLD.

SILAS TOLD was born in the ancient seaport of Bristol, England, in 1711. His ancestors possessed some wealth, "but through misfortune and ill-advised speculation, the family, on the father's death, were reduced almost to poverty." He received a limited education in a charity hospital. In this school, even in his tender years, he was frequently convicted of sin, and subsequently became a partaker of the joys of salvation. We are indebted to Rev. W. H. Withrow for some extracts from his work on "Worthies of Early Methodism."

In his fourteenth year he was apprenticed to a West India sea captain. In the hard school of the ship's fore-castle, he received such barbarous treatment that he thought he should have broken his heart with grief. But the orphan cabin boy, alone in the wide world, had no friend to whom he could apply for redress. On the Spanish Main

the crew were several weeks on the short allowance of a single biscuit and half a pint of foul water a day. At Kingston, Jamaica, they were overtaken by a hurricane, and of seventy-six sail in the harbor, only one escaped destruction.

For miles along the shore the drowned seamen were cast up by the waves and devoured by the vultures. The poor lad was abandoned, ill of fever, in the port of Kingston, without money or friends, and lay down to die on a dunghill. Here he "pondered much on Job's case, considering his own condition similar to his." Rescued from death by a London captain, he returned to England, and was soon shipped with a Guinea slaver, bound for the coast of Africa and the West Indies. A greater villain than his new master, he writes, he firmly believed never existed. From the negro savages he received more kindness than from his own countrymen. The appalling cruelties of that floating hell—a slave ship—were never more vividly described. Battered down under the hatches, half the human cargo were suffocated in a single night. Driven to frenzy by outrage and wrong, the slaves rose in mutiny. Overpowered by their tyrants, many plunged overboard and were drowned. Lust and bloodshed, and murder, rioted unrestrained. "The mariners," says Told, "seemed greedy of death and damnation." The unhappy boy, amid these vile companionships, plunged recklessly into sin; yet, through the mercy of God, his terrified conscience was never without fear of death, hell and the judgment.

During a later voyage the vessel in which Told sailed was captured by Spanish pirates, and the crew were informed that "every one of them should be hanged, and without ceremony." The prize, with its crew, made its escape, however, but only to be wrecked upon a rocky shore. The crew

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were rescued by a New England vessel, but were again
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After several other voyages, in one of which, through stress
of weather, the ship's company could dress no food nor
change their wet clothing for six weeks, the whole crew were
pressed for the Royal Navy.

Some time after Told, having married, and becoming dis-
tasted with the wickedness of a sailor's employment, gave
up a seafaring life, and found employment with a builder
in London.

One day a young bricklayer asked him some question
on business. He answered him roughly, which treatment
the young man received with much meekness. "This," says
Told, "struck me with surprise." That young man, by his
meek silence, had preached an eloquent sermon, which led
to Told's conversion, and, through him, to the conversion of
multitudes of others.

Told was at length induced to go to early Methodist ser-
vice at "the Foundry." He found it a ruinous old place,
which the Government had used for casting cannon. It
had been abandoned, and was much dilapidated. Above
the smoke-begrimed rafters was seen the tile roof-covering.
A few rough deal boards were put together to form a tem-
porary pulpit. Such was the rude cradle of that wondrous
child of Providence called Methodism. Exactly at five
o'clock a whisper ran through the large congregation that
had assembled, "Here he comes, here he comes!" Told
expected to see some farmer's son, who, not able to support
himself, was making a penny in this low manner. Instead
of this, he beheld a learned clergyman of the Established
Church arrayed in gown and bands. The singing he much
enjoyed, but the extempore prayer savored rather of dis-
sent for Told's sturdy churchmanship. Wesley's text was,

"I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you." The words sank into the heart of the long storm-tossed sailor, weary with bearing its load of sorrow and sin. "As long as I live I will never leave this man," he exclaimed with a characteristic generous impulse. He was soon met by persecution. "What, Told, are you a Whitfieldite?" jeered his boon companions. "As sure as you are born, if you follow them you are damned," admonished those zealous enemies of Methodism. His wife also, although, he says, "a worthy, honest woman," swore at him and said: "I hope you have not been among the Methodists. I'll sacrifice my soul rather than you shall go among those miscreants." His firmness and affection, however, overcame her opposition.

Told was soon requested by Mr. Wesley to undertake the teaching of the charity children at the Foundry school, at the salary of ten shillings a week. At this work he continued for seven years, having the children under his care from five in the morning to five in the evening, both winter and summer. During this time he educated two hundred and seventy-five boys, most of whom were fit for any trade.

One morning as Told, with his scholars, attended the five o'clock sermon, Mr. Wesley preached from the words, "I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me not." The generous-hearted sailor was conscience-stricken at his neglect of what was now revealed as a manifest duty, and was filled with horror of mind beyond expression. Learning that ten malefactors were lying in Newgate under sentence of death, he committed his school, without an hour's delay, to the care of the usher, and hastened to the prison.

Silas Told had at length found his vocation. For five and thirty years he continued to burrow in the dungeons of London and the neighboring towns—often literally to bur-

because your sins are row, for many of them were underground—carrying the the heart of the long light and liberty of the Gospel to their dark cells, and to ing its load of sorrow the still darker hearts of their inmates. The unvarnished ever leave this man," story of his experiences abounds in incidents of the most generous impulse. He thrilling and often harrowing interest. He was often at, Told, are you a locked up with the felons all night before their execution; nions. "As sure as he sat beside them as they rode to the gallows in the death- are damned," admon- cart, with the halter on their necks, sharing with them the ism. His wife also, jibes and sneers, and sometimes the missiles, of the inhuman man," swore at him mob who gloated on their misery; he prayed with them among the Meth- and exhorted and comforted them as they stood on the than you shall go brink of eternity; he begged or purchased their bodies for ness and affection, burial; and often succored their wretched and suffering families. He led many to repentance and forgiveness of sins. Hardened criminals broke down under his loving ey to undertake the Foundry school, at exhortations; and turnkeys, sheriffs, and hangmen wept as this work he con- they listened to his prayers. Friendless and degraded out- ren under his care casts clung to him for sympathy and counsel, and through ening, both winter the manifestation of human love and pity caught a glimpse of the infinite love and pity of him who died as a malefac- eated two hundred tor to save the malefactors. Through his influence the e fit for any trade felons' cell became to many the ante-chamber of heaven; attended the five and to those that sat in darkness, and affliction, and terror, om the words, "I light and joy and gladness sprang up. The ribald oaths not." The genera- and obscene riot of the British gaols—then the vilest in at his neglect of Europe, save those of the Inquisition—often gave place to ty, and was filled the singing of Christian hymns, and the voice of prayer Learning that ten and praise. At one time Told had a Methodist society sentence of death of thirty members, and at another of thirty-six members, r's delay, to the among the poor debtors of Newgate, yet was he "very on. For five and cautious of daubing them with untempered mortar," but he dungeons of sought to bring about their real and permanent conversion. literally to bur- The chief opposition to this Christ-like work came from the

"ordinaries," or chaplains, whose hireling and heartless service was put to shame by the intense and loving zeal of this voluntary evangelist. But he burst through every obstacle, and, "in the name of God, would take no denial." The appalling condition of that prison world, with which he became so familiar, makes one recoil with horror.

In many of the prisons there was little or no classification of age or sex, and hardened felons became the teachers in crime of youthful offenders against cruelly unjust laws. The extortion, and rapacity, and inhumanity of gaolers and turnkeys seem to be almost incredible. The dungeons reeked with squalor, and wretchedness, and filth. Honest debtors were confined sometimes for years in odious cells; and as a favor were permitted, caged like wild beasts, to solicit the precarious charity of passers-by. Men and women were dragged on hurdles to Tyburn, and hanged by the score, for forgery, for larceny, for petty theft, and, worst of all, Told cites certain instances which demonstrate —by the subsequent discovery of the real criminal—that sometimes innocent persons had fallen victims to this sanguinary code.

Such were some of the checkered scenes in which this humble hero bore a prominent part. He was not only a remarkable trophy of divine grace, but an example of the power of Methodism to use lowly and unlettered men in evangelistic and philanthropic work. And what was the inspiration of this unwearying zeal? It was the *entire consecration* of an earnest soul to the service of its Divine Master.

After having done all the good in his power, he cheerfully resigned his soul into the hands of his heavenly Father, in December, 1779, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, and has, no doubt, received this blessed welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

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REV. JOHN FLETCHER.

JOHN W. DE LA FLETCHER was born September 12, 1729, at Nyon, Vaud, Switzerland, of a distinguished family. He was educated at Geneva, where he studied profoundly both in philology and philosophy. At an early age he was, to a certain extent, master of many languages. It was in the beginning of 1755, when Fletcher was twenty-six years of age, that he passed through deep convictions of sin and contrition of soul into the joyous consciousness of the divine forgiveness, through trust in Christ alone. His conversion was sound and clear. At once he began to "exercise himself unto godliness." In 1756, he was a member of a Methodist class in London. A ticket bearing the name of "John Fletcher," dated "February, 1757," is extant. Rev. F. W. Macdonald, one of his biographers, says, "By the help of manuscripts carefully preserved, though not hitherto made public, it is possible to draw very near to the devotional life of Fletcher, at this period of his history. A document, which affords pathetic insight into the depth and thoroughness of his consecration of himself to God, now lies before us. It is a solemn covenant, drawn up in Latin, and covers the two sides of a parchment nine inches by five in size. It is exquisitely written in a round, legible hand. All this evinces the serious and painstaking character of the act. The opening sentence, which is in Greek, reads thus: "In the name of God, the Creator of heaven and earth, Amen. O most high Jehovah, only God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost; I, the vilest of vile, worst of the sons of Adam, an apostate spirit, a man utterly undone, resolve to consecrate myself to thee, my Creator, Redeemer, Sanctifier." In the humblest strains of penitential confession, he pro-

ceeds to offer and present himself to God through the merits of Jesus Christ. Then comes his signature. He kept by him through life his sign and memorial of deliberate consecration to God, and reviewed from time to time both its general vow and its detailed promises. We have thus revealed to us the secret of this saintly man's eminently spiritual and progressive Christian career. He made a distinctive start. It must be specially noted that he did not easily glide into ways of serving God; there was a definite and intelligent, thorough-going surrender of himself in what he resolved should be, and, as a matter of fact, was, by divine grace, a complete consecration to God; first as an act—the initial act, which thereafter became the abiding habitude of his being.

He prepared a small manual of devotions, "which is perhaps the most *vital* of all Fletcher's relics, as revealing more directly his interior life, and the spirit and method of his daily devotions. It consists of passages from the Greek Testament under the headings, *Faith, Promises, the Heavenly Life*, selections of Charles Wesley's hymns, now known and prized by the devout of every communion. There are also Fletcher's own meditations, reflections and precepts." Among the rules for a holy life, written in English, the following may be quoted:—

"Mortify thy five senses till crucified with Christ.

"Sit at Christ's feet; cast away thy own will; consult him at every word, morsel, motion; ask him leave even in lawful actions. Renounce thyself in all that can hinder thy union with God. Desire naught but his love.

"Mortify all affection toward inward, sensible, spiritual delights in grace; they rather please and comfort than sanctify.

"The life of God consists not in high knowledge, but profound meekness, holy simplicity, and ardent love to God.

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- "Receive afflictions as the best guides to perfection.
- "Remember always the presence of God.
- "Rejoice always in the will of God.
- "Direct all to the glory of God."

This little book was Fletcher's companion in his hours of private prayer and communion with God. Thus he nourished his soul in secret.

With these and other rules he loved to bind his free spirit. Like other saintly men, he found that the impulses, even of the regenerate life, may not be left to themselves with entire confidence in their sufficient working. He sought to strengthen them by meditation, to sustain them by spiritual exercises and discipline; he furnished them with tests and standards, and made self-examination definite and precise. He sought perfection at once in supreme love to God, and in the minutest details of character and conduct.

For full salvation he thus prayed:

"Suddenly come into thy temple. Turn out all that blinds the eyes of thy purity, and destroy all that keeps me out of the rest which remains for thy Christian people; shall I keep a spiritual sabbath, a Christian jubilee to the God of my life; so shall I witness my share in the oil of joy with which thou anointest perfect Christians above their fellow-believers. I stand in need of that oil, Lord; my lamp burns dimly. Sometimes it seems to be gone out, as that of the foolish virgins; it is more like a smoking flax, than a burning and shining light. O quench it not; raise it to a flame.

"Thou knowest that I do believe in thee; the trembling and of faith holds thee; and though I have ten thousand times grieved thy pardoning love, thine everlasting arm is still under me to redeem my life from destruction, while

thy right hand is over me to crown me with mercies and loving-kindness. But, alas! I am neither sufficiently thankful for thy present mercies, nor sufficiently athirst for thy future favors. Hence, I feel an aching void in my soul, being conscious that I have not attained the heights of grace described in thy Word, and enjoyed by thy holiest servants. Their deep experiences, diligences, and the ardor with which they endured the cross, reproach me, and convince me of my manifold wants.

"I want 'power from on high,' I want penetrating lasting 'unction of the holy one,' I want my vessel (my capacious heart), full of oil, which makes the countenance of wise virgins cheerful. I want a lamp of heavenly illumination, and a fire of divine love burning day and night in my heart, as the typical lamps did in the temple, and the sacred fire on the altar. I want a full application of the blood which cleanseth from all sin, and a strong faith in thy sanctifying word—a faith by which thou mayest dwell in my heart, as the unwavering hope of glory, and the fixed object of my love. I want the eternal oracle—thy still small voice, together with Urim and Thummim; 'the name which none knoweth but he that receiveth it.' In a word, Lord, I want a plenitude of thy Spirit, the full promise of the Father, and the rivers which flow from the inmost souls of the believers, who have gone on to the perfection of their dispensation.

"I do now believe that thou canst and wilt thus 'baptize me with the Holy Ghost and with fire;' help me against my unbelief; confirm and increase my faith with regard to this important baptism. Lord, I have need to be thus baptized by thee, and I am straitened till this baptism is accomplished. By thy baptism of tears in the manger, of water in Jordan, of sweat in Gethsemane, of blood, of fire, and vapor of smoke

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and flaming wrath on Calvary, baptize, O baptize my soul, and make as full an end of the original sin, which I have from Adam, as thy last baptism made of the likeness of sinful flesh, which thou hadst from a daughter of Eve. Some of thy people look at death for full salvation from sin; but at thy command, Lord, I look to thee.

"Say to my soul, 'I am thy salvation,' and let me feel with my heart, as well as see with my understanding, that thou canst save from sin to the uttermost all that come unto God through thee. I am tired of forms, professions and orthodox notions, so far as they are pipes or channels to convey life, light and love to my dead, dark and stony heart. Neither the plain letter of the Gospel, nor the sweet foretastes and transient illuminations of thy Spirit can satisfy the large desires of my faith.

"Give me thy abiding Spirit, that he may continually shed abroad thy love in my soul. Come, O Lord, with that blessed Spirit; come thou and thy Father, in that holy Comforter; come to make thy abode with me, or I shall go meekly mourning to my grave. Blessed mourning! Lord increase it. I would rather wait years for thy fulness, than wantonly waste the fragments of thy spiritual bounties, or feed with Laodicean contentment upon the tainted manna of my former experiences. Righteous Father, I hunger and thirst after thy righteousness; send thy Holy Spirit of promise to fill me herewith, to sanctify me throughout, and to 'seal me completely to the day of eternal redemption' and finished salvation. Not for works of righteousness, which I have done, but of mercy, 'for Christ's sake,' save thou me, by the complete washing of regeneration, and the full renewing of the Holy Ghost. And, in order to do this, pour out thy Spirit; shed him abundantly on me, till the fountain of living waters abundantly springs up

in my soul, and I can say, in the full sense of the words, that thou livest in me, that my life is hid with Christ in God, and that my spirit is returned to him that gave it; to thee, the first and the last, my Author and my end, my God and my all."

He had prestige of birth, being a Swiss of good family. He was not without inherited wealth and expectant of more; his scholarship was considerable; he lacked not ambition. In early life he was an officer in the army; he was received into the best society in his adopted country—England—and might have become a favorite; but he was, above all and better than all, acknowledged and admired as a "man of God"—"the saintly Fletcher." Never was this epithet more accurately applied, it may be said, even honored, "for seraphic piety, for sanctity, that had no perceptible spot or flaw, he stood alone." Wesley says, "I was intimately acquainted with him more than thirty years. During a journey of many hundred miles, I conversed with him morning, noon and night, without the least reserve, and in all that time I never heard him speak an improper word, or saw him do an improper action. Many exemplary men have I known, holy in heart and life, within fourscore years; but one equal to him I have not known—one so inwardly and outwardly devoted to God. So unblamable a character in every respect I have not found either in Europe or America." Southey says, "Fletcher, in any communion, would have been a saint." Isaac Taylor says, "He was a saint, as unearthly a being as could tread the earth at all." Robert Hall says, "Fletcher is a seraph who burns with the ardor of divine love. Spurning the fetters of mortality, he almost habitually seems to have anticipated the rapture of the beatific vision." In 1769, Fletcher, at the request of Lady Huntingdon, became president of her seminary for

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educating young men for the ministry, at Trevecca, in Wales. Benson describes Fletcher at Trevecca, in the following glowing language: "The reader will pardon me if he thinks I exceed; my heart kindles while I write. Here it was that I saw, shall I say, an angel in human flesh. I should not far exceed the truth if I said so. But here I saw a descendant of fallen Adam, so fully raised above the sins of the fall, that though by the body he was tied down to earth, yet was his whole *conversation in heaven*; yet was his life from day to day *hid with Christ in God*. Prayer, praise, love and zeal, all ardent, elevated above what one would think attainable in this state of frailty, were the elements in which he continually lived. Languages, arts, sciences, grammar, rhetoric, logic, even divinity itself, as it is called, were all laid aside when he appeared in the school-room among the students. And they seldom hearkened long before they were all in tears, and every heart caught fire from the flame that burned in his soul." He was eminent, as a controversial writer, for point, acuteness and logical skill. His *Checks to Antinomianism*, says Dr. Stevens, "are read more to-day than they were during the excitement of the controversy. They control the opinions of the largest and most effective body of evangelical clergymen on the earth." On the 14th of August, 1785, he died in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection.

LADY MAXWELL.

LADY DARCY MAXWELL, whose maiden name was Brisbane, was born in Scotland about 1742. She was married to Sir Walter Maxwell, Bart., of Pollock, about 1759. Two years after she was deprived of her husband by death, and shortly after of her son and only child. This painful dispensation of Providence was sanctified to her salvation. From this time, her life—her talents, position, wealth, learning, and her whole being were dedicated to God. In 1764 she became personally acquainted with Mr. Wesley. At this early period, a mutual attachment was formed, which continued steady and unabated until his death. This acquaintance, doubtless, tended in a measure to regulate her views, and to guide her determinations throughout the remainder of her life.

After her justification, she invariably hungered and thirsted after full salvation, a deliverance from all inward corruption, and to be filled with all the fulness of God. Soon after the commencement of 1787, she entered into the experience of this long-coveted blessing, and bore consistent testimony that the bitter root of sin was destroyed.

"Lady Maxwell's experience from this time—to use her own expression—evidently ran in a deeper channel. She had for years walked with God; but now her walk became more intimate and familiar. She had long felt 'the powers of the world to come;' after this she frequently felt as if on the borders of immortality, holding converse with its heavenly inhabitants. Her faith, in a measure, drew aside the veil of sensible things, and enabled her to contemplate with a steady eye invisible and eternal realities. 'While an indescribable emptiness appeared impressed on all terres-

rial objects, her affectionate powers were concentrated and
 fixed on Jehovah. To promote the glory of God, to extol
 the riches of his grace, to exalt the Saviour, to recommend re-
 deem- ing love, to seek the salvation of souls, was especially from
 this period, her only and delightful employment. This was the
 element in which she lived, and moved, and breathed. Though
 still conscious of her own nothingness and weakness—though
 still the subject of temptation—called to wrestle with princi-
 palities and powers, and the rulers of the darkness of this
 world—yet her spiritual enjoyments became deeper, solid,
 constant; and her *frames* less subject to fluctuation.”
 In a letter to Miss Ritchie—one of her devoted corres-
 pondents—she says: “Since January last, the Lord ^{has}
 been sensibly increasing my little stock; not only making
 wonderful discoveries of the glory of God the Father, God
 the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, as distinct persons, yet
 the same in substance—equal in power and glory; but also
 allowing me such nearness to, and deep communion with
 the sacred Three, as was at times almost too much for the
 frailty of my connection with mortality. O the heavenly, the inex-
 pressibly delightful interviews with the Lord Jesus, with
 which I have often been lately indulged! I cannot convey
 any adequate idea of them; perhaps your own experience
 will better inform you. At times the solemn grandeur of
 heavenly majesty was sweetly tempered and softened by re-
 deem- ing love. At other seasons, I have been called to stand
 in the presence of the most high God himself; when sacred
 awe filled my soul, and all around seemed filled with the
 presence of Jehovah. I felt as if I stood on holy ground.
 At other times, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, have so sur-
 rounded me, that I proved, in the full extent of the words,
 the ‘overwhelming power of saving grace.’” In a letter to

the Rev. Alexander Mather, she says: "I have to fight every inch of ground, not only without, but sometime within, when the powers of darkness are permitted, for wise ends, to molest me. Then I feel driven to a corner; and when human help fails, and I prove, in a *peculiar manner*, that I can stand by faith; and even in that way, only by the mighty exertions of divine power in my behalf. *For the time*, faith seems stripped of all its fruits, and but for the *direct aid* by which, in spite of men and devils I keep my hold on Christ, I should utterly fail. But, in general, these very trying seasons of inward distress are short. God soon rebukes the adversary, and brings me again into a wealthy place, and I dwell within the veil." Again she writes: "My God is to me as a place of broad rivers, wide and deep. I rest in him. Sinking into him, I lose myself and prove a life of fellowship with Deity, so divinely sweet that I would not relinquish it for a thousand worlds. It is indeed, a narrow path; but love levels every mountain—makes all easy."

On the death of Mr. Wesley, she wrote to a friend: "It is impossible for me to tell you how good God has been to me on this mournful occasion. A springtide of pure, perfect love has filled my soul. I have felt such a sinking into Jehovah, so lost in his immensity, as I cannot express; no rapturous joy, but a full sea of holy humble love. My heart was melted into deep gratitude; its tenderest feelings were called forth; and every degree of the anxiety about future events—which brings weakness into the soul—was entirely excluded. What can I render to the Lord for this exuberance of his goodness, so well suited to my present feelings, while mourning the loss of a valuable friend—a most useful minister of Christ. Truly I am made to rise above the grave of my departed friend. I trace him

s: "I have to fight worshipping before the throne, and by faith hold fellowship
 out, but sometime with his spirit." January 7, 1792, she wrote in her diary:
 re permitted, for wis Early on Sunday morning, the first day of the year, I had
 ven to a corner; a most wonderful display of the love and power of the
 peculiar manner, that triune God. This continued for many hours in its full
 only by the might strength, and, in a degree, for several days. It was a most
 For the time, faith memorable season. I proved the overwhelming power of
 out for the direct ac saving grace. I would not here attempt to give the great
 I keep my hold o outlines; for no human pen can describe all I felt and saw.
 general, these ver Early on Sunday morning, in secret prayer, God the Father
 short. God soon and Son drew very nigh. A sense of the divine presence
 again into a wealthy so penetrated my inmost soul that it arrested the whole
 Again she writes powers of my mind, in deep and solemn attention. A
 ed rivers, wide and spirit of supplication was then poured upon me for myself
 aim, I lose myself and others; while I felt so surrounded with Deity, so let
 y, so divinely sweet into Jehovah, as no words can express. It seemed as if I
 asand worlds. It is might ask what I would, both for myself and others, with
 s every mountain— confidence that it should be done for me. This glorious
 and solemn interview continued till half-past ten. I then
 te to a friend: "I went to chapel, when it was greatly increased. The eter-
 ood God has been t nal world felt very nigh; I seemed by faith to have come
 ngtide of pure, pe to Mount Zion—the heavenly Jerusalem. My spirit seemed
 felt such a sink mingling with its blessed inhabitants, while the sacred
 ensity, as I cannot three appeared, as it were, encamping around me. It was
 sea of holy humbl glory past all expression! I seemed to sink deeper into
 gratitude; its ten the boundless ocean of pure love. This did not appear to
 every degree of tha me a solitary blessing, but in a measure diffused through
 rings weakness into the whole congregation assembled for the purpose of show-
 t can I render to ing forth the dying love of Jesus. I have learned that
 ness, so well suite many were peculiarly blessed at that time."

Again she wrote: "For some considerable time past, in
 our little class-meeting in my own house, we have been
 most uncommonly favored with the divine presence. Jeho-

vah comes down, and consecrates the place with his presence ; and we are all constrained to confess a present God. He overshadows and inexpressibly fills me with a deep, holy, reverential awe, sweetly tempered with love. I consciously feel that I speak under a sacred unction which reaches the hearts of others, and so affects my own, that it seems as if the curtain of mortality was drawn aside, and heaven opened to our view."

Thus, this eminent saint continued to the very last to grow in grace, and to become more and more assimilated to the divine image. It is no wonder, then, that her death was triumphant. An eye-witness says: "She expired without a sigh, struggle, or groan ; and this was literally in answer to prayer. O such a death-bed ! It appeared like the verge of heaven—like waiting in the sanctuary surrounded by angels and archangels—and above all, a place which the presence of God rendered sacred." Thus died Lady Maxwell, July 2, 1810. The society to which she belonged lost its oldest member, the world one of its best inhabitants, and the Church universal one of its brightest ornaments.

The Rev. W. Atherton, in his "Sketch of the Life and Character of Lady Maxwell," says: "Her dress, which was as much dictated by conscience as founded on taste, was very plain, being without ornament, or anything that would serve only for show. Her talent for conversation was very remarkable, calculated at once to profit and delight. It might be said of her that she spoke well on every subject. She was truly humble ; indeed to question this were to doubt her Christianity. She appears ever to have had such full and clear views of the divine perfections and of her own want of conformity to the divine image ; such extended discoveries of her own religious privileges,

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and of her disproportionate improvement ; such a perception of the attainments of others, placed in circumstances less favorable to advance in Christian holiness than her own, as overwhelmed her with a sense of her own unworthiness, and sunk her as into nothing before God. Few persons more fully estimated the full value of time, or more sedulously husbanded it than she did ; having in this, as in some other things, taken the father of Methodism for her model.

“With her the characters of others were as sacred as their property. Speaking evil of the absent was not known in her presence, and even the attempt was seldom made.

“There was no trait in Lady Maxwell’s character more prominent and fair than her *benevolence*. Her ardent desire for getting good was not more intense than her wish to be useful to her fellow-creatures. Perhaps very few examples have occurred of means so comparatively limited being husbanded so well, as to produce so much benefit to mankind. She saved all that she could for the sole purpose of giving, and by this her funds were continually kept low. She was, as has been noticed, singularly plain in her dress, genteelly frugal in her household ; and thus, by avoiding every useless expense, she acquired the power of conferring more in charity than many possess with ten times her income. All that was in her power to do, she did to the very utmost. There was scarcely a humane institution, or a private or public charity, whether for the repose of age, or instruction of youth, the relief of indigence, or the help of sickness ; for the reformation of morals, or the spread and support of religion, from which she did not receive applications, and to which she did not contribute. She erected and supported a school, in which, at the time of her death, about eight hundred children received a good

education; and each a copy of the Scriptures on leaving school. And such were the encouraging effects produced by this school as induced her ladyship, by will, to provide for its continuance to the end of time. As she was prepared for every good work, the subject of her charities is an almost endless one. Could the dead arise, and would the living speak, the sick she has relieved, the orphans protected, and the friendless assisted; embarrassed, honest tradesmen that she raised above difficulty; modest merit which she brought into notice; the youth which she instructed and sent out into the world—could these, or would they speak, an army would arise to bless her memory. But she not only employed her money, but her tongue, which was persuasive; her pen, which was urgent, and her influence, which was mild, but powerful, among her friends, to obtain their assistance. And it has been said that there was no sum which she gave, however small, no institution which she patronized, nor an individual who became the object of her charity, but what she followed with particular, earnest prayer to God, that what she had done might receive his blessing."

HESTER ANN ROGERS.

Mrs. HESTER ANN ROGERS was born at Macclesfield, England, January 31st, 1756 Her father, the Rev. Mr. Roe, was a clergyman of the Church of England. He gave this daughter an excellent education, and instructed her in the principles of religion. She was not allowed to use the name of the Deity, but with the greatest reverence. When only

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four years of age, she was accustomed to retire for secret prayer, and many were the manifest answers which she received. She also took great delight in the Bible, and in asking questions so as to understand what she read. The death of a brother when she was five years of age, and then the removal of her father four years after, made deep impressions upon her mind. This seriousness continued with her for some time, but at last, yielding to the solicitations of friends, she began to indulge in fashionable dress, dancing and other amusements. For several years she led a life of gaiety and pleasure, sometimes resolving she would do better, only to go deeper into folly. When she was about fifteen years of age she attended the preaching of the Rev. David Simpson, a Methodist minister, which brought great conviction on her mind. Horrified at her dreadful condition, she firmly resolved on turning to God, and at once threw aside all her superfluous ornaments, and dressed plainly. At length, while in the act of partaking of the Lord's Supper, God spoke peace to her soul, and she rejoiced greatly. A heavy cross was in store for her. All her relatives—including her mother—were greatly opposed to her going among the Methodists, and they threatened to disown her if she continued to attend their meetings. The Saviour spoke to her heart, and said: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me." To this she responded: "Lord, I will forsake all and follow thee; I will joyfully bear thy cross, only give me thyself!" God strengthened her greatly for this trial, and gave her a mouth and wisdom which all her enemies could not gainsay or resist. She implored her mother not to confine her from Methodist meetings any more, offering to be a *servant* in her house, and to do all the work, if she could only be allowed to attend the Methodist meeting. Her mother consented,

expecting that she would soon become weary and give it up. In this, however, she was disappointed. Her daughter cheerfully accepted this menial position, and labored faithfully in her new calling. Her experience at this time is thus related in her diary:—"I could neither eat, nor sleep much for many days and nights. The love of God shed abroad in my heart was now my meat and drink; and the thoughts of the amazing depths of grace which had plucked me as a brand from the burning quite overcame me—me, the most obstinate offender, who had so long and so repeatedly resisted and grieved his Holy Spirit! This love of my God and Saviour, so unmerited and free, overflowed my soul, nor had I for eight months any interruption to my bliss.

"Not a cloud did arise, to darken my skies,
Or hide for a moment my Lord from my eyes."

Yet I had daily crosses to take up and endure, but I rejoiced in being accounted worthy to bear the cross for him who died to purchase my peace. His arm hath brought salvation from dangers which I knew not, and no weapon formed against me hath prospered. Every trial hath terminated in great good. I have been sheltered from every storm, been fed with the riches of his love, and comforted with the consolations of his Spirit; I have lived in his smiles, and shall be preserved to his glorious kingdom."

It was not long, however, before she was led to see that inbred sin still remained in her heart; and she had many painful experiences in battling with her bosom foe. The reading of that inestimable book, "Wesley's Plain Account of Christian Perfection," did her much good, and she saw it was her privilege to be cleansed from all sin, and wholly sanctified to God throughout her entire being. She longed,

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yea, even panted for this glorious work of grace ; nor did she rest until she knew that she had been made free from the inbeing of sin, and filled with the Holy Ghost. She says : " I now walked in the unclouded light of his countenance ; ' rejoicing evermore, praying without ceasing, and in everything giving thanks.' I resolved, however, at first I would not openly declare what the Lord had wrought, but it was seen in my countenance ; and, when asked respecting it, I durst not deny the wonders of his love ! I soon found that repeating his goodness confirmed my own faith more and more. And so did the Lord bless me in declaring it—yea, and blessed others also—that I was constrained to witness to all who feared him :—

" ' His blood can make the foulest clean ;
His blood availed for me.' "

I dared not to live above a moment at a time, and that moment by faith in the Son of God. I never felt till now the full meaning of those words, ' In him we live, and move, and have our being ; ' and, again, ' I will dwell in them, and walk in them, and be their God. I will put my laws into their minds, and write them upon their hearts.' Glory be to my God, I felt it written there ; it was no longer I that lived, but Christ that lived in me."

Again, she writes :—" Glory be to God for the best Sabbath I ever knew ! My body was so very weak and poorly, I could not go to preaching ; but the Lord was with me, and gave me fresh discoveries of my own emptiness and poverty, and of his abundant fulness. These words were also powerfully applied, ' Now ye are clean through the words which I have spoken unto you : abide in me and I in you : as the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in me.' "

"I was so happy that I could not sleep in the night. O what deep communion did my soul enjoy with God! It was, indeed, a foretaste of heaven itself. O my blessed Lord, I rejoice that I am thy purchased property, and not my own, and to thee I gladly yield spirit, soul and body.

"For some days it has been a season of outward trials with me; but I have enjoyed fellowship with God, and great inward comforts. I have ever found, when he gives peculiar grace, he permits it to be tried; but I prove 'as my day is, so is my strength.' Yes, glory to his name alone, I am more than conqueror! and feel it the constant language of my heart—

"No cross, no suffering I decline,
Only let all my heart be thine."

Through all she endured much bodily weakness, yet her seraphic spirit mounted higher and yet higher in divine things. Hear the following glorious testimony:—"I was so happy in the night that I had very little sleep, and I awoke with these words, 'The temple of an indwelling God!' My soul sunk into the depth of nothingness, and enjoys closer union with him this day than ever before. Every moment I feel such a weight of love as almost overpowers the faculties of nature! I know I could bear no more and live; but I often feel ready to cry, O give me more and let me die! I long to be freed from the earth! But help me, Lord, to wait resigned, willing to suffer, or do for thee! I need not lay this body down to feel thy presence! Thou dwellest in my heart, and shalt forever dwell! Thou art my present heaven—my soul's eternal all.

"I went to bed last night so full of the love of God, I could not sleep for several hours; but continued in secret intercourse with my Saviour. At preaching this morning

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I was so overcome with the love, and presence, and exceeding glory of my *triune* God, that I sunk down, unable to support it! It was long before I could stand or speak! All this day I have been lost in depths of love unutterable! At the love-feast I was again overwhelmed with his immediate presence! All around me is God!

“ ‘Within his circling arms I lie
Beset on every side.’ ”

Her diary abounds with such testimonies as the above.

Another striking feature of this saintly woman's experience was her intimate communion with each person of the Trinity. She testifies, “that she kept a diary of her life from the time of her conversion to God—in her seventeenth year—till within a few days of her death, amounting, with her letters and other manuscripts, to not less than three thousand quarto pages, and every page clearly discovers that for the space of more than twenty years she enjoyed constant fellowship and communion with the *triune* God, and she never forsook her first love, nor lost a sense of the divine favor.” Referring to a sermon she heard preached on the distinct relative offices of Father, Son, and Spirit, she says: “I was deeply penetrated with his presence, and stood as if unable to move, and was insensible to all around me. While thus lost in communion with my Saviour, he spoke those words to my heart: ‘All that I have is thine! I am Jesus in whom dwells all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. I am thine! My Spirit is thine! My Father is thine! They love thee as I love thee—the whole Deity is thine! All God is and all he has is thine! He even now overshadows thee! He now covers thee with a cloud of his presence.’ All this was so realized to my soul, in a manner I cannot explain, that I sank down motionless, being unable

to sustain the weight of his glorious presence and fulness of love. At the altar this was renewed to me, but not in so large a measure. I believe, indeed, if this had continued as I felt it before, but for one hour, mortality must have been dissolved and the soul dislodged from its tenement of clay."

Again she writes :—"In private prayer this morning my soul was let into God in a peculiar manner. My intercourse truly was with Father, Son and Spirit, each distinctly yet individually. I never felt more sweetness in offering and delivering up my will, all my desires, yea, every faculty of my soul, to the leadings and guidings of the Holy Spirit; and that promise is very precious: 'He shall teach you all things.'"

Mrs. Rogers was privileged with a very intimate acquaintance with those holy men—Revs. John Fletcher and John Wesley, from both of whom she received much spiritual good. The accounts she gives of some of her interviews with these illustrious saints are deeply impressive.

Writing to her cousin, Robert Roe, she says :—"As to myself, I see no end to my Lord's goodness. I find every day an increase of love, joy, peace and union, close intimate union with the great Three-one. I feel I am very unworthy, yet offering up myself and my services on that altar which sanctifieth the gift, my God accepts a worthless worm through his beloved Son. He who is higher than the highest, stoops to dwell in my happy soul; and I have communion with him as a man and a friend. Sometimes in the night he so fills my soul with his glorious presence, that I think it will burst its prison and wing away; and then, O then, where should I be? Surrounded with angels, and convoyed by them to my God—my life, my treasure, and my crown! I can even now scarce support the

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blissful thought. O what a present heaven of love I feel !
It cannot be long before we lay these bodies down :—

“ ‘ Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.’ ”

Did space permit, we would insert some more of her deeply spiritual letters, which are the breathings of a soul fully ripe for glory, and are full of instruction in the deep things of God, but we must forbear.

After a wonderful chain of divine providences, she was married to the Rev. Mr. Rogers—a Methodist minister—August 19th, 1784, a man of like spirit with her own, and who proved to be a helpmate indeed.

They labored together in perfect union, and wherever they went, God poured out his Spirit in converting and sanctifying power. They were eminently useful in spreading “ pure and undefiled religion ” through the land. In the midst of excessive toils, travels and household duties, she still maintained uninterrupted communion with God. She says :—“ I awoke very happy this morning, with these sweet words—

“ ‘ God, the Almighty God, is thine ;
See him to thy help come down,
The Excellence Divine.’ ”

And O how was I blest while musing on that precious Scripture, ‘ Now we see through a glass, darkly.’ It was, indeed, a blessed season to my soul ; especially for a few minutes, when I felt what I cannot explain. Such a manifestation of God as a Spirit, uniting himself to my spirit ; such a real enjoyment of God as love, as holiness, as heaven, that fulness which thought cannot fathom. And all this for me ! My all, and in all ; united inexplicably with my spirit ; more than filling all my powers with his effulgence,

so that I was wrapt in God. O my Lord, and shall I prove forever this vision, this fruition of thy fulness? *I know I shall.* Thou hast given my soul a taste. Thou wilt give me the abiding reality when time is no more. O thou thrice holy God of love, my soul is lost! Wonder and love overpower me quite. I am abased before thee, while I feel the sacred blessing mine."

Mrs. Rogers was, indeed, "a burning and a shining light," and as such she was held in the highest estimation by the most godly people in Methodism.

She died, as she had lived, in holy triumph, in 1794, aged thirty-nine years, during twenty years of which she had continually walked with God. Her husband gives his own experience on this very trying occasion:—"God alone can tell you what I felt in that dread moment, when the Lord gave the signal for dismissal, and I was called to return the last parting kiss! For some time I could only breathe, as it were, in silent accents, 'O my God, let my latter end be like hers! Come, O come quickly, and prepare me to follow her.' It is still the language of my bleeding heart—

"O let me on her image dwell,
The soul transporting spectacle,
On whom even angels gaze!
A pious saint, matured for God,
And shaking off her earthly clod,
To see his open face.

"I see the generous friend sincere!
Her voice still vibrates in my ear,
The voice of truth and love!
It calls me to put off my clay,
And bids me soar with her away,
To fairer worlds above!"

"Well, thank God, a moment cannot always last! And "

"He who set my partner free,
Shall quickly send for you and me."

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WILLIAM CARVOSSO.

HE was born March 11th, 1750, and was converted to God May 6th, 1771. He thus wrote of his experience: "In the same happy frame of mind, which God brought me into at my conversion, I went on for the space of three months, not expecting any more conflicts; but, O how greatly was I mistaken! I was soon taught that I had not only to contend with Satan and the world from without, but with inward enemies also, which now began to make no small stir. From my first setting out in the way to heaven, I determined to be a Bible Christian. The Bible gave me a very clear map of the way to heaven, and told me that 'without holiness no man shall see the Lord.' It is impossible for me to describe what I suffered from 'an evil heart of unbelief.' My heart appeared to me as a small garden, with a large stump of a tree in it, which had been recently cut down level with the ground, and a little loose earth strewed over it. Seeing something shooting up I did not like, I discovered, on attempting to pluck it up, the deadly remains of the carnal mind, and what a work must be done before I could be *meet for the inheritance of the saints in light*. My inward nature appeared so black and sinful, that I felt it impossible to rest in that state. Some, perhaps, will imagine that this may have arisen from the want of the knowledge of forgiveness. That could not be the case, for I never had one doubt of my acceptance; the witness was so clear that Satan himself knew it was in vain to attack me from that quarter. What I now wanted was *inward holiness*, and for this I prayed, and searched in the Scriptures. Among the number of promises which I found in the Bible, that gave me to see it was my privilege

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to be saved from all sin, my mind was particularly directed to Ezekiel 36: 25-27. The more I examined the Scriptures, the more I was convinced that without holiness there could be no heaven. Many were the hard struggles which I had with unbelief, and Satan told me that if I ever should get it, I should never be able to retain it. But keeping close to the Word of God, with earnest prayer and supplication, the Lord gave me to see that nothing short of holiness would do in a dying hour, and at the judgment. Seeing this, it was my constant cry to God that he would cleanse my heart from sin, and make me holy, for the sake of Jesus Christ.

"I well remember returning one night from a meeting, with my mind greatly distressed for want of the blessing. I turned into a lonely barn to wrestle with God in secret prayer. While kneeling on the threshing-floor, agonizing for the great salvation, this promise was applied to my mind, 'Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee.' But, like poor Thomas, I was afraid to believe, lest I should deceive myself. O what a dreadful enemy is unbelief! I was a fortnight after this groaning for deliverance, and saying, 'O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' I yielded to unbelief, instead of looking to Jesus, and believing on him for the blessing; not having then clearly discovered that the witness of the Spirit is God's gift, not man's act, but open to all who exercise faith in Jesus, and the promise made through him. At length, one evening, while engaged in a prayer-meeting, the great deliverance came. I began to exercise faith, by believing *I shall have the blessing now*. Just at that moment a heavenly influence filled the room; and no sooner had I uttered the words from my heart, *I shall have the blessing now*, than refining fire went through

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my heart—illuminated my soul—scattered its life through every part, and sanctified the whole. I then received the full witness of the Spirit, that the blood of Jesus had cleansed me from all sin. I cried out, This is what I wanted! I have now got a new heart! I was emptied of self and sin, and filled with God. I felt I was nothing, and Christ was all in all."

This was about nine months after his conversion. Unhampered now by sin within, he begins a wonderful development of grace and divine knowledge. Endued with power from on high, he is ready for the battlefield, and soon the great commander has placed him at the front. As leader, he takes charge of a company of Zion's soldiers. For awhile his faith is tried, for he declares that he went on for some years without seeing much good done. Then comes victory as, one after another, he leads his class to the same victorious summits that he, through Christ, had gained.

Faithful in little, he was made leader of three classes. His humility deepens. His passion for souls becomes a living fire. He says:—"With fear and trembling, I opened my mouth to beseech them to fly from the wrath to come." At service, from cottage to cottage, in the workshop, and by the roadside, he captured souls. He snatched them from the very jaws of death. Stepping with a friend to the bedside of a blacksmith who was very ill, he said:—"Well, my friend, we have come to inquire how you are." "I am very bad, sir," said the poor man. "How long have you been ill?" "Nearly ten weeks." "Indeed! but we have come to inquire more particularly how your mind is." "Very bad, sir." "Indeed! what is the matter there?" "O sir, I am such a great sinner." "A great sinner, are you?" "O yes, sir." "Well, what did Jesus Christ die

for?" "For sinners; but I am —" "Stop, now; answer my question; you say Christ died to save sinners; did he die to save you?" "Yes, sir." "Well, sir, if he died to save you, should you not praise him?" "Yes, sir, but—" "Now, stay, my friend; just answer my questions. You admit that Christ died for you; then should you not praise him?" "Yes, sir." "Come, then, my brother, lift up your voice and praise him. Glory be to God! glory be to God! Come, my brother, join with me to praise the Lord." Soon the sick man begins to utter words of praise, then looking away to his Redeemer, the Holy Spirit descends into his soul, and in the supreme joy of a soul redeemed on the brink of the grave, he shouts: "Glory! glory! Praise the Lord!" Although laboring hard upon a farm to earn his daily bread, he prayed for time, planned for time, and found time to discharge his duty as leader for his classes. He wrestled with God for the salvation of his household. He prevails, exclaiming, "Glory! glory! glory! The Lord will save all my family!" They were all converted. He often sought, expected, and received special baptisms of the Holy Ghost. Under their influence, though speaking with great plainness and simplicity, "his words of fire seemed to fasten like cloven tongues to every heart and often pierced like a two-edged sword." At times he was so burdened for the unsaved as to exclaim, "The weight of their awful state is so laid on my soul, that even my body is crushed with the load, and I can scarcely stand upright." Himself "dogged by temptation," yet victor over it, he could sympathize with others, and at the same time teach them to overcome. Of a member, lukewarm and remiss in duty, he says: "I can speak to him without much difficulty when I come to him with my own soul melting under the influence of heavenly love."

It was thus that he labored. One of his members said of him, "The kind pressure and constraining love with which he used to induce me to go to the class-meeting, was little short of compulsion. I could not get out of his hands."

At times his consciousness of the Divine Presence was such, that he declared that he was "so overpowered with the glory of God, that had there been a thousand suns shining at noonday, the brightness of the divine glory would have eclipsed them all."

Now God calls him from work to reward. He is ready. He must go by the way of the fiery furnace of affliction, but he does not flinch. While tried in the furnace, he says:—"I have been looking for my sins, but cannot find any of them; they are all gone." The dross was consumed, but the gold the brighter shone. He pauses a little while on the margin of the spirit world. Here "his heart seemed to dance with rapture." While entering Paradise he repeated the verse, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," and then began to sing it; and thus singing praises, he passed into the world of spirits, there to shine forever, October 13th, 1834.

He is admired by the Church as one of the brightest stars that ever adorned her constellation of illustrious leaders. His success was not due to his culture, for he could not write until over sixty-five years of age; nor high social position, for that was never his; nor wealth, for he was poor. He triumphed through a resolute will, tireless energy, and sanctified common sense; and these all on fire with the Holy Ghost.

It is supposed that his visits, prayers, and exhortations were the means of hundreds of conversions.

ANN CUTLER.

THE subject of this sketch was converted under the Rev. Wm. Bramwell, who wrote the following account:—

Ann Cutler was born near Preston, in Lancashire, in the year 1759. Till she was about twenty-six years of age, though she was very strict in her morals, and serious in her deportment, yet she never understood the method of salvation by Jesus Christ, till the Methodist local preachers visited that neighborhood. After hearing one of them, she was convinced of sin, and from that time gave all diligence to obtain mercy. In a short time she received pardon, and her serious deportment evinced the blessing she enjoyed. It was not long before she had a clearer sight into her own heart; and, though she retained her confidence of pardon, she was yet made deeply sensible of the need of perfect love. In hearing the doctrine of sanctification, and believing that the blessing is to be received through faith, she expected instantaneous deliverance, and prayed for the *power to believe*. Her confidence increased until she could say, "Jesus, thou wilt cleanse me from all unrighteousness!"

In the same year of her finding mercy (1785), the Lord said, "I will; be thou clean." She found a sinking into humility, love and dependence upon God. At this time her language was, "Jesus, thou knowest I love thee with all my heart. I would rather die than grieve thy Spirit. O! I cannot express how much I love Jesus!" After this change something remarkable appeared in her countenance—a smile of sweet composure. It was noticed by many as a reflection of the divine nature, and it increased to the time of her death. In a few months she found a great desire for the salvation of sinners, and often wept

much in private ; and, at the same time, was drawn out to plead with God for the world in general. She did not know the meaning of this, and she found none that could either enlighten her mind or encourage her views. Her concern increased ; and nearly every time I saw her I was asked for instruction. She began to pray in meetings, and several persons were awakened and brought to God. The effects of her labors were manifest. Many were displeased, but some were saved. At Preston and Blackburn, she became noted for piety, and yet her usefulness was comparatively but small. Her manner and petitions were strange to numbers, as she prayed with great exertion of voice, and for *present blessings*. She would frequently say, "I think I must pray. I cannot be happy unless I cry for sinners. I do not want any praise. I want nothing but souls to be brought to God. I am reproached by most. I cannot do it to be seen or heard of men. I see the world going to destruction ; and I am burdened till I pour out my soul to God for them."

Mr. Wesley calling at Preston, she communicated to him her experience as it respected her union with God, and her strong desire to do his will. He wrote her an answer, of which an exact copy may be here inserted, as it was left among her other papers :—

"WALTON, April 15, 1790.

"MY DEAR SISTER,—There is something in the dealings of God with your soul, which is out of the common way. But I have known several whom he has been pleased to lead in exactly the same way, and particularly in manifesting to them distinctly the three Persons of the ever blessed Trinity. You may tell all your experience to me at any time ; but you will need to be cautious in speaking to others, for they would not understand what you say. Go on in the name of God, and in the power of his might.

Pray for the whole spirit of humility, and I wish that you would write and speak without reserve to

"Yours affectionately,
"JOHN WESLEY."

It is easily seen from this answer what opinion Mr. Wesley had of Ann Cutler, particularly as it respected her depth of piety. To my knowledge she attended to the advice which he had given in this letter. She experienced many things in union with God, which she mentioned to but few; and some manifestations, she declared to me, were never related to any one else.

Another preacher wrote to her about the same time as follows:—

"DEAR SISTER,—I rejoice that you stand in the love of God. Keep to the plain New Testament. Learn no mystical phrases. Remember it is *repentance, faith and holiness*. The Bible knows this religion, and no other. Read this, and it will lead you higher and higher, till you obtain the crown.

"I am your affectionate brother,
" * * * * *

I think it proper now to take notice of the different parts of her experience, which were evidenced to numbers for more than eight years.

Her faith in God. Her manner was to search diligently the New Testament, to know what blessings were promised to her; and if she could only satisfy herself from her own reading, or from the explanation of others, of what the promise contained, she instantly believed that the Lord would give it; and it appeared that she daily, through faith, increased in the work of God. I never remember hearing her say that she had received any blessing, without adding, "I see a great deal more for me in Jesus."

When she was called upon to plead for others, her custom was, if possible, to know their state. For this she used every prudent means. If she was satisfied of what they then needed, she believed with all her heart that the Lord would fulfil their desire. She was as confident for sanctification as justification; yet, she observed, it required a greater exertion of faith in the person prayed for, and the person pleading, to receive purity of heart than pardon.

She lived by faith. I had evidence that she trusted in no grace, but looked through all to God.

In several places where preachers and others had lost their hope of a revival, she selected a few souls to assist her, and, to the astonishment of many, prevailed with God.

Her Christian love. She often expressed herself thus:—
 "It is all love; nothing but love. God is love. I want more of this love. How do you think I may attain more? I feel nothing but pure love; but God can enlarge my heart, and give me a greater fulness. My soul is continually burning with love to Jesus."

If ever any gave evidence of love she certainly did. According to the thirteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, she "believed all things, hoped all things, endured all things."

Her love to sinners appeared in her frequent sighs, groans, tears, and strong crying to God in secret. What appeared the most like tautology in her petition was, "Jesus, save sinners! Thy blood was shed for them. O save sinners!"

Her love to real penitents was striking. Her soul travailed in birth till Christ was formed in them. She went through great sorrow, sympathizing with the broken in heart. She always seemed unwilling to leave them, till they were comforted. Her love moved her to mourn with them that mourned; and, when deliverance came, she

rejoiced in God her Saviour. She often said, "None know the glory of pleading with souls, but those who do it."

Whenever she found persons—to use her own expression—"quite devoted," she showed uncommon respect for them. In her conversation on the subject she said: "I love to be with them; it helps me forward. I see many things in them which I want myself; but we shall soon be in heaven. I must do all I can for God every moment, and then I shall be near them in another world. O! it delights my soul to see those that are not entangled with anything below the sun!" Her love to the preachers and the connexion was the strongest I ever saw in any person. She did, by her Christian charity, cover a "multitude of sins." I never knew her speak evil of any one. She said, "When I know any evil I tell the Lord. I can tell everything to him." She never would talk about the faults of others; anything of this nature made her quite uneasy. Her language was:—"I know it will do them no good; I feel it will hurt my mind; I want to talk of something else." Her soul seemed always moulded into pure love.

Her humility. Her friends sensibly feel, and all—who have a real knowledge of her character—can testify that this grace shone the most conspicuous. There appeared nothing affected. What was seen proclaimed the sentiments of her heart. I have often thought she did not know how to dissemble. Whatever the blessings were which she received, she spent more time in thanksgiving for them than she did in the petition. "Glory be to Jesus!" was her cry. When she professed to receive an increase of grace, there appeared an increase of holy shame in all her conduct. She appeared sunk under the weight of love, with a soul full of gratitude. The image of the Son of God was then the most visible. Whenever she was answered in the salva-

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tion of others, which was exceedingly common, she instantly exclaimed, "Glory, glory to thy name, O Jesus!"

I saw it was not in her to be backward when called to labor for God, or to let others act before her; but her genuine humility was seen in her acting instantly, or not acting, as she might be called; in being nothing and feeling it, or in being anything for God and his glory; in being accounted a fool, or wise; despised, or esteemed; rejected, or received.

Her great patience. To see God in all things is the privilege of Christians; and their happiness consists in acknowledging him as their King, Judge, and Saviour. "Thy will be done;" "Thou canst not do wrong!" was the language of Ann Cutler for eight years. She met with great opposition; but I never saw or heard of her being in the least angry. She never complained of ill usage. She was sent for by many, both rich and poor; and though she was exceedingly sensible of opposition, yet she would say, "I am not received at such a place; but the will of the Lord be done!"

She bore the contradiction of sinners, and took patiently and joyfully the loss of her good name, willing to be nothing in order to possess all things. She said:—"I want nothing but to suffer all that Jesus will lay upon me, and for him to fulfil his will in me every moment. I hope, through his assistance, to live as near to him as any person in this world. I know he does all things well!"

Her manner of praying. I never heard anything against Ann Cutler except her manner of approaching the Lord. I hinted before, that she prayed with great exertion of voice, and "in this she never lost her foes." She was in our house several months at different times. It was her usual custom to arise at midnight to pray, and return thanks for mercies

received. Going to rest again, she slept till four, which was her regular hour of rising. She continued till about five pleading for herself, our family, the society, the preachers, and the whole church. If we had no meeting at five, she retired into the chapel, and there continued in earnest prayer another hour. About six she went into her room, and read the Scriptures with prayer. When she labored with her hands, she would retire twelve or fourteen times in the day, and pray a few minutes at a time. She continued frequently very long in private; but was very short in public, and in general with a loud voice. Her plea for this was, "I have tried to pray differently, but am always less confident. I would do anything to please if it would not hurt my own soul; but I am in this way most free from wanderings, and have the greatest confidence. I dare not strive against it any more."

She prayed without ceasing. Her life was a life of prayer. O that I may follow her in this as she followed Christ! "For, being in an agony, she prayed more earnestly." I have been in a chapel, when suddenly the whole congregation would be affected in answer to her cries. For prayer I never expect to see her equal again.

Her modesty. She was often detained late in the evenings with people in distress, but would never return in company with young men. She conducted herself in this respect to the glory of God, to the good of his people, and to the satisfaction of all. It appears from her journal that she laid a strong foundation for this mode of conduct; a short extract from which I shall here insert:—

"I am thine, blessed Jesus—I am wholly thine! I will have none but thee. Preserve thou my soul and body pure in thy sight. Give me strength to shun every appearance of evil. In my looks keep me pure; in my words pure—a

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chaste virgin to Christ forever. I promise thee, upon my bended knees, that if thou wilt be mine, I will be thine, and cleave to none other in this world. Amen.—ANN CUTLER."

It appears, from different parts of her journal, that she had covenanted with God to live and die in this state; and she certainly was, in a surprising manner, kept from every stain in her conduct before men; for both saints and sinners were constrained to say, "Ann Cutler looks at nothing but heaven."

Her self-denial. When with us she lived chiefly upon milk and herb tea. Everything strong she quietly but firmly rejected. When asked to take anything better, she replied, "I dare not take it. I know what will grieve the Spirit." But though she was so exceedingly temperate, she looked quite healthy. I have often wondered that she went through so much labor with so little food; but she was in an extraordinary way supported. It never appeared that by any of her labors her life was shortened. Her manner was, to see her call as clear as possible, to act in it with a single eye; and to whatever extraordinary work the Lord called her, she believed that he would support her in it. "She was crucified to the world, and the world to her."

Her conversation. Her conversation was truly in heaven. If anything light or superficial was advanced when in company, she was uneasy, and would beg for a better subject, saying, "I am tired; I must either talk about Christ or pray; or I must retire." Thus she reprov'd many. I have often mourned that I was not so much in heaven as she.

Her words were few—"seasoned with grace"—making a deep impression wherever she went. With all this she never had any gloom upon her countenance; but still pre-

sented the image of that sweet, happy mind which was in Christ. I have seen her, when speaking of the glory of the world to come, stop suddenly, apparently filled with the Spirit; and, when she could speak no more, she quietly sunk beneath the power of God, arose, and retired under a holy shame.

Her union with the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. This experience is what Mr. Wesley advised her to make known to but few. Yet it may not be wrong, as she is gone, to reap the fruit of her labors, by declaring a few particulars for the benefit of those who are earnestly seeking the same privilege. It was her method, as appears from her papers, to renew her covenant with God every day in the following words:—

"Blessed Father, loving Jesus, Holy Spirit! I give my body and my soul into thy hands. Have thy whole will in me, use me to thy glory, and never let me grieve thy Spirit. I will be thine every moment; and all that thou art is mine. We are fully united; we are ONE; and I pray that we may be one forever, I give myself again to thee. Give thyself again to me!

"Father! I reverence thy majesty, and sink before thee. Thou art a holy God. I submit my all to thee. I live under thy inspection, and wonder at thy glory every moment. Blessed Jesus! Thou art my constant friend and companion. Thou art always with me. We walk together in the nearest union. I can talk to thee as my Mediator. Thou showest me the Father, and I am lost in beholding his glory. Thou takest me out and bringest me in. Thou art with me wherever I go. Mine eyes are upon thee &c. my pattern and continual help!

"Holy Spirit! thou art my comforter. I feel from thee a constant, burning love. My heart is set on fire by thy

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blessed influence. I pray by thy power. It is through thee I am brought to Jesus; through Jesus I am swallowed up in what I call glory; and I can say, Glory be to the Father, glory be to the Son, and glory be to the Holy Spirit!

"I have union with the Trinity thus. I see the Son through the Spirit; I find the Father through the Son; and God is my all and in all!"

Her feeling expressions prove to us that she experienced this salvation. She had continual fellowship with the blessed THREE-ONE; three in office as it respects us in our present state, but ONE God absolutely, world without end.

Her labors for the salvation of souls. She came to see us at Dewsbury, where religion had been, and was then, in a low state. In this circuit numbers had been destroyed through divisions, etc. I could not find a person that experienced sanctification, and but few who were clear in the knowledge of pardon. Our first year was a year of hard labor and much grief. The societies in some places increased, but active religion scarcely appeared. Ann Cutler joined us in continual prayer to God for a revival of his work. As I was praying in my room I received an answer from God in a particular way, and had the revival discovered to me in its manner and effects. I had no more doubt. All my grief was gone. I could say, "The Lord will come; I know he will come, and that suddenly."

Nothing very particular appeared still, under her prayer, one soul received a clean heart. We were confident that the Lord would do the same for others.

At a prayer-meeting two found peace with God; and the same week two more received the same blessing. On Sunday morning we had a love-feast for the bands, when several

were much concerned for sanctification. One young woman received the blessing. On Monday evening the bands met. A remarkable spirit of prayer was given to the people. Four persons received sanctification, and some were left in distress. Several, who were the most prejudiced, were suddenly struck, and in agonies groaned for deliverance. On Thursday, one who, for a fortnight, had been exceedingly pained for want of purity of heart, was delivered.

The work continued in almost every meeting; and sixty persons in and about Dewsbury received sanctification, and walked in that liberty. Our love-feasts began to be crowded, and people from all the neighboring circuits visited us. Great numbers found pardon, and some perfect love. They went home, and declared what God had done for them.

The more I consulted the Acts of the Apostles and Church history, the more I was convinced that this was no new thing, either in its manner or effects; but that in every great work of God similar things were produced. I consulted several of the senior brethren, who exhorted me to use every means to support the revival. Satan began to use his agents in different ways. Some said one thing, some another; but no man, without the Spirit of God, can judge properly of the matter. All must miss the mark except those who are taught by Christ; and no greater mistakes can be made than those persons make, who presume to say anything of the work of God, and do not feel his love.

The work in a few weeks broke out at Greatland. Ann Cutler went over to Birstal, and was there equally blessed in her labors. She went into the Leeds circuit; and, though vital religion had been very low, the Lord made use of her at the beginning of a revival, and the work spread

nearly through the circuit. Very often ten, or twenty, or more, were saved in one meeting.

She and a few more were equally blessed in some parts of the Bradford and Otley circuits. Wherever she went there was an amazing power of God attending her prayers. This was a very great trial to many of us—to see the Lord make use of such simple means, and our usefulness comparatively small.

The success which, during two years, attended Ann Cutler among rich and poor might be proved from her papers. Many of the fruits are gone to glory, yet a cloud of witnesses remain in different places, who I trust will join her in singing everlasting praise to God and the Lamb.

Her Letters. To her sister at Blackburn she writes as follows:—

“MANCHESTER, Nov. 3.

“DEAR SISTER,—I hope you are well and happy. I find that my soul gets more friendship with Jesus. The last five days I have been in this town, I have been happier than ever before. The last week but this, at Oldham and Delph, and another place, nearly a hundred souls were brought to God. Many cried for mercy, and the Lord delivered them. In this town I cannot exactly tell the number. God has sanctified many—some preachers and leaders. Glory be to God for this glorious work, which he is carrying on in the earth! I hope it will revive at Blackburn. I find my desire to please God is greater than ever. My soul is wholly taken up with God. I am closely united to Jesus: it is heaven below; and my desire for the salvation of others is so great, that I can spend and be spent for the Lord.

“Dear sister, my mother is now where sabbaths never end. I think we shall soon be there, and meet to part no more. It is good to live near to Jesus here, and then we shall be near to him in heaven. O let us double our dili-

gence, and be determined to be all devoted to God ! There is a greater fulness. God bless you more and more, and may he fill you with all this fulness of God ! Let us not be stopped in our journey, but obey the voice of God. God help us to redeem every moment of time ! O pray for me ! I often pray for my sisters. I hope to meet thee in heaven. Give my love to them all. God bless you all !

"ANN CUTLER."

To a friend in Preston, about the same time, she writes thus :—

"DEAR SISTER,—I find Jesus very precious. I hope you are well. God is love. I have been at Mr B.'s about a week. The first day I came the Lord sanctified his spirit. The next morning his wife received the same blessing. Every day some are brought to God. One day twenty-five were justified, and some were sanctified. The Lord is carrying on his work. I never had a more blessed time than I have had here. I want to be more like Jesus. Let us give ourselves to God every moment, and seek in all things how to glorify him. Pray for the preachers, that you may receive them as from God. While we live in the will of God nothing can hurt us. No cross, no trial, need hinder our prospering while we leave all and follow Christ.

"Watch against a light spirit, and all useless conversation ; and let us pray every hour that God may save us from a mere form of religion. May the power of God dwell in us !

"ANN CUTLER."

To another.

"DEAR SISTER,—Though absent in body, we are often present in spirit. Let us soar away beyond temptation's power, to the dear wounds of Jesus. The greater the cross the brighter the crown. Let us use all the light we have, and all the love, and God has promised to give us more. If God be for us, who can harm us ? Let us yield ourselves wholly unto the Lord, and sink into the will of God. Near forty souls were brought to God the last night. The Lord is making some rich men rich in the faith. Few of these will come so low as to cry for mercy.

"ANN CUTLER."

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To Mrs. D——, of Leeds.

“DERBY, Dec. 8, 1794.

“MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—I hope you are well. I find God is true ; he does not fail. I have seen many souls convinced, and converted to God. I was above a week in Oldham circuit. We believe there were near a hundred souls brought to God. I have been above a fortnight at Manchester. Some were justified, and some sanctified every night. On some nights eight and nine, some twelve, some twenty, one night thirty, and on another nearly forty souls found peace with God. I have been above a fortnight in Leek circuit. The Lord heareth and answereth prayer. Some nights eight, and one night eleven, found peace. I have been one week in Derby circuit. In this week above forty souls were set at liberty ; some cleansed from sin. Four men, in deep distress, came on Sunday thirteen miles. They all went home happy. Some kneeled in the time of preaching, their distress was so great. On Saturday night, one who mocked us was seized by the power of God ; he cried for mercy, and the Lord saved him. I see much of the Lord's presence. I find a sweeter union with Jesus Christ than ever. He is all in all. I can freely give my soul to Christ every moment. I hope you are happy. I pray for you every day. We are one in heart. We are nearer and nearer meeting in glory every day. Let us be faithful to God, and he will guide us continually. He will be our sun and shield. God bless you and your family. Pray for me that I may be faithful. I should love to hear from you.

“ANN CUTLER.”

The following is an account of her sickness and death, by Mrs. Highfield, in a letter to Dr. Aspdon, of Blackburn :—

“MACCLESFIELD.

“DEAR SIR,—According to your request in a letter to Mr. Mason, dated January 12th, I will endeavor to give you a few particulars relative to the death of Ann Cutler. I would have done it sooner had not the affliction of my

family prevented. While she was with us, it seemed to be her daily custom to dedicate herself, body and soul, to God ; —to make that sacrifice which the apostle recommends, when he says, *'I beseech you, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service.'* She came to Macclesfield, very poorly of a cold, on the 15th of December. Being our preaching night, she had an earnest desire to have a prayer-meeting ; but I told her on account of preaching being so late as eight o'clock, and the classes having to meet after, it would not be convenient. But she was very importunate, and said she could not be happy without one ; adding, 'I shall not be long here, and I would buy up every opportunity of doing something for God, for time is short.' Knowing she had an uncommon talent for pleading for such souls as were coming to God, we got a few together, to whom she was made a blessing.

"Tuesday, the 16th, she was poorly, but used no less exercise in prayer, and would frequently say, 'I want to redeem time better, for I believe I shall not be in this world much longer.' She would lift up her eyes to heaven, and say, 'O blessed Jesus ! teach me to redeem time better, that I may live more to thee than I have ever yet done ; that I may walk as thou also walkedst here below.' At night we had our prayer-meeting, in which she was very earnest in wrestling with the Lord for a present blessing for every soul. Indeed it was a blessed time to very many ; a time in which much of the power of God came down. I believe it was a season that will never be forgotten. After this meeting concluded we went to another, where she exercised several times. I think it may be truly said that she 'prayed with all prayer,' and lived constantly in this spirit, and a strong spirit, too.

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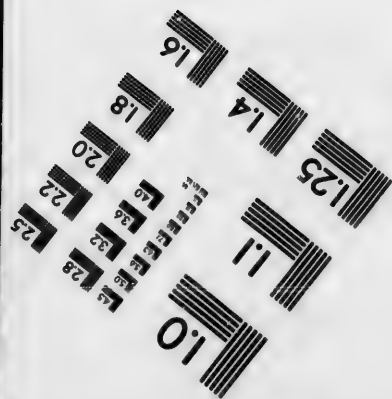
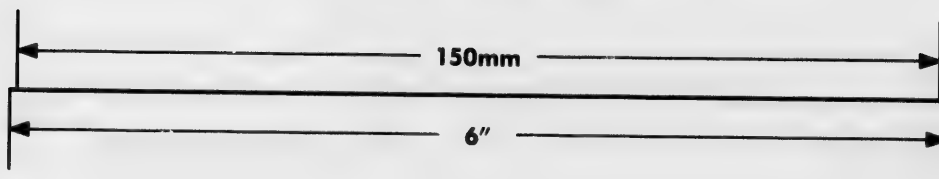
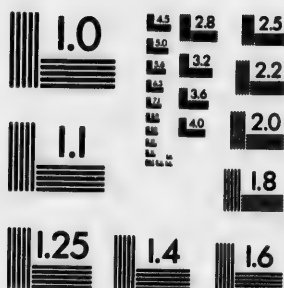
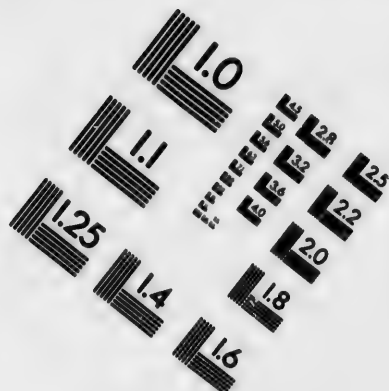
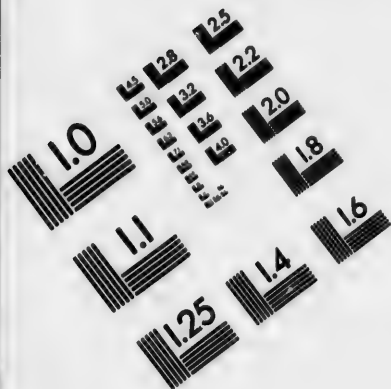
"On Wednesday, the 17th, she complained of a soreness in her breast; but, for all this, she did not abate her usual exercise in prayer. She employed the morning in visiting sick persons, and many times prayed sweetly with them and for them. The afternoon she spent in praying with several friends. In the evening we had a public prayer-meeting in the chapel. She was uncommonly earnest for precious souls. The zeal she had for them seemed to be unparalleled. There were many singularly blessed of God. The meeting continued till one o'clock in the morning. After this she took a little refreshment; and, after our family devotion, she desired us to retire, and leave her, for she wished to pray awhile by herself.

"Next day, in the afternoon, she said, 'I want that we should pray together, that we may obtain a blessing. Come, let us go to the Lord Jesus, and let us go empty that we may be filled.' When we sat down to dinner she praised God, and said, 'Glory be to God! I find he is quite willing to give grace and glory! I feel he does not withhold any good thing from me.' She seemed quite in a rapture, saying, 'O Jesus! I long to be with thee, that I may give thee greater praise.' She then retired, and, as usual, spent the greater part of the afternoon in prayer. A friend invited her to drink tea. Tea-time being come, she came to me and said, 'Did I promise?' I told her I did not know. To which she replied, 'I am so feeble in body, I think I had better stay.'

"A person calling upon her, she went, and came back exceedingly poorly, but thankful to God, saying, 'Jesus has blessed my soul.' Soon after this she said, 'Christmas is very near;' and added, 'Last Christmas I went to see my mother, but now she is in glory; and I wish much to see her this; and I know not but I shall, for I feel as if I ex-

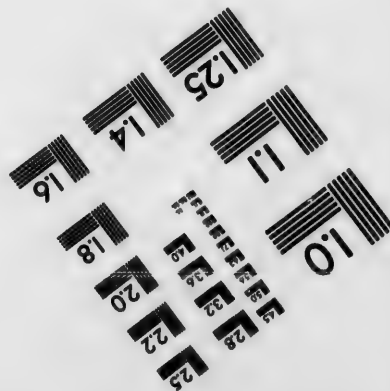


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pected it.' This was not the only time she talked thus, for she frequently made use of some such language. This evening we went to a meeting a little out of town. In the meeting she prayed several times, and repeatedly praised God for condescending to bless both her body and soul. About the middle of the meeting she gave out :—

“ ‘This, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend ;
His mercy’s as great as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.

“ ‘Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home ;
We’ll praise him for all that is past—
We’ll trust him for all that’s to come.’

She evidently felt every word she spoke—at which time she sung with all her might, though singing was very unusual with her. It was a blessed time to many, and also to herself. As we were turning home she said :—‘The Lord has wonderfully blessed me ; not only in my soul, but my body, for I feel quite well.’ After we got home, she began to cough very much ; but being soon better, she resumed her conversation, which was always about heaven or heavenly things. She said, ‘Friends, I shall be in heaven before you, and then how glad shall I be to welcome you there ! I long to see Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, Wesley and Fletcher, and some other dear friends that I have known on earth.’

“ Friday, the 19th, her cough began to be exceedingly troublesome, yet she was no less fervent in spirit. She spent all the day in retirement, and I doubt not the greater part of the time upon her knees, pouring out her soul before God in prayer and praise. At night her cough, still increasing, prevented her being at the preaching.

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"Saturday, the 20th, she was worse, and could not exercise in prayer without great difficulty. She came into the prayer-meeting, and it may be said she prayed as Christ did in the garden, which well became a dying person.

"Sunday, the 21st, she had great difficulty in breathing, and often said, 'Jesus is about to take me home. I think I shall soon have done with this body of clay; and O how happy shall I then be when I cast my crown before him, lost in wonder, love and praise!'

"Monday, the 22nd, she was much the same in body, but in a sweet frame of mind, perfectly resigned to the will of God, saying, 'Welcome, life, or death, or sickness! just as seemeth good in the sight of the Lord.'

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"Tuesday, the 23rd, she was much worse. It was with much pain that she could talk. After dinner she was obliged to go to bed, and said but very little. In the evening she came into the prayer-meeting, but was obliged to leave us as soon as she had prayed once. She had but little rest this evening.

"Wednesday, the 24th, she sat up as usual, and spent most part of the morning in prayer. After dinner she went to bed again, and conversed but little.

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"Thursday, the 25th, she came down for the last time, but by the advice of the doctor she went to bed again, and her affliction became very severe, yet she continued instant in prayer and praise to God, often saying, 'All I have and am I will give to thee, my God! Make me to live every moment in the Spirit. Dear Jesus, take me for thy bride, and walk in me every moment! O how I long to be with thee in heaven!' She had a very restless night.

"Friday, the 26th, she was desired to say if there was any person to whom she would wish to send; she answered, 'No, except to ——,' who was immediately written to.

At five o'clock in the evening she began to be so ill that we thought her departure at hand. About seven o'clock she said, 'I think I have the pains of death upon me; but what a blessing it is I am going to Jesus! For I am sure he is mine, and I am his.' As she was able, she repeated these words, 'I am sure he is mine, and I am his,' at least twenty times. At nine o'clock she was easier, and had a comfortable night.

"She was much better in the morning, and continued to be so all day. Her soul seemed very much engaged with God. In the afternoon I asked her the state of her mind; her answer was, 'Quite happy in the love of God.'

"About half-past twelve o'clock on Sunday morning, a friend and I joined in prayer with her. When we had concluded, she sat up in bed, and prayed with such exertion of voice as astonished us. She prayed most earnestly that God would revive his work in Macclesfield. The preachers and leaders seemed much impressed upon her mind. She was uncommonly drawn out in prayer for them.

"Sunday, the 28th, she was a little better, was desirous of getting up, and did while the bed was made; but wished to lie down again immediately. After dinner she was worse, and complained of a pain in her breast. I asked her if I might send for the doctor; she said I might, but added, 'He has done all he can; let us both be perfectly resigned to the will of God.' In the evening she was very restless, with a degree of delirium.

"About three o'clock on Monday morning she began to ascribe glory to the ever blessed Trinity, and continued saying, 'Glory be to the Father, glory be to the Son, and glory be to the Holy Ghost,' for a considerable time. About seven o'clock the doctor, with those about her, thought she was just gone; but, to our great surprise she continued in this

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state till between ten and eleven o'clock in the forenoon. She then lifted herself up, and looked about her, and spoke just so as to be heard, and was very sensible; she seemed perfectly composed, but her strength nearly gone. About three o'clock she looked at her friends, and said, 'I am going to die;' and added, 'Glory be to God and the Lamb forever!' These were her last words. Soon afterwards the spirit left this vale of misery. So died our dear and much-valued friend, Ann Cutler.

"The above are the particulars of her life during the time she was with us, and an account of her sickness and death, as far as I am able to recollect.

"I am yours, etc.,

"A. H."

REV. WM. BRAMWELL.

WILLIAM BRAMWELL was born at Elswick, Lancashire, England, February, 1759. His parents, though unable to give him a better education than what the village school afforded, endeavored to train him up in the fear of the Lord. These efforts were not lost on their son. He grew up a very amiable and moral youth. His outward life was very strict, and much of his time was spent in prayer and searching the Scriptures. To overcome the evil propensities of his nature he used various bodily austerities, such as excessive fasting, kneeling on his bare knees in rough sand, and walking long distances. These exercises, however, brought him no relief, and only served to undermine the foundations of his health. The day of deliverance at last came to his

troubled soul. While in the act of partaking of the elements of the Lord's Supper from the hands of a pious clergyman, he obtained the assurance of God's pardoning love.

By associating with some church singers who were in the habit of meeting in a tavern, and were otherwise trifling in their conduct, Mr. Bramwell lost the consolations of religion for a season, and again walked in darkness.

But by hearing the Methodists he was again led back to the Lord, and subsequently became a laborious minister among these people, who were at that time much despised and persecuted. Joining the Methodists exposed him to a great deal of persecution and reproach, especially from his parents, who threatened to refuse him any assistance toward commencing business. But he remained firm.

In the hand of God he was a chosen vessel, intended for great good in his church. Blessed with uncommon energy and decision, whatsoever his hand found to do, he did it with his might. By his instrumentality prayer-meetings were established at five o'clock in the morning; he was made the leader of a class; and as his desires for the salvation of sinners was intense, he began to exhort them to flee from the wrath to come. He was soon after appointed a local preacher; and in addition to his labors in the place where he lived, such was his zeal for the glory of God, and his love for perishing souls, that he preached throughout the extensive neighborhood of that part of Lancashire called the Fylde. In these labors he met with much opposition and violent persecution; but the love of Christ constrained and supported him. We learn that in a very short time after Mr. Bramwell's conversion, there was a blessed revival of the work of God in Preston—where he lived—and the society was soon nearly doubled. Mr. Bramwell's faithful labors were, in the hand of God, the principal cause of it.

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His zeal was like a flame of fire. He called upon many families in Preston with whom he had no previous acquaintance, and inquired if they had any knowledge of vital religion; enlarged on its excellence, its necessity and the way to obtain it; and then requested leave to pray with them. By these means he established prayer-meetings in various parts of the town, in which great numbers were awakened and brought to God.

We observe, frequently, that those whom the Lord intends for extensive usefulness, are called to pass through severe mental exercises, and endure sore buffetings from the enemy of souls. So Mr. Bramwell found it. He was often grievously assailed respecting his call to preach, and sometimes spent a considerable portion of the night in wrestling with God for direction in this important matter. His agony in prayer on these occasions was great, the sweat frequently pouring down his face. He had a strong persuasion that he was called by the Great Head of the Church to the exercise of the Christian ministry.

A short time before he took this step, he saw that it was his privilege to be cleansed from all sin. The following is his own account—written, we presume, some time after the event referred to—of the manner in which he was made a witness of this great salvation. After stating how he had for some time vainly sought this blessing by works instead of faith, and had at last to believe specially for it, he says:—“The Lord, for whom I had waited, came suddenly to the temple of my heart; and I had an immediate evidence that this was the blessing I had for some time been seeking. My soul was then all wonder, love, and praise. It is now about twenty-six years ago. I have walked in this liberty ever since. Glory be to God! I have been kept by his power. By faith I stand. In this, as in all other instances,

I have proved the devil to be a liar. He suggested to me, a few minutes after I had received the blessing, that I should not hold it long, it was too great to be retained, and that I had better not profess it. I then declared to the people what God had done for my soul; and I have done so on every proper occasion since that time." He was appointed to the Kent circuit, 1785. The number of members on this charge was 322, but were increased to 450 by the Conference of 1787.

Like many of his brethren, he was often greatly depressed in spirit, and tempted to leave his work. On one occasion he unbosomed his mind to an old friend, who advised him to go to his closet; in retirement to take a review of his whole life, and if he could find a single mercy with which God had blessed him, to praise him for it. Mr. Bramwell followed this advice, and while thus engaged, a successive train of divine mercies passed in review. He saw, indeed, that his whole life had been marked with mercy. Gratitude overflowed his heart. He broke forth in praises to God, took encouragement, and went forward in the name of the Lord.

During his zealous labors on the Dewsbury circuit, a most wonderful outpouring of the Spirit was realized, and nearly two hundred were added to the society, and many of the members were entirely sanctified. On the Birstal circuit, his ministry was equally successful. His powerful preaching and fervent prayers were so mighty through faith, that the stoutest-hearted trembled under him. Before his arrival on that field, there had been a partial outpouring; but a mighty shower now descended, and the truth and power of God wonderfully prevailed. This gracious work extended to neighboring circuits until all the surrounding country was in a blaze. Nearly six hundred members were

added to the societies during his two years' stay on this circuit.

Mr. Bramwell was next appointed to Sheffield. Everywhere he was received as an angel of God. The people beheld his deadness to the world, his entire devotedness to God, the manner in which he entered into the work of saving souls from death, and feeding the flock of Christ. He gave himself to fasting and prayer, and diligently sought renewed baptisms of the Holy Ghost, therefore he was "strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might." In performing this work, Mr. Bramwell exercised much judgment and influence in employing the talents of local preachers, leaders and other individuals in prayer meetings, and they became important helpers to him in every place. Opposition was broken down, lukewarmness disappeared, a holy union prevailed, and the work of God in the towns and country broke out into a flame of life and power. Fifteen hundred members were added to the society in the course of his three years' labors in the Sheffield circuit. His letters to intimate friends at this period manifest a spirit of very elevated piety and entire consecration to his great work. To Mr. Hargraves he wrote:—"I see more than ever that those who are given up to God in continual prayer are men of business, both for earth and heaven; they go through the world with composure, are resigned to every cross, and make the greatest glory of the greatest cross. On the other hand, if not given up to God in prayers, every cross brings the greatest perplexity, and robs them of the little love and patience they enjoy."

Mr. Bramwell's next field of toil was Nottingham. By an unhappy division on this circuit, in 1797, which resulted in the organization of the Methodist New Connexion, three hundred persons left the society; but this number was

fully made up in one year. In the following year eight hundred more were added. Thus the society was doubled. The name of the Lord was magnified in the conversion of several Deists, who renounced their error, and found redemption in his blood. Several very striking cases of divine healing also took place in answer to his believing prayers on this circuit. In prayer for the society at a watch-night service, his eyes sparkled like flames of fire, his whole frame was full of animation, and he took such hold of God that divine power fell on all present in a wonderful manner. Many of them were so affected that, at the conclusion of the service, they could not come down the gallery stairs without assistance.

His labors on the Leeds, Wetherley and Hull circuits were also crowned with glorious success. On entering upon his work in the last named place, he says:—"I have had three weeks of agony, but now see the Lord working." *Three weeks of agony!* Is it then any wonder that such pentecostal results followed his preaching? The manner in which he walked with God, and maintained deep communion with him, is thus described by Mr. John Hebblewhite:—"During the time Mr. Bramwell was in the Hull circuit, I lived in a house on the Humber bank, nearly a mile out of town. A large parlor on the first story commands an extensive view of the Humber; no vessel can pass unseen from the windows. This room was his favorite place of retirement, and he was at all times welcome to it, for we felt ourselves honored by the use to which he appropriated it. He was wont to resort frequently to it, and spend two, three, four, five and sometimes six hours in prayer and reflection. He often entered the room at nine o'clock in the morning, and did not leave it till three in the afternoon. The days on which his longest visits occurred

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were, I conjecture, his appointed fasts; on these occasions he refused any kind of refreshments, and used to say when he came in, 'Now, take no notice of me.' One year's labor on the Sunderland circuit resulted in the accession of five hundred members to the society, and five hundred the following year. While here he was greatly buffeted by Satan, and sorely tried in various ways; but he came off more than conqueror.

Various letters written by him at this time, to young preachers, are full of most excellent and powerful truths. We should be glad to insert some of them, but space forbids. Touching on his own experience, he says:—

"I never was so much struck with the Word of God as at present. The truth, the depth, the promises, quite swallow me up. I am lost in wonder and praise. My soul enters into Christ, in his blessed Book. His own sayings take faster hold of me than ever. I could read, and weep, and love, and suffer! yea, what could I not suffer when I thus see him! Justification is great; to be cleansed is great! but what is justification, or the being cleansed, when compared to this being taken into himself? The world, the noise of self, is all gone, and the mind bears the full stamp of God's image. Here you talk, and walk, and live, doing all in him and to him; continually in prayer, and turning all into Christ, in every house, in every company;—all things by him and to him."

Again he writes:—"O this heaven of God's presence, this opening into glory, this weeping over a lost world, this being willing to lay down your life for the Church! *God is all.* O my soul, I feel its fire, its burning, as I write. God grant the flame may spread, the glory shine! May the world receive it! Places to me are less than ever. Devoted souls are my delight. To see my friends dwelling in God

and God in them affords me one of the greatest earthly pleasures."

On the Liverpool circuit, to which he was next sent, five hundred and fifty members were added to the society during his labors in that field, and many were the remarkable deliverances wrought out for him and others in answer to his prayers.

One of his first remarks to the society on entering upon his work in a new field was, "Slow singing, long prayers, long meetings, and late attendance on the ordinances, were indubitable marks of a low state of grace."

On the Birstall, (second term), London West, Newcastle and Salford circuits God still continued to use his servant in the conversion of multitudes of souls, and the entire sanctification of believers.

His letters during the last six years of his heavenly life on earth all breathe a hallowed spirit. They contain the language of a saint who lived continually in the suburbs of the new Jerusalem, anticipating the happiness of glorified spirits. He was a consistent witness of the doctrine of Christian perfection, and continually pressed this experience on others.

"He was so crucified to the world, and the world to him, that all worldly concerns seemed a perfect nothing to him. He was, indeed, a consistent witness for God in the world, showing to what a height of holiness Christians may attain on earth, when hearty sincerity, deep mortification, diligent watchfulness, love of divine communion, and an humble and active faith, meet in the heart of any man."

His countenance and speech were perpetually as before God, in the conscientious observance of all his precepts; his heart full of love to him; his face awing the beholder with the majesty and shining, with the sweetness and beauty of

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holiness. To all appearance he spent every moment of his time in his beloved duty, and in zealously doing good; always ready for and enjoying spiritual communion with God in all his ordinances. He sweetly united the lowest humility and condescension with the most transcendent charity to all men, yet so as not to suffer sin in his brother to go unreprieved. He maintained peace of conscience and assurance of eternal life inviolate for many years together, and convinced all who knew him that the power of God dwelt in him; the Divine Spirit so beautifying and adorning him, hereby assuring both himself and others that he was born of God.

His deportment was always such as if at that moment he saw God, and had God's law, and the day of final account just then before him; so that whenever the Lord should call him he might be found ready. To his intimate friends there appeared written in his face and demeanor a sense of the Divine Majesty and holiness; a most pleasing, conscientious, and full dedication of himself to God; a watchfulness upon his own heart and life, lest he should offend; a spirit of great mortification to all the world; a wonderful purity from all sinful pollution; and an admirable transformation, into the divine similitude. Indeed, constant holiness seemed perfectly natural to him, when it seemed but endeavored after by others.

A few years before his death he says:—"I have for some time found myself taken up in God, and all things on earth drawn with me into himself. This is done by acts of faith. It is by this I do see and embrace him and am taken up by him. My life is hid with Christ in God. Sometimes I enter within the city, and live for some moments in a blessed fellowship with the glorified. O the hope of everlasting life! Let everything be done every day with an eye to this." The late

Rev. John Morris says :—"On one occasion having inquired into my experience he said, 'Now we will pray a little.' We kneeled down together, and remained in that posture for near two hours. O what power and comfort did I then feel. The Lord drew near to us in all the strong attractions of his grace, and I was ready to think myself in heaven. Mr. Bramwell frequently said, 'Lord, I am in heaven! Lord what art thou about to do with me? O what numbers of angels are in this room? Lord, I am just where I would be. I would not change my situation for the world. I am just in heaven.' These expressions he continually used. I spoke to him about being tempted. 'Tempted!' he exclaimed, 'O but we are safe. The devil may knock at the door, and temptation may peep in at the window, but neither can hurt us, for *God is in us.*'"

Such manifestations of the Divine Power as the above was not uncommon in Mr. Bramwell's experience.

He was a clear, powerful and eminently Scriptural preacher; an excellent pastor, a strict disciplinarian, and yet full of compassion. But to relate all the good qualities of the character and life of this holy man in these few pages is impossible. It had long been his wish that when his work was done he might

"Cease at once to work and live."

His wish was granted. On the 13th of August, 1818, in returning from Conference, he was seized with an apoplectic fit, which in a few minutes terminated his earthly existence. "His works do follow him."

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JOHN OXTOBY.

JOHN OXTOBY was born at Little Givendale, Yorkshire, England, in 1762. In early youth his education, through the poverty of his parents, was much neglected. He passed the first thirty-seven years of his life in great ignorance of himself and his God, and was characterized by awful wickedness. In the year 1804 he was led to see his dreadful condition, and after having drunk deeply of the bitter cup of repentance, he was soundly converted to God. Immediately he began laboring for the salvation of his neighbors, and visited from house to house, declaring what great things God had done for his soul. He became as zealous for the salvation of souls as he had been in the service of sin. His bowels moved with compassion toward the unsaved, and he spared no pains to snatch them from the jaws of death. He gave up his agricultural employment, and devoted himself entirely to zealous labors in the vineyard of Christ. For about fifteen years after his conversion he continued with the Wesleyan Methodists, but realizing more union of soul with the Primitive Methodists, and seeing a career of greater usefulness among them, he cast in his lot with these people, and shortly after was employed as a travelling preacher. His journal shows that on every circuit which was privileged to enjoy his labors, there were great displays of converting and sanctifying power. At nearly every meeting which he held some were converted or sanctified. His success was indeed glorious. The most powerful manifestations of the divine goodness and mercy were vouchsafed to his labors; and multitudes fell under the power of God while listening to the messages which came from his lips.

During a visit of three days he made to a certain town, no less than fifty souls were soundly converted to God by his instrumentality.

But while the citadels and strongholds of the foe were being entered and taken ; while multitudes of the rebellious were being melted into submission, John was called to leave his honorable employment and to war no more. His career of usefulness was closed—his work was done.

Seldom has God more signally owned his servants than he owned him. His fame as a soul-saving minister of God passed before him to wherever he was stationed ; the news of his mighty success flew like the light from one place to another, and the hardened, the curious, the careless and formal were eager to hear him, and went and were saved. "Hundreds, yes, thousands, of precious souls has he led to the Lamb of God," says one of his colleagues, who bears testimony to his usefulness—which attended him to the end of his life.

His biographer—Harvey Leigh—from whose accounts the above have been extracted, thus depicts the character of this holy man :

"His most usual theme in the pulpit was faith. He had such a facility of accommodating and reducing his expressions relative to this important grace to the apprehension of the lowest capacity, that every one was enabled to profit considerably under him if at all attentive to him.

But that which gave lasting effect to all his labors in the Lord's vineyard was the uncommon power of the Spirit which attended his word. Seldom or never did he open his mouth either in preaching, praying, or personal conversation, but such an unction attended his words, that those addressed by him usually felt its force. Not unfrequently have numbers fallen under his preaching and prayers, and

apparently, under the most striking apprehensions of their sin and danger, they have cried out for mercy. Others who have with great difficulty escaped home, have been obliged to send for him or others to pray for them before they durst attempt to sleep ; and, strange as it may seem, some have fallen down on their way home, and others at their work, from the effect of his preaching and prayers.

Thus while he had no superior mental capabilities for the pulpit, he was attended with the most powerful influences of the Holy Spirit ; and this made him, in the absence of other qualifications, an able minister of the New Testament. But, while he did not shine in the things to which we have referred, *he did excel in the strength and constancy of his faith, which was singularly strong.* Perhaps in this he was second to none. He was a genuine son of Abraham ; for he did not stagger at the promises, but credited them with a confidence unshaken, and which gave glory to God.

The strength of his faith was witnessed in *the evenness and comfort of his own religious experience.* That faith by which John first drew near to God, and by which he realized a clear sense of his pardoning mercy, was possessed by him with great steadiness during the whole of his earthly pilgrimage. Hence he constantly pursued his heavenly course, was delivered from cloudy depressions and tormenting fears, laughed at apparent impossibilities,

“And cried, ‘It shall be done.’”

Likewise, the strength of his faith was evidenced in *the facility which he had in leading souls to Christ for pardon.* The moment he met with a broken-hearted sinner, he urged him to look with a steady faith to the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world. In doing this, his expressions were at times strong and singular. Once, when

travailing with a young man in the pangs of the new birth, he endeavored, in his usual way, to lead him into confidence; and, feeling much of the divine presence, he felt confident that the power of God was there to heal, and that the struggle was near a close. He consequently cried aloud to him, "Say that thou believest." The young man said, "I dare not; if I were, I should tell God a lie." Brother Oxtoby, however, urged again, "Tell God that thou believest, and put the lie upon my back." Strange as this may appear, the youth, in a few minutes, ventured his all upon the atoning blood, and experienced the pardon of all his sins.

The strength of his faith was further evidenced *in his being instrumental in raising the sick from their diseased condition*. To a number of such persons under such circumstances, he was called in; and, in many cases, his visits were crowned with the most perfect success. He had been heard to mention instances in which his confidence had triumphed over maladies the most hopeless and discouraging; diseases in the limbs, which had been dreadful and inveterate; and even fevers, whose aspects have been the most raging and forbidding. In many cases the results of his faith have silenced every objector, and struck numbers with the most perfect amazement.

But our brother was an extraordinary man *in the importunity and prevalency of his prayers*. What has been said of the strength and constancy of his faith may be said, with equal propriety, of his importunate and prevalent prayers; that is, he was second to none. In fact, we need not be surprised at this, for generally these two excellences walk hand in hand. For some years he was known in the religious world to thousands by the singular name of "*Praying Johnny*." This epithet he justified in the whole

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of his conduct. *His prayers were long and very fervent in his own closet.* Mr. Bottomley, who was stationed with him in the Halifax circuit, says:—"During the time of his stay at Halifax, he was much given up to prayer, and generally spent about six hours each day upon his knees, pleading earnestly with God, in behalf of himself, the Church and sinners, whose salvation he most ardently desired."

Frequently, when harassed by any particular temptation, when concerned about the temporal condition of any person in dangerous affliction, when under engagement to pray for one who was troubled with an evil spirit, when foiled in some late attempt to do good, when travailing in anguish of mind for a revival of religion in the neighborhood in which he was laboring, and when deeply anxious to see the glory of the Lord revealed, he has spent many hours in the most decided abstinence and secluded retirement; and has sometimes, in this manner, devoted whole days and nights to God.

In the public services of the sanctuary John had great influence with God in prayer. In answer to the earnest breathings of his soul a whole assembly has been moved as the trees of a wood are moved when shaken with a strong wind. A mighty shaking has been felt, and a great noise heard, amongst the dry bones. The breath of Jehovah has been felt, numbers among the slain have been quickened, and a great army has been raised up.

A strange fact connected with the history of this good man, and strikingly illustrative of his close communion with God in prayer, and of the results of such communion, we shall here relate. When in Hull circuit he visited Burlington Quay, and was rendered eminently useful. When there, his home was with Mr. Stephenson, whose family was

one of the most influential in the place. Their mercantile engagements were numerous; at home they carried on a considerable business, and were extensively connected with the shipping department. About the year 1825, Mr. Stephenson had a ship at sea, on a foreign and distant voyage, about the safety of which he and the family began to feel anxious. There had not been any tidings of the vessel extending over a period far beyond what they had expected. And what tended much to increase their solicitude, they had a son on board for whom they feared the worst—feared that they should see him no more. At this time Mr. Oxtoby was sojourning in the family, and was painfully concerned at witnessing their anxiety. Pressed in spirit for them, and desirous to be the instrument of their relief, he fell back upon his usual and safe resort—special fasting and protracted prayer to God—in which he besought the Almighty to give him an assurance whether the ship was really lost, or whether it would return home in safety. In his protracted travail, he clearly ascertained that the ship which had been the object of so much solicitude was not lost, but that it and the son for whose safety the family were so anxious, would, in due course, return in safety, and that all would be well. This welcome intelligence he communicated to the anxious family; and did it with as much confidence as characterized St. Paul's mind, when he uttered his noble speech to the embarrassed ship's crew, while they drew near to the island of Melita, and, contrary to all human appearance, assured them that not a hair of their heads should perish. But high as our brother stood in the estimation of the family, and exalted as was their opinion of his extraordinary piety, and the power and prevalency of his prayers, yet his calm and positive assertions on this subject almost exceeded the powers of their belief; and though

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they did not distrust them, they staggered at them. But John remained unmoved. He smiled at their doubts; reiterated his expressions of confidence; told them that God had "shown him the ship while at prayer;" that he was as certain of her safe return as if she were in the harbor then; and that when the vessel returned, though he had never seen her, excepting when revealed to him in prayer, he should know her, and could easily distinguish her from any other. Time rolled on, John pursued his work, and the family remained anxious, when news reached them, one day, that the vessel was safe and on her way home. It soon after arrived, at which time Mr. Oxtoby was about ten miles distant in the country. The Stephenson family were, however, so delighted with the occurrence—with the realization of all their devoted friend had uttered—with the accomplishment of what, to them, appeared like a prediction, and from which the good man had never wavered—no, not for a moment—that a gig was immediately sent for him, by which he was to return with the least possible delay. When he reached Burlington Quay, Mr. Stephenson asked him if he should know the ship about which he had sought divine counsel, providing he could see her. "I should," said John; "God so clearly revealed her to me in prayer, that I could distinguish her among a hundred." They then walked out on the pier, and on their left were many vessels, some near and some remote, floating at anchor in the spacious bay. Among them John looked, and exclaimed, while pointing in a certain direction, "That's the ship which God showed me while at prayer. I know she would come home safely, and that I should see her." We need scarcely add that in this he was correct; and that this last particular of the strange account filled Mr. Stephenson with overwhelming amazement.

Mr. Oxtoby was likewise a *man of burning zeal*. During the last ten years of his life, in journeying to his appointments, he walked many thousands of miles. In family visiting he was very regular; and has sometimes visited such a number in one day as would almost transcend a person's belief. While engaged in this way, his exercises in prayer and exhortation have been beyond measure. He rushed in at every open door, scattering life and salvation wherever he could; doing work for his God, making hell to feel the influence of his exertions, snatching souls from the fangs of the enemy, and endeavoring to prevent their eternal engulfment in the abyss of woe.

Moreover Mr. Oxtoby was in every respect a *matured Christian*. He arrived at that state of grace which is implied in being "strong in the Lord." His spiritual attainments and enjoyments were deep, constant, and increasing. He saw the glorious possibility of being filled with the fulness of God, and of being perfect as his Heavenly Father. He "went on unto perfection." In this healthful state of soul, this entire freedom from inward evil, this power to rejoice evermore, to pray without ceasing, and in everything to give thanks, this unction of the Holy One, which taught him all things, this dwelling in God and walking in the light as he is in the light, this ability to love God with all his heart, and to do His will on earth as it is done in heaven—in this glorious state he lived for many years. John Oxtoby is now regarded as one of the great men of Methodism. During the whole of the affliction which hastened his death he had the most glorious displays of the divine favor; he received such a baptism of the Holy Ghost that his soul was filled with peace and joy unutterable. Amidst the sinkings of mortality, the sorrowing of his friends, and his near approach to eternity, he

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possessed the most steady and serene confidence, and approached the vale of death as if

"Prayer was all his business,
And all his pleasure praise."

A little while before his departure, he mentioned the names of several persons with whom he had been familiarly acquainted, and said :—"Tell them that strong as my faith has been, and great as has been my comforts while among them during the years of my life, yet all the former manifestations which I have had are nothing compared with those which I now feel."

To his sister he said :—"O what have I beheld ! Such a sight as I cannot possibly describe. There were three shining forms stood beside me, whose garments were so bright, and whose countenances were so glorious, that I never saw anything to compare with them before." His dying prayer was, "Lord, save souls : do not let them perish." Shortly after he shouted in holy triumph, "Glory, glory ! glory !" and immediately soared on high, November 29th, 1829.

REV. BENJAMIN ABBOTT.

BENJAMIN ABBOTT was one of the early native evangelists that God raised up to extend the Gospel like a flaming fire. He appeared in New Jersey about the year 1773. He was one of the most memorable men of early Methodism. He lived in sin, and was a decidedly wicked man, till he reached

the fortieth year of his life. Yet he had often been convicted, and had as often promised God that he would repent. His wife, though a professor of religion, knew but little about heart-work. God often alarmed him in the night watches. Under a sermon all his sins were brought to his view; and he saw that it was a mercy that he was out of hell. As conviction increased, he read his Bible, and began to see things in a different light; and with tears and groans he promised God that he would forsake sin. The preached Word pierced his heart, so that with many tears he cried for mercy. Every joint in his body shook. Some said, "Abbott is going mad." He thought it was too late to be saved, and attempted to commit suicide. But an inward voice said, "This torment is nothing compared to hell!" and he was delivered from that awful deed. The next day he stood crying in the field, and at length he fell down and prayed alone. Soon after he set up family prayer. The next day he went to hear a Methodist preach. The minister told him that he was just the sinner that Christ died for, and told him to believe. That night, October 11, 1772, he saw, as in a vision of faith, the Lord Jesus, with extended arms, saying, "I died for you." He wept, and adored God with a joyful heart. That moment the Scriptures were opened to him, and his heart felt as light as a bird. He arose and called up the family, and prayed, and then set off to spend the day in telling his neighbors what God had done for him. He met with many trials, but God delivered him out of them all.

Dr. A. Stevens gives the following in his history of Methodism, from whence we gather this account. Mr. Abbott, in his early religious experience, met with a Methodist preacher, who talked with him about Wesley's views of entire sanctification; and he resolved to seek this

great blessing. He was in greater earnest than ever. He wrote :—"Soon after Daniel Ruff came upon our circuit, and my house being opened for a preaching place, he came and preached. In the morning, in family prayer, he prayed that God would sanctify us soul and body. I repeated those words after him: 'Come, Lord, and sanctify me, soul and body.' *That moment the Spirit of God came upon me in such a manner, that I fell flat to the floor.* I had no power to lift either hand or foot, nor yet to speak one word. I believe I lay half an hour, and felt the power of God running through every part of my soul and body, like fire consuming the inward corruptions of fallen, depraved nature. When I arose and walked out of the door, and stood pondering these things in my mind, it appeared to me that the whole creation was praising God. It also appeared as if I received new eyes; for everything appeared new. I felt a love for all the creatures that God had made; and an uninterrupted peace filled my breast. In three days God gave me a *full assurance that he had sanctified me, soul and body.* 'If a man love me, he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him' (John 14:25). This I found day by day manifested to my soul, by the witness of his Spirit. Glory to God for what he then did, and since has done for poor me!"

Devoting himself to the study of the Bible, he exhorted all men to repent. Texts and divisions were given him in his sleep, and he woke up preaching from them. His first sermon was over the coffin of one of his neighbors. His preaching was always with power. In his day few men in New Jersey were better known than Benjamin Abbott. He was both highly respected and generally beloved. There was an unction in his religion, and a simplicity in his life,

a quietness in his courage, and a fatherly tenderness in his manners. He was generally addressed as "Father Abbott." Many rejoiced to own him as their spiritual father. For years he travelled without a cent of compensation, except his entertainment among the people. By industry and frugality, he maintained his family by tilling a small farm. All his family were members of the Church, and shared his zeal. One of his sons went out as an itinerant. He begged money and timber to build a chapel in his neighborhood. He had the simplicity of a Quaker in his dress. Much of his success was by his pastoral visits. He called on one family, and inquired if there was any preaching in that neighborhood. When he was told that there was none, he offered to preach in their house if the man would invite his neighbors in. He was told that the people did not want preaching. Then he sat down, and told the family his experience, and related what wicked men are before conversion. One of the daughters began to weep. The power of God fell on them while he prayed, and he left them all in tears. Of one place he wrote:—"The Lord began to work in a powerful manner, and we soon had two classes; then the devil roared horribly, but God worked powerfully, and blessed the word, and sent it with power to many hearts; many fell under it like dead men, being alarmed of their danger. The watch-meeting was crowded. One of the preachers preached, and then an exhortation was given. The Lord poured out his spirit in such a manner that two slain lay all over the house; and many others were prevented from falling by the crowd, which stood so closely, that they supported one another. We continued till midnight; and some stayed all night."

Some times a single sentence would strike and convict a sinner. Taking leave of a family, he gave his hand to a

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military officer at the door, saying, "God out of Christ is a consuming fire. Farewell." Before midnight that officer was on the floor crying for mercy, and had no rest till he was converted. Gainsayers, persecutors, and mobs, either yielded or were prostrated before this Boanerges.

After laboring with great success as a local preacher, in 1789 he joined the itinerancy, and became a regular Methodist travelling minister. He was appointed to Dutchess circuit, New York, and reported one hundred new members the first year. The next year he travelled up and down the Hudson. In one of his meetings, a dozen fell to the floor, and there was weeping and praising God. Some were justified and some were sanctified, and seemed to be lost in the ocean of redeeming love.

All through his wonderful career, he kept up a distinction between those who were justified, and those that were fully sanctified; showing, plainly, that he believed in entire sanctification. He preached it so that the people were convicted of their need of it, and sought and found it. He labored to lead his people into the deep things of God. *His favorite theme was entire sanctification.* At a love-feast, after several had told their experiences, and a few had exhorted, he arose and exhorted them to seek sanctification, for now is the day of God's power; and the power of the Lord fell on them in such a manner, that they fell to the floor, all through the house, upstairs and down. There was no more relating experiences; and the public preaching was dispensed with. The meeting lasted till sunset.

"He was thoroughly original, unique in mind and character, had a rude, robust, but a holy soul, profound in the mysteries of spiritual life; a temperament deeply mystic—a great dreamer, and his visions of the night, recorded with unquestionable honesty, were often verified

by the most astonishing coincidences. He was an evangelical Hercules, and wielded the Word as a rude, irresistible club, rather than as a sword. His whole soul seemed to be pervaded by a certain magnetic power, that thrilled his discourses, and radiated from his person, drawing, melting, and frequently prostrating the stoutest opposers in his congregation. It is probable that no Methodist laborer of his day reclaimed more men from abject vice. He seldom preached without visible results ; and his prayers were overwhelming."

REV. WM. CLOWES.

WILLIAM CLOWES—one of the founders of the Primitive Methodist denomination—was born at Burslem, Staffordshire, England, March 12, 1780. His conversion—which in many respects resembled that of John Bunyan—took place January 20, 1805. For many years he had been a most notorious sinner, but now he became as eminent for piety of the deepest type. The enemy of all good assailed him on every hand, and frequently "came in like a flood ;" but through faith he maintained the victory. He rapidly "grew in grace." All the powers of his being were devoted to God, and he laid himself out with all his might to save souls from eternal woe. It was not long before he became noted as a mighty man of faith and prayer. Many were the signal victories which he won in answer to believing prayer. Mr. Clowes says :—"Several of us at Tunstall con-

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sulted together how we might more effectually carry on the prayer-meetings, in order to accomplish the grand object of our anxious desire—the conversion of sinners to God. We agreed that the person who should first address the throne of grace should *believe* for the particular blessing prayed for, and that all the other praying laborers should respond, “Amen,” and exercise faith also; and if the blessing prayed for was not granted at once, still to persevere in pleading until it was bestowed. We conceived we were authorized by the Holy Scriptures to pray and believe for certain blessings, and to expect to receive them in this way; but that it could not answer any useful purpose to pray for a hundred blessings, and go away without any. Thus Jacob, when he wrestled with the angel, persevered until the breaking of the day; and his believing, unconquered importunity was successful (Gen. 32: 28). The Canaanitish woman cried after our Lord in behalf of her daughter; but the Lord answered her not at first. Yet she cried again and again, until Jesus said: “O woman! great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt” (Matt. 15: 28). And so of others.

Mr. Clowes was soon after this appointed as class leader. In this capacity he was so successful, that ere long he was appointed to the leadership of a second class. His method of conducting these classes he thus describes:—“In leading my classes, I used to get from six to ten to pray a minute or two each, and thus to get the whole into the exercise of faith; then I found it a very easy matter to lead thirty or forty members in an hour and a quarter; for I found that leading did not consist so much in talking to the members, as in getting into faith, and bringing down the cloud of God’s glory, that the people might be truly blessed, as well as instructed in divine things.”

In addition to those labors, he frequently exercised himself as an exhorter, and also distributed Bibles, and other religious books and tracts.

Day by day he hungered and thirsted after righteousness, and, as in all such cases, the Spirit of the Lord led him into the experience of Christian holiness. It is not too much to say that, from this time forward, he moved among men as a flame of fire. His labors were truly apostolic. Having heard from Lorenzo Dow a favorable account of the American camp-meetings, he, in conjunction with other devoted men, assisted in holding what is supposed to have been the first camp-meeting ever held in England, on Mow Hill, May 31, 1807. Great results followed this meeting. The origin of the Primitive Methodist body, in a very important sense, dates from this memorable occasion.

Other camp-meetings followed, and God set his seal of approbation on them, by converting many souls. For the active part which Clowes and Hugh Bourne took in these meetings, the ministers of the Wesleyan body, of which both of these devoted men had been members, cut them off from church fellowship. This was shortly after, no doubt, seen to have been a great mistake. The classes, which had been under the spiritual care of Clowes, went with him. And, as these men could not refrain from pursuing this open-air work, which God was so signally blessing, and from otherwise engaging in zealous efforts to convert souls, and as the Wesleyans were determined not to countenance a movement which they strangely enough considered irregular, there was no alternative but to form the fruits of their labor into classes, with regularly appointed leaders and stewards.

The Rev. Geo. Lamb, in his memorial of William Clowes, observes:—"Thus the professed followers of the venerable

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Wesley, *the great field preacher*, expelled from their communion a humble man of God for preaching the Gospel in the open air, without the sanction of the instituted authorities of the circuit, though by these efforts a number of the vilest sinners had been converted from darkness to light." Wesley saw there was a danger of open-air worship being given up, and therefore solemnly enjoined his people to attend it, not only in new places, but in old-established circuits. He says:—"The greatest hindrance to open-air preaching you are to expect from rich and cowardly, or lazy, Methodists. But regard them not; neither stewards, leaders, nor people. Whenever the weather will permit, go out, in God's name, into the most public places, and call all to repent, and believe the Gospel."

Mr. Clowes was now employed by *two working men* as a missionary. They agreed to give him ten shillings (English currency) per week, to go out and labor at large in the work of the Lord. Never were labors more arduous and success more glorious than those of this remarkable man. He went in every direction, preaching a free, full and present salvation. And God was with him in power. In May, 1811, the various classes were organized as follows:—Two travelling ministers, fifteen local preachers, seventeen preaching places, and two hundred members. At a business meeting, a few months after, the new body was named the Primitive Methodist Connexion.

On a certain missionary tour he walked one day twenty-four miles, and while on the road, he says:—"I fell into a profound meditation on the fall of man, his departure from original holiness, the depth of iniquity into which sin had sunk him, and the impossibility for any power but that of God to restore him. These reflections I pursued in my mind until I was brought into great sorrow, and distress of

soul. I felt the travail in birth, and experienced an internal agony on account of the millions of souls on the earth who were posting on in the way of death, whose steps take hold on hell. I wept much, and longed for some convenient place on the road, where I might give vent to my burdened soul in prayer. In a short time I arrived on the borders of a wood; and then I gave way to my feelings, poured out my soul, and cried like a woman in the pangs of childbirth. I thought the agony into which I was thrown would terminate my life.

"This was a glorious baptism for the ministry; the glory of God was revealed to me in a wonderful manner; it left an unction on my soul which continues to this day, and the sweetness which was imparted to my spirit, it is impossible for me to attempt a description of."

Space will not allow us to follow this apostolic man as he went through the principal counties, and cities, and towns of England; nor to detail the wonderful displays of divine power which took place under his ministry. Persecution raged against him, his name was cast out as evil, and he had to endure many and severe hardships. But wherever he went the work of God broke out in power, sinners were converted, believers sanctified, and classes organized. At every session of their Annual Conference, for years, their net increase amounted to four or five thousand, and not unfrequently the annual increase was ten thousand.

In May, 1823, the report of the Connexion was 45 circuits, 202 travelling preachers, and 29,472 members. At Mr. Wesley's twenty-fourth Conference, the statistics of his denomination were 40 circuits, 104 preachers, and 25,914 members. Thus it appears that the Primitive Methodist body stood more in number at the period of its fourth Con-

ference, than the Wesleyan body at the time of its twenty-fourth!

Rev. J. Davison, one of Mr. Clowes' biographers, says:—"The plan of missionary operations in the infancy of the Connexion was very simple, and wrought with surprising efficiency. When a circuit was formed, its official authorities sent forth a missionary to enlarge the field. Sinners were converted and formed into societies; these were made a mission, the work proceeded, and the mission became a branch, or branch circuit, subject to its parent circuit. Then when the work became further enlarged and consolidated, the branch became an independent circuit, sending forth its missionaries to extend still farther the field of operations. Thus the work went on multiplying itself."

The Rev. J. Dodsworth says:—"It was my happiness to become acquainted with Mr. Clowes about the year 1834. It was my great privilege to sit under his occasional ministry, which, unadorned as it was, was the most spiritual, scriptural, and mighty I ever heard. Few ministers, if any, since the days of the apostles could have said to their hearers, with greater propriety than Mr. Clowes, 'our Gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance.' His truly apostolic ministrations were such as I should have anticipated from a legitimate successor of the apostle Paul; they were thrilling with power from on high, and resulted in the conversion of multitudes of sinners to God. Having a body of divinity in himself, he was superior to most books, and but sparingly read uninspired authors. He, however, studied the inspired writings, had 'an unction from the Holy One' and was mighty in the Scriptures; hence the great solidity, the point, the overwhelming power and amazing success of his ministry.

"Mr. Clowes was very remarkable for his power in prayer. He abounded largely in 'the grace of supplication.' It has never fallen to my lot to experience such baptisms, as I never failed to feel, while kneeling with him before the mercy seat. Perhaps it will be seen, in the light of eternity, that much of the success which has crowned the labors of the Connexion was graciously vouchsafed in answer to his 'fervent and effectual prayers.' The results of the midnight devotions which he rendered to God, and of his wrestlings 'until break of day' when, 'as a prince, he had power with God and prevailed,' are yet to be revealed; the witness of these holy exercises is in heaven, and their record on high.

"Streaming eyes, broken hearts, cries for mercy, and joyful deliverances, were ordinary effects produced when he drew nigh to God in public prayer. I was present at a love-feast conducted by him and his friend, the Rev. I. Holliday, in Mill Street Chapel, Hull, at the conclusion of which about forty souls were professedly converted to God.

"Great as Mr. Clowes was in the pulpit, and mighty as he was in prayer, he was equally conspicuous for his strong and unwavering faith. 'I *have* believed, I *do* believe, and I *will* believe,' he would say; and he soared to what he called the 'mountains of frankincense, and the hills of myrrh,' and regaled himself with fruits and flowers in the garden of the Lord; bathed in its crystal fountains of purity; and basked in its blissful bowers of holy serenity and heavenly joy. His strong faith enabled him to make his constant abode where only a few of even good men pay an occasional visit; he lived at a great spiritual altitude, a sort of Pisgah's mountain life, on lofty banks of high and holy regions. If ever he pitched his tent, he shifted it higher still; he was a spiritual mountaineer. 'His religious life appears to have

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been one rapid ascent from grace to grace.' No wonder that one who thus walked with God in spiritual climes, 'where peace sheds its balm, hope bends its rainbow, and the soul dwells at ease,' should be able to say, as did he, and to the honor of grace and the glory of God, be it recorded, '*I have never had a doubt for forty years.*'

"In the social circle he was serious without gloom; cheerful without levity; and perhaps no man could have passed half an hour in his fellowship without feeling that he was breathing in an atmosphere of holiness, in contact with a spirit near of kin to 'just men made perfect,' and living for the time on the verge of heaven!"

John Nelson in describing his introduction to Clowes, says:—"There was a most impressive gravity in his demeanour when he received me. His eyes were devoutly lifted up to heaven, while he implored a blessing upon me. 'Let us pray a minute,' said he, and the next moment he was upon his knees, pouring out the desire of his soul for me, in a manner which I cannot fully describe, nor shall I ever forget. Among other things which he fervently asked, this was one—that the spirit which used to come upon Samson at times in the camp of Dan, might, in all its energy, come upon me; and that, aided by that power, I, too, might so smite the Philistines, that they might fall before me heaps upon heaps. While he thus pleaded, the fire of the Holy Ghost fell upon me, and I was more fully endued with a power which, to a greater extent, prepared me for the work for which I was ill-fitted, and from which I had shrunk with trembling apprehensions.

"Mr. Clowes had several prominent characteristics; but the most prominent of all was his *constancy* and power in *prayer*. In all things through which he was called to pass, he had one never-failing resource, and that was prayer.

Often on these occasions his manner was very singular. There was no sign of agony, no conflict, no wrestling, no stirring up himself to take hold of God. In those days his hallowed spirit abode in a region far above all this. Sometimes when sojourning in the home of pious poverty, where there was not a second room where he could enter, he would say to the good woman of the house, 'Now I want to pray; pursue thy work, never mind me;' and then, without one word more, he would quietly kneel down in the most retired corner to which there was access, where he would remain for an hour. Generally, in such seasons of hallowed converse with the Deity, there was no audible expression, no groaning, no sound heard, no, not even a breath. There was an awful stillness, which some survivors whom these lines may reach, will well remember. He somehow, in this solemn quiet, sweetly sank into God, till he became as motionless as a statue, and often, at these times, there was an inward whisper to his heart, which said, 'Be it unto thee even as thou wilt.'

"But it was in public prayer, when conducting divine worship, that he towered to his most lofty height, appeared to the greatest advantage, and witnessed the most glorious results. In this I never met with his equal; and do not expect to meet with his equal again on earth. I never knew a person anything like him; there were such fine bursts of glowing imagery, such an appropriate use of Scripture language, such delicate and striking allusions to the furniture and worship in the temple at Jerusalem, such a taking hold of divine help, such solemn familiarity with God, and such an unshaken confidence, in the exercise of which, like the princely patriarch, he would say, 'I will not let thee go unless thou bless me,' and such immediate results, as cannot be accurately described; and of which a

correct idea can be formed only by those persons who were present at such seasons."

In holy triumph this eminent saint passed away, March 2, 1851—just sixty years after the death of John Wesley.

Speaking of the last moments of this saintly warrior, the author of "Within the Pearly Gates" says:—

"In Springfield cemetery, Hull, England, rest the remains of the seraphic Clowes, one of the grandest Christian heroes of modern times. Inscribed on his tombstone are these words:

"He was a burning and shining light."

"The eulogium is brief, yet in perfect harmony with his character. How solemn and sublime was his closing hour! Why does he not speak of Jesus, the grand theme of his ministry, and bear testimony to the sustaining power of religion while flesh and heart are failing? He is stricken with paralysis. His thrilling cry, 'To Calvary! To Calvary!' which sent thousands weeping to the cross, will be heard no more. Those lips, now motionless, have sung their last earthly song, and are being tuned for higher raptures and more entrancing melodies. Those eyes, once lit up with unearthly fire, are eclipsed and quiver in their orbits. Those feet, which went in search of the wanderer, have performed their last earthly mission. Grouped around him are his sons in the ministry, who will be the stars in the crown of his rejoicing. They are come to receive the mantle of their dying chieftain. They have fought by his side in many a fierce conflict with the powers of darkness, and now amid inaudible shouts of triumph they behold him bearing the ensign of the cross high above the smoke and storm of his last battles. They are loth to part, but the Master calls, and the angels, with their radiant fingers are preparing the unfading laurel for his brow, and softly as the cadence

of an angel's lute, already the notes of welcome fall upon his ear. The chariot of the King of kings has left the holy city. Noiseless as the flush of morn it enters the chamber of death. Ere he departs he is asked to give some token of the blessed hope within him. Those hands, which had been motionless for hours, are feebly raised as a sign of victory; then, without a shudder or a groan, his glorious spirit enters the chariot, and away go steeds and chariot of love, like 'an ascending glory,' up the hills of eternity to the heaven of unsullied bliss. The watchers of Israel shake their heads and exclaim, 'Alas! alas! my counsellor and friend!' But already the chariot has entered the celestial city, and is drawn up amid the songs and harpings of the harpers. While friends are weeping over the remains of the fallen standard bearer, the Master is saying, 'Well done.' The heralds that night had called aloud to the watchers on the walls of Zion, 'Watchman, what of the night?' His enigmatical response was, 'The morning cometh and also the night.' To the spirit, the shadows of the grave folded their wings and fled, and the morning, over whose radiant brow a cloud never passed, came. But the night came also—the night of weeping to the friends around the corpse, as they bent over it in lamentation and woe. There were tears here, joys there; solemn prayers here, grand praises there. Here grief, sorrow and pain; there rest and triumph. He is not dead. Such a spirit cannot die. He lives for evermore. Though he was not distinguished by profound scholarship, though his genius was not sparkling or brilliant, though he had not the tongue of classic eloquence—such gifts he did not covet—he had sterling attributes peculiarly his own. He was a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost. He abounded in works of faith and labors of love. His motto might have been, 'In labors more abundant.'

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He was distinguished by his intense and ever restless activity in the service of Christ, and though often weary, never tired in well doing. His warm grasp, friendly smile and Christian bearing made him the common property of his ministerial brethren. As his tomb retreats into the shade of time, the more radiant will it be to the eyes of posterity. Extraordinary men are like mountains, and their image seems to grow in proportion as they recede from our view and stand out alone on the confines of the horizon. Though the Rev. William Clowes finds no niche in the temples of the land, the saloons of the rich, or the galleries of sculpture, his name shall be held in everlasting remembrance. When time shall have erased from the marble column the names of those whom the world calls great, and the dust reposing in the depositories of States shall have answered to the call, 'Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment,' they who 'have turned many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and forever in the kingdom of God.'"

REV. EDWARD PAYSON.

EDWARD PAYSON was born at Riudge, New Hampshire, July 25th, 1783. His father was the Rev. Seth Payson, D.D., pastor of the church in Riudge, a man of piety and public spirit, distinguished as a clergyman, and favorably known as an author. His mother was a God-fearing woman. To the Christian fidelity of these parents there is the fullest testimony in the subsequent and repeated acknowledgments of their son, who habitually attributed his

religious hopes, as well as his usefulness in life, under God, to their instructions, example, and prayers, especially those of his mother. He manifested at an early period strong inclinations to piety, and considerable powers of mind. His progress in intellectual pursuits was rapid. Mr. Payson graduated at Harvard University in 1803, and shortly after took charge of an academy in Portland.

The death of a beloved brother in 1804, led to the conversion of Mr. Payson, and shortly after he joined the church of which his father was pastor. At this stage of his experience, it was his custom to redeem the morning hours from sleep, that he might enjoy an uninterrupted season for reading the Scriptures and for other devotional exercises; and, when he failed of this, he suffered much in consequence, and lamented it with deep feeling. His diligence in business, as well as fervor of spirit, are abundantly apparent from the account which he has given of the employment of every hour, from four in the morning to ten at night. To a friend he wrote:—"Two or three plain rules I find of wonderful service in deciding all difficult cases. One is, *to do nothing of which I doubt in any degree the lawfulness*; thesecond, *to consider everything as unlawful which indisposes me for prayer, and interrupts communion with God*; and the third is, *never to go into any company, business or situation, in which I cannot conscientiously ask and expect the divine presence*. By the help of these three rules I settle all my doubts in a trice."

Before leaving his academy he wrote:—"SINCE I BEGAN TO BEG GOD'S BLESSING ON MY STUDIES, I HAVE DONE MORE IN ONE WEEK THAN IN THE WHOLE YEAR BEFORE. Surely it is good to draw near to God at all times."

Mr. Payson had now resolved to enter the ministry, and he gave himself up to the work of preparation with an exclu-

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siveness and ardor perhaps never exceeded. The Bible was with him the subject of close, critical, persevering and, for a time, almost exclusive attention, his reading being principally confined to such writings as would assist in its elucidation, and unfold its sacred meaning. *In this manner he studied the whole of the inspired volume from beginning to end, so that there was not a verse on which he had not formed an opinion.* In this way he acquired his unparalleled readiness to meet every question, on every occasion, whether proposed by a caviller or a conscientious inquirer, which, it is well known, he usually did in a manner as satisfactory as it often was unexpected. The advantages hence derived were, in his view, beyond all computation. It secured for him the unlimited confidence of people in the common walks of life, as "a man mighty in the Scriptures." It gave him great influence with Christians of other denominations. It enabled him to confound and silence gainsayers, when they could not be convinced, as well as to build up the elect of God on their most holy faith. It furnished him, too, with ten thousand forms of illustration, or modes of conveying to ordinary minds the less obvious truths, with which he was conversant, in the exercise of his ministry.

But there is another part of his example more difficult to imitate than the one just sketched. He *prayed without ceasing*. Aware of the aberrations to which the human mind is liable, he most earnestly sought the guidance and control of the Holy Spirit. He felt safe nowhere but at the throne of grace. He may be said to have studied theology on his knees, much of his time he spent literally prostrated, with the Bible open before him, pleading the promises—"I will send the Comforter—and when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth."

Many have imagined Mr. Payson's Christian career to

have been one of uninterrupted joy and triumph, and such will, perhaps, regret any allusion to those seasons when "his soul was cast down in him." In judging of this class of his exercises, it should not be forgotten that his health, by excessive fasting and many other undue severities, was already undermined; his system had lost much of its elasticity, and encountered a shock, from the effects of which it never afterwards recovered. Besides, he had a constitutional predisposition to melancholy, which other branches of his family are said to have inherited to a still more painful degree. His religion, instead of being the cause of his gloom, was his only refuge from its overwhelming effects.

On December 16th, 1807, he was ordained pastor of a Congregational Church in Portland, Maine. He continued to grow in all the graces of the Spirit, and though his health was at times very poor, yet his

"Glad soul mounted higher
As in a chariot of fire."

His pastoral labors were abundant and crowned with success.

While away from his post for the purpose of recruiting his health, he wrote to his sister:—"The Lord's will be done. Welcome life, welcome death, welcome anything from his hand. The world—O what a bubble—what a trifle it is! Friends are nothing, fame is nothing, health is nothing, life is nothing; Jesus is all in ALL! O what will it be to spend an eternity in seeing and praising Jesus! to see him as he is, to be satisfied with his likeness! O I long, I pant, I faint with desire to be singing, 'Worthy is the Lamb'—to be extolling the riches of sovereign grace—to be casting the crown at the feet of Christ!"

During the third year of his pastorate, forty-two souls were gathered into the church, and thirty-five per year was the average number during the whole of his ministry.

On the 8th May, 1811, Mr. Payson was married to Ann Louisa Shipman, of New Haven, Conn., a woman of kindred piety, and whose energy and firmness of character, connected with other estimable accomplishments proved his best earthly support, and an abiding check upon his constitutional tendency to depression. In the acquisition of such a "helpmeet," he justly considered himself as "having obtained favor of the Lord."

To his ardent and persevering prayers must, no doubt, be ascribed, in a great measure, his distinguished and almost uninterrupted success; and, next to these, *the undoubted sincerity of his belief in the truths which he inculcated*. His language, his conversation, and whole deportment were such as brought home and fastened on the minds of his hearers the conviction that he *believed, and therefore spoke*. The revivals of religion which took place under his labors were numerous, and were characterized by a depth and power seldom seen. Nor was his eminent usefulness confined within the narrow sphere of his own congregation. In distant parts of the country, at various special gatherings, his ministry was made a blessing to many thousands, both in the conversion of souls and in raising the tone of piety among believers.

To his mother he wrote:—"Another text which I have preached on lately, and which has been much blessed to me, is Rev. 21: 23: 'And the city had no need of the sun,' etc. O how unutterably glorious did heaven appear! It is *glory*; it is a *weight* of glory; an *exceeding weight* of glory; a *far more exceeding weight* of glory; a *far more exceeding and eternal weight* of glory. O how shall we bear such a weight of glory as this! How shall we wait with patience till we arrive at it! O it seems too much, too boundless, too overwhelming, to think of. Come afflictions; come troubles;

come trials, temptations, distresses of every kind and degree ; make our path through life as painful, as wearisome as you can ; still if heaven is at the end of it, we will smile at all you can do. I would urge my dear father to be more careful of himself, if I thought it would do any good ; but it will not. The nearer he gets to his sun, his centre, the end of his course, the faster he will fly, and you cannot stop him. Catch hold of him and fly with him, and I will come panting after as fast as I can."

To a ministering brother at a distance, whose labors were suspended by sickness, he wrote among other things these words :—" No man is fit to rise up and labor until he is made willing to lie still and suffer as long as his Master pleases."

Mr. Payson was the subject of severe and awful temptations. His conflicts with the powers of darkness were indeed dreadful, and often prolonged. But he always came off victorious. His sufferings were greater than any one knew or suspected, but they were mostly endured in silence. When his body, full of pain, was gradually sinking into the grave, he wrote to his sister :—" Were I to adopt the figurative language of Bunyan, I might date this letter from the land of Beulah, of which I have been for some weeks a happy inhabitant. The celestial city is full in my view. Its glories beam upon me ; its breezes fan me ; its odors are wafted to me ; its sounds strike upon my ears, and its spirit is breathed into my heart. Nothing separates me from it but the river of death, which now appears as an insignificant rill, that may be crossed at a single step, whenever God shall give permission. The Sun of Righteousness has been gradually drawing nearer and nearer, appearing larger and brighter as he approached, and now he fills the whole hemisphere ; pouring forth a flood of glory, in which I seem to float like an insect in the beams of the sun ; ex-

ulting, yet almost trembling, while I gaze on this excessive brightness, and wondering, with unutterable wonder, why God should deign thus to shine upon a sinful worm. A single heart and a single tongue seem altogether too inadequate to my wants; I want a whole heart for every separate emotion, and a whole tongue to express that emotion." He was asked, "Do you feel reconciled?" "O that is too cold. I rejoice! I triumph! And this happiness will endure as long as God himself, for it consists in admiring and adoring him. I can find no words to express my happiness. I seem to be swimming in a river of pleasure, which is carrying me on to the great fountain. It seems as if all the bottles of heaven were opened, and all its fulness and happiness, and, I trust, no small portion of its benevolence is come down into my heart."

To the members of his congregation he spoke as nearly as follows:—

"It has often been remarked that people who have been into the other world cannot come back to tell us what they have seen; but I am so near the eternal world that I can see almost as clearly as if I were there; and I see enough to satisfy myself at least of the truth of the doctrines which I have preached. I do not know that I should feel at all surer had I really been there." A friend, with whom he had been conversing on his extreme bodily sufferings and his high spiritual joys, remarked:—"I presume it is no longer incredible to you, if it ever was, that martyrs should rejoice and praise God in the flames and on the rack." "No," said he, "I can easily believe it. I have suffered twenty times—yes, to speak within bounds—twenty times as much as I could in being burnt at the stake, while my joy in God so abounded as to render my sufferings not only tolerable, but welcome. *The sufferings of this present time*

are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."

To his wife he said : "Hitherto I have viewed God as a fixed star, bright, indeed, but often intercepted by clouds ; but now he is coming nearer and nearer, and spreads into a sun so vast and glorious, that the sight is too dazzling for flesh and blood to sustain." This was not a blind adoration of an imaginary deity ; for, added he, "I see clearly that all these same glorious and dazzling perfections, which now only serve to kindle my affections into a flame, and to melt down my soul into the same blessed image, would burn and scorch me like a consuming fire, if I were an impenitent sinner."

On Monday, October 22nd, 1827, he was released from all his sufferings, and in great peace and triumph his happy spirit was set at liberty. His "ruling passion was strong in death." His love for preaching was as invincible as that of the miser for gold, who died grasping his treasure. Mr. Payson directed a label to be attached to his breast, on which should be written : "*Remember the words which I spake unto you while I was yet present with you ;*" that they might be read by all who came to look at his corpse, and by which he, being dead, yet spake. The same words, at the request of his people, were engraven on the plate of the coffin, and read by thousands on the day of interment. For the grace of God displayed in this saint, be everlasting praises given. Amen.

DR. ADONIRAM JUDSON.

THE materials of this sketch were mainly drawn by Dr. Haydn from the biography of Dr. Judson, by his son, and published by Randolph & Co., New York. They are here somewhat condensed.

Born of a godly parentage in Malden, Mass., August 9th, 1788; entering Brown University a year in advance at the age of sixteen, graduating as valedictorian in 1807; he was able to write in his journal after a period of sceptical doubting:—"1808, November. Began to entertain a hope of having received the regenerating influences of the Holy Spirit." He had just before this entered Andover Theological Seminary, a year in advance, "neither a professor of religion nor a candidate for the ministry." He made a solemn dedication of himself to God, December 2nd, that same year. That dedication was final and complete. "Is it pleasing to God?" became his motto. He put it before his eyes, at the same time realizing how futile the suggestion "unless I resolve, in divine strength, instantly to obey the decision of conscience."

A year later, at the age of twenty-one, Judson is pondering seriously the work of foreign missions. A sermon of Dr. Claudius Buchanan's had fallen as a "spark into the tinder of his soul," and in February, 1810, he had resolved to become a missionary to the heathen. To this resolution he had been helped by association with Richards, Mills, Rice and Hall, of "Haystack" fame, lately arrived at Andover from Williams College, the birthplace, if any one locality can claim that honor, of American missions abroad. Of this step young Judson seems early to have counted the cost. There were flattering prospects for the brilliant young divine

at home, but from all these he turned deliberately aside; nor did he hide from himself or from Ann Hasseltine, whose heart and hand he sought, the peculiar trial most certain to fall to the lot of a missionary in those pioneer days.

On the 5th of February, 1812, he was married to Ann Hasseltine, of Bradford, Mass., a woman of great beauty, consecration, and moral heroism. The next day he was ordained at Salem, and on the 19th embarked on the brig *Caravan* with Mr. and Mrs. Newell, associate missionaries, bound for Calcutta.

The voyage around the Cape of Good Hope was a tedious affair of four months. The time was studiously occupied in a translation of the New Testament, which was the immediate occasion of the reopening of the question of baptism, both as to its proper subjects and the mode of its administration. The result is well known. Mr. Judson and his wife became Baptists, and were immersed at Calcutta on the 6th of September. Naturally they at once fraternized with the English Baptists at Serampore—Marshman, Carey, and Ward—and resigned their connection with the American Board. He immediately suggested to representative Baptists in New England, that if a Baptist society were formed for the support of a mission in those parts, he would be ready to consider himself their missionary.

It was not till after many a buffeting for a year and a half that these servants of God found the way open to begin their life-work in the Burman Empire. England and America were at war with each other, and the East India Company had not learned to welcome the missionary; indeed, it never learned that, nor the part that Christianity had to play in the regeneration of India. Peremptorily ordered to leave, they at length reached the Isle of France, January 7th, 1813, just after the saintly Harriet Newell

had passed in triumph into life from that historic spot. May 7th of that year they embarked for Madras, intending to open a mission on Pei ang, an island in the Straits of Malacca. But on reaching Madras the only conveyance outward was a "crazy old vessel" bound for Rangoon; and upon this they determined to embark, passing out from under the protection of the English flag and committing themselves to the cruel mercies of a Burman despot. It appeared their only way of escaping arrest and being sent to England. It was really the hand of God leading them by a perilous voyage of great hardship to the work of their lives.

RANGOON.

They reached Rangoon on July 13th, 1813, and found quarters in the house of a son of Dr. Carey. It was a most filthy and wretched city, located near the mouth of the Irrawaddy, a river navigable for 840 miles, but a strategic point from which to reach the Burman Empire of about eight million souls. There was then but one Burmah, ruled over by a despotic monarch, whose throne was at Ava. The Buddhist religion, "like an alabaster image, perfect and beautiful in all its parts, but destitute of life," held this people firmly in its grasp. Moreover, they were a "slow, wary, circumspect race." The difficulties were many, but the faith of the Judsons in the promises of God was greater. At once he set himself to the weary task of mastering a difficult language, "without grammar or dictionary, or English-speaking teacher." His ardent temperament chafed under the delay incident to this prime condition of success; but he accepted it, and was soon translating a Gospel and preparing tracts in the Burmese tongue, which the mission press gave to the people. Three years to a day after his arrival he completed a modest treatise on grammar, which

twenty years later received the highest commendation. Soon after they began to print, the first real inquirer came to light, the forerunner of many to follow. Oral preaching came later, and in this Mr. Judson was an expert, meeting objections with great subtlety and impressing his hearers deeply by his fervid earnestness. Six years passed by before he ventured upon public worship, and this was followed speedily by the first convert, who was baptized June 27th, 1819. The work of the mission now began to attract the attention of the Viceroy of Rangoon. Persecutions immediately followed, and Mr. Judson determined to go at once to Ava and lay the matter before the throne itself. It was a hazardous step. He was accompanied by Mr. Colman, a new arrival at the mission. It was a journey of a month up the river. * January 27th, 1820, they put themselves under the guide of an interpreter for the royal interview, and in due time, with all formality, laid their petition before his Highness, asking permission to preach the religion of Christ in his dominions. They had brought as a present a Bible in six volumes, overlaid with gold; this they attempted to exhibit. They were coldly received, though respectfully heard, and dismissed, taking their present with them. A second and a third attempt was made with one of the ministers of state in private, but with no better results; and having secured a passport, sadly, but hopefully, they returned.

Once since coming to Rangoon he had been obliged to leave for a few months because of ill health, and now it became necessary to visit Calcutta on Mrs. Judson's account. These were tedious journeys, in mean little boats, of great weariness and discomfort. This last was followed by Mrs. Judson's return to America for a two years' leave of absence. They had also been called to part with their first-

born child. But through all these trials the courage and faith of these servants of God were wonderfully sustained. Their little church grew to number ten, and the spirit of the martyrs was in this pioneer band of Burman converts.

Dr. Price now came to recruit the mission, and his skill in removing cataract soon attracted the attention of his Highness at Ava, and he was ordered thither, Mr. Judson accompanying him as interpreter. The doctor paved the way for the preacher, and many opportunities were improved to advocate the tenets of the Christian faith in the presence of persons of rank. His majesty was much more gracious. The way was opened for Dr. Price to permanently remain; and, before returning to Rangoon, Mr. Judson had secured a piece of ground for a house, intending to occupy it so soon as his wife returned from America. Accordingly, December 13, 1823, Mr. and Mrs. Judson set their faces toward Ava. Ten years of life in Rangoon had secured for Burmah a translation of the New Testament and an epitome of the Old, a native church, a footing at the capital, and such a mastery of the language that Judson could say, "I suppose I am the only man living who can tell to the Burmese people the story of the Gospel in their own tongue." The work in Rangoon was committed to new-comers from America, and Ava was entered January 23rd, 1824. Of their

LIFE IN AVA

it is not easy to write briefly. Of missionary activity there was to be little; with suffering their cup was to overflow. They found the countenance of the king changed, a new privy council in place of their friends of the year previous, clouds of war with the English gathering over their heads, and they themselves suspected of being spies working in the interest of the foes of Burmah. Judson and Price, with

the resident Englishmen, were put in fetters and thrown into a loathsome dungeon, hateful to every sense. At the end of eleven months he was removed to Oung-pen-la, a perilous march that well-nigh cost him his life, where for six months more he endured the horrors of a Burmese prison. "The annoyance, the extortions and oppressions to which we were subject, are beyond enumeration or description," writes his faithful wife.

In the final negotiations with the English he served as interpreter, and thereby enhanced his reputation as a scholar and a linguist. During all these weary months his faithful wife, with a heroism unmatched, cared for herself and his manuscript translation, and with utmost tact, courage, and eloquence sought to mitigate the horrors of his confinement and cheer his brave spirit. There is no more pathetic picture than that of this devoted wife making her daily pilgrimage to the prison with some token of love and word of cheer, and once in a time holding up her new-born babe for the father's kiss through the bars of his cell, then following him to Oung-pen-la in a rough cart through that dreadful heat and dust, till, broken down at last, she was brought to death's-door by small-pox followed by spotted fever.

There came an end of these never-to-be-forgotten woes when the victorious English made terms of peace. Rangoon was again visited, but the gains of years had been scattered by the whirlwind of war, and they followed the English to Amherst within the newly-ceded territory. There they resumed their work, but Mrs. Judson had reached the limit of her endurance. Her husband was again called to Ava, and during his absence she passed away, October 24th, 1826, leaving him desolate. The cup of this faithful servant of God was now full, and we may well believe "he was never the same man afterwards."

How many are the sacred spots of earth like the hopia-tree at Amherst, or the tamarind-trees of Ramree, where the dust of the Comstocks reposes !

Mr. Judson found what solace he could in his work and the love of his child, till she flew to the arms of her mother, April 24th, 1827, and he was left alone, cast down, but not destroyed.

REMOVAL TO MAULMAIN.

The mission was now removed to Maulmain at the mouth of the Selwan, which had outrun Amherst as the seat of English authority and rule. To this place the Boardmans and the Wades led the way, and he soon followed. The city was growing rapidly ; the field daily widened, and success crowned their efforts. Preaching, translating, and teaching went on apace. Many new works were prepared for the press. Meanwhile a solitary member of that scattered Rangoon church is quietly at work, and "out of the stump of the tree cut down, there springs a shoot which has blossomed and flourished ever since." The Rangoon Mission numbers to-day not less than ninety churches and four thousand members. Such vitality has the Christian Church.

The same aggressive spirit that led him to Ava to beard heathenism in its high places moved him still later to try and plant the standard of the cross at Prome, in the heart of the empire. But in this he was defeated, after a brave effort, by the prime ministers of the king, moved by hatred of foreign intrusion. He retired to Rangoon and pushed his work of translation

At one of the great heathen festivals he had an opportunity of learning how effective had been the work of the press. He had given away thousands of tracts upon solicitation. "Some," he says, "come two or three months

journey from the borders of Siam and China. 'Sir, we hear that there is an eternal hell. We are afraid of it. Do give us a writing that will tell us how to escape it.' Others come from Kathay, a hundred miles north of Ava. 'Sir, we have seen a writing that tells about an eternal God. Are you the man that gives away such writings? If so, pray give us one, for we want to know the truth before we die.' Others come from the interior, where the name of Jesus Christ is little known. 'Are you Jesus Christ's man! Give us a writing that tells about Jesus Christ.'"

The Boardmans had opened a mission among the Karens, and the Word of God proved quick and powerful among them. But these sainted souls were also called to tears. Their eldest and youngest born followed each other into life eternal, and Mr. Boardman, "one of the brightest luminaries of Burmah," fell in the jungles of Tavoy, in the midst of his work, leaving his wife and one son to mourn their loss. Mrs. Boardman continued at her post among the Karens. Mr. Judson now returned to Maulmain and entered with great zeal the promising work thus begun among the Karens. Eight years after the death of his wife, three years after the death of Mr. Boardman, April 10th, 1834, Mr. Judson and Mrs. Boardman were married.

THE BIBLE TRANSLATED.

January 31st of that year he had knelt before God with the last leaf of the Bible translated into Burman, and besought him to accept the great work of his life, and "make his own inspired Word the grand instrument of filling all Burmah with songs of praise to our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ." Burning to preach the Gospel *viva voce*, he had stuck to his prodigious task till now, at the age of 56,

he could rejoice that the Scriptures were put into one more of earth's many tongues.

In his "lust for finishing," he spent seven more years in revising his translation. That garret at Rangoon, that little room at Maulmain, where he patiently wrought at his life-work, like that upper room at Beirût, where Drs. Eli Smith and Van Dyke consummated their translation of the Scriptures into Arabic, are among the historic places of the Church of Christ. It is thus that the pioneers of missions have laid all after-comers under obligation for the tools they find ready to hand. Twenty-four years of life were mainly spent thus, and the Burman Bible is Judson's chiefest and sufficing monument. He did for Burmah what Luther did for Germany and Wycliffe for England, only his task was infinitely more difficult. The work itself was a grand success.

It was with great reluctance, but with entire loyalty to the Board, whose servant he was, that he now turned to the preparation of a Burmese dictionary, and at the same time gave the passion for preaching such opportunity as he could.

Mr. Judson's second marriage proved to be a very happy one. She was an ideal missionary. By English friends in Calcutta she was pronounced "the most finished and faultless specimen of an American woman that they had ever known." In person she is described as "faultless in features, of warm, meek blue eyes, and soft hair, brown in the shadow and gold in the sun." She was an enthusiast in missions from childhood. She became an adept in the Burmese tongue, and her literary labors, tracts, translations, Scripture catechisms, and hymns were abundant and of a high order. After her marriage with Mr. Judson she became the mother of eight children.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

In the twelfth year of their married life, while homeward bound in search of health, she passed from earth at the port of St. Helena, September 1st, 1845, and Mr. Judson journeyed sadly on with his motherless children, himself much broken in health. He arrived in Boston, October 15th, 1845. Thirty-three and a half eventful years of toil, trial, and achievement had passed over his head since he sailed out of that harbor with the bride of his youth. He came back to a land as greatly changed as he, and his own message for expectant audiences was the old story of the love of God in Christ. He was too weak for public speaking, but his burning soul found expression through an interpreter, and again and again he thus served the cause to which he had devoted his life. At one time a few sentences, feebly spoken, but weighty with consecrated thought and purpose, saved the Arracan mission that the Baptist Board were about to abandon.

While on his tour through the country he met Miss Emily Chubbuck, best known as "Fanny Forrester," who was destined to become the third Mrs. Judson. A volume of her vivacious writings first attracted his attention, and awakened a desire to see her as a possible biographer of his late wife. She had been schooled to poverty and self-reliance, first as a factory girl and then as a school-teacher and writer for a local paper. A sprightly letter to the *Evening Mirror* attracted the attention of Mr. N. P. Willis, and secured for her the opportunity of the remuneration for which she had been striving. Converted at eight years of age, impressed in childhood by the story of Ann Hasseltine, she was haunted by the conviction, which she strove to get rid of, that she one day must be a missionary.

And so it came about that the gifted young lady became the wife of Dr. Judson, an arrangement distasteful to the friends of each, but satisfactory to themselves.

OUTWARD BOUND.

Within nine months from his arrival in this country they were on their way to Burmah. Mr. Judson's heart turned from "the twilight of Maulmain" to the field of his first love, with all its discomforts and dense darkness, and once more he is back in Rangoon. A big, gloomy, bat-infested brick house opens to them; a ferocious, blood-thirsty viceroy waits to do what he dares to hinder the work; sickness makes a hospital of their cheerless quarters—but work is resumed on the dictionary, and secretly the Gospel is preached. Mr. Judson must have learned the secret of Paul's contentment to be able to say of this period: "My sojourn in Rangoon, though tedious and trying in some respects, I regard as one of the brightest spots, one of the greenest oases, in the diversified wilderness of my life!" At length the intolerance of the Government made the situation desperate, and he was deterred from going to Ava to lay the case before his Royal Highness only by the failure of means and the discountenance of the Board at home. There was nothing left to do but to retreat, and this for him was a sorry business. When, two years later, he was given permission to go to Ava, it was too late. He is next at Maulmain steadily at work "like a galley slave," on what he hoped would be a "standard work for all time." But he was nearer the end of life than he dreamed. While deeply concerned for his wife's failing health, after the birth of their child, he himself was disabled by a sudden cold, and soon thereafter embarked for a long sea-voyage as the only hope of recovery. He bade

adieu to wife and children, and on the 12th of April, 1850, died and was buried at sea. Thus peacefully ended, full of the conscious love of Christ, the life of this remarkable man.

AN ESTIMATE OF THE MAN AND HIS WORK.

In the midst of great discouragements, in perils by land and sea, in moral darkness that could be felt, in dungeons of unnamable horrors, in the weariness of much and prolonged study, yet with a faith victorious, a courage undaunted, and a consecration complete, "he laid the foundations of Christianity deep down in the Burman heart where they could never be washed away." "At the time of his death the native Christians (Burmans and Karens publicly baptized upon the profession of their faith) numbered over 7,000. Besides this, hundreds throughout Burmah had died rejoicing in the Christian faith. He had not only finished the translation of the Bible, but had accomplished the larger and more difficult part of the compilation of a Burmese dictionary."

He was, indeed, a man of brilliant parts, of studious habits, and of great thoroughness in all his work. He had the gifts and temperament of an orator. He might have filled with ease the foremost pulpit of his native land. But he was, above all and greater than all, a missionary of the apostolic order. He laid himself upon the altar of consecration, and crucified his selfish ambition till nothing was left of it. He never questioned but that Burmah was to be given to Christ. It might take twenty or thirty years to make a beginning, but that was not his concern. A beginning was to be made, and he was called to do it. He shrunk from no hardship incident to that end; and the buoyancy of his spirits through all adversity was something

scarcely conceivable, save through the grace of God freely given to him. To a man of his ardent temperament, knowing that he had given up everything for the carrying out of the great commission, the indifference of his fellow-disciples at home was his greatest trial. He sometimes longed to have the home churches transported for a month to Burmah, for a month to be face to face with her unsaved millions. But it is doubtful whether that, then or now, would prove a cure for spiritual indifference to the world's need. It might work in just the opposite direction if the vision was not first made clear by the love of Christ and the touch of the Spirit. And then the sight of the eyes is no longer necessary. Delving on in "the well" of that gross heathenism, he was not hidden, though working in obscurity. He got what he never strove after. His became one of the best known names of Christendom. He was known throughout India. The Crown Prince of Siam invited him to make him a visit at his charges. The English authorities profoundly respected him. English vied with American Christians in doing him honor. It was, no doubt, in part because this missionary enterprise was then in its infancy, the land remote and little known, the perils many, the hardships great, but it was yet more because the spirit of the man and the work to which he gave himself with such ardor was felt to be Christ's work just looming up before the dormant soul of Christendom and waking it out of sleep. They saw in him the spirit of Paul, and in his work the "Acts" were being repeated, and they could not help making some response, however inadequate, without denying the Master altogether.

Nor can we do Mr. Judson full justice without a clear and sharp appreciation of the fact that it was pioneer work in which he was engaged—it was carrying the torch of life

into the darkness and blazing the way for others on the one hand, and creating missionary spirit on the other; so making history for the kingdom, and laying foundations upon which after generations should build—planting churches that would themselves take up the work and carry it forward. After all, when we have done our best, we are far from appreciating the work of these pioneers who make the grammars, dictionaries, translations, plant schools and churches, print and teach, and not for themselves alone, but to make ready to hand the tools with which their successors may with greater advantage push the work of evangelization.

Nor will we fail to honor duly those three noble women who successively shared his affections and his labors. They were, each in her way, remarkable women. The heroism of Ann Hasseltine, the missionary ardor of Sarah Boardman, the devotion of the literary Emily Chubbuck, are beyond question admirable to the last degree. Their joy in each other was mutual. They were happy marriages, all of them, and all greatly conducive to the ultimate result of his life-work. Their lives so intertwined in love and service that the story of neither is complete without the other.

POSTHUMOUS INFLUENCE.

Let it not be thought that their mission is ended. Just before his death Mr. Judson learned that "a tract had been published in Germany giving some account of his labors at Ava; that it had fallen into the hands of some Jews and had been the means of their conversion; that it had reached Trebizond, where a Jew had translated it for the Jews of that place; that it had awakened a deep interest among them, and that a request had been made for a missionary to be sent them from Constantinople." This

was really in response to a deep desire of his soul to do something for the Jews. With tearful eyes he said, "Wife, I never prayed sincerely and earnestly for anything but it came; at some time, no matter at how distant a day, somehow, in some shape, probably the last I should have devised, it came." So it is still.

No one can read the simple story of these consecrated lives without being deeply impressed by them. Many a missionary will be made by its recital. Many a man has already been prompted thereby to a more unselfish life and heart-surrender to the work of missions. So it will continue to be. These names live in Burmah. They keep pace with the conquests of the kingdom over the earth. They belong in those Christian annals which, after the Acts of the Apostles, tell how all things written in the law of Moses and the Prophets and the Psalms concerning our Lord Christ are being fulfilled.

In a Baptist meeting-house in Malden, Mass., is a marble tablet, and on it this inscription:

IN MEMORIAM.

REV. ADONIRAM JUDSON.

BORN AUGUST 9, 1788,

DIED APRIL 12, 1850.

MALDEN HIS BIRTHPLACE,

THE OCEAN HIS SEPULCHRE,

CONVERTED BURMANS AND

THE BURMAN BIBLE

HIS MONUMENT.

HIS RECORD IS ON HIGH.

As a fitting close to the sketch of this remarkable man, and as showing the depth of his love for souls, his humility

and self-denial, we present the reader with the following renowned letter written by him from Burmah, and addressed "To the Female Members of Christian Churches in the United States of America." It is well worthy of a most careful perusal.

DEAR SISTERS IN CHRIST,—Excuse my publicly addressing you. The necessity of the case is my only apology. Whether you will consider it a sufficient apology for the sentiments of this letter, unfashionable, I confess, and perhaps unpalatable, I know not. We are sometimes obliged to encounter the hazard of offending those whom above all others we wish to please. Let me throw myself at once on your mercy, dear sisters, allied by national consanguinity, professors of the same, holy religion, fellow pilgrims to the same happy world. Pleading these endearing ties, let me beg you to regard me as a brother, and to listen with candor and forbearance to my honest tale.

In raising up a church of Christ in this heathen land, and in laboring to elevate the minds of the female converts to the standard of the Gospel, we have always found one chief obstacle in that principle of vanity, that love of dress and display—I beg you bear with me—which has in every age and in all countries been a ruling passion of the fair sex, as the love of riches, power and fame has characterized the other. That obstacle lately became more formidable through the admission of two or three fashionable females into the Church, and the arrival of several missionary sisters dressed and adorned in that manner which is too prevalent in our beloved native land. On my meeting the Church, after a year's absence, I beheld an appalling profusion of ornaments, and saw the demon of vanity was laying waste the female department. At that time I had not naturally considered the subject, and did not feel sure what ground I ought to take. I apprehended also that I should be unsupported, and perhaps opposed, by some of my coadjutors. I confined my efforts therefore to private exhortation, and with but little effect. Some of the ladies, out of regard to their pastor's feelings, took off their necklaces and ear-ornaments

before they entered the chapel, tied them up in the corner of their handkerchiefs, and on returning, as soon as they were out of sight of the mission-house, stopped in the middle of the street to array themselves anew.

In the meantime I was called to visit the Karens, a wild people, several days' journey to the north of Maulmain. Little did I expect to encounter there the same enemy in those "wilds, horrid and dark with over-shadowing trees." But I found that he had been there before me, and reigned with a peculiar sway from time immemorial. On one Karen lady I counted between twelve and fifteen necklaces of all colors, sizes and materials. Three was the average. Brass belts above the ankles, neat braids of black hair tied below the knees, rings of all sorts on the fingers, bracelets on the wrists and arms, long instruments of some metal perforating the lower part of the ear by an immense aperture, and reaching nearly to the shoulders, fancifully constructed bags enclosing the hair and suspended from the back part of the head, not to speak of the ornamental parts of their clothing, constituted the fashions and the ton of the fair Karenesses. The dress of the female converts was not essentially different from that of their countrywomen. I saw that I was brought into a position that precluded all retreat—that I must fight or die.

For a few nights I spent some sleepless hours, distressed by this and other subjects, which will always press upon the heart of a missionary in a new place. I considered the spirit of the religion of Jesus Christ. I opened at 1 Tim. 2: 9, and read these words of the inspired apostle:—"I will also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; *not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array.*" I asked myself, can I baptize a Karen woman in her present attire? No. Can I refrain from enforcing the prohibition of the apostle? Not without betraying the trust I have received from him. Again I considered that the question concerned not the Karens only, but the whole Christian world; that its decision would involve a train of unknown consequences; that a single step would lead me into a long and perilous way. I considered Maulmain and the other stations; I

considered the state of the public mind at home. But, "what is that to thee? follow thou me," was the continual response, and weighed more than all. I renewedly offered myself to Christ, and prayed for strength to go forward in the path of duty, come life or death, come praise or reproach, supported or deserted, successful or defeated in the ultimate issue.

Soon after coming to this resolution, a Karen woman offered herself for baptism. After the usual examination, I inquired whether she could give up her ornaments for Christ. It was an unexpected blow. I explained the spirit of the Gospel. I appealed to her own consciousness of vanity. I read her the apostle's prohibition. She looked again and again at her handsome necklace—she wore but one, and then, with an air of modest decision that would adorn beyond all outward ornaments any of my sisters whom I have the honor of addressing, she quietly took it off, saying, "I love Christ more than this." The news began to spread. The Christian women made but little hesitation. A few others opposed, but the work went on.

At length the evil which I most dreaded came upon me. Some of the Karen men had been to Maulmain, and seen what I wish they had not; and one day, when we were discussing the subject of ornaments, one of the Christians came forward and declared that at Maulmain he had actually seen one of the great female teachers wearing a string of gold beads around her neck.

Lay down this paper, dear sisters, and sympathize a moment with your fallen missionary. Was it not a hard case? However, though cast down, I was not destroyed. I endeavored to maintain the warfare as well as I could, and when I left those parts, the female converts were, generally speaking, arrayed in modest apparel.

On arriving at Maulmain, and partially recovering from a fever which I had contracted in the Karen woods, the first thing I did was to crawl out to the house of the patroness of the gold necklace. To her I related my adventures, and described my grief. With what ease and truth, too, could that sister reply, "notwithstanding this necklace, I dress more plain than most ministers' wives and professors

of religion in our native land. This necklace is the only ornament I wear. It was given me when quite a child by a dear mother, whom I expect never to see again—another hard case—and she begged me never to part with it as long as I lived, but to wear it as a memorial of her." O ye Christian mothers, what a lesson you have before you. Can you, dare you give injunctions to your daughters directly contrary to apostolic commands? But to the honor of my sister be it recorded, that as soon as she understood the merits of the case, and the mischief done by such example, off went the gold necklace, and she gave decisive proof that she loved Christ more than father or mother. Her example, united with the efforts of the rest of us at this station, is beginning to exercise a redeeming influence in the female department of the Church.

But notwithstanding these favorable signs, nothing, really nothing, is yet done. And why? This mission and all others must necessarily be sustained by continual supplies of missionaries, male and female, from the mother-country. Your daughters and sisters will continually come out, to take the place of those removed by death, and to occupy numberless stations still unoccupied. And when they arrive they will be dressed in their usual way, as Christian women at home are dressed. And the female converts will run around them, and gaze upon them with the most prying curiosity, regarding them as the freshest representatives of the Christian religion from that land where it flourishes in all its purity and glory. And when they see gold and jewels pendent from their ears, the beads and chains encircling their necks, the finger-rings set with diamonds and rubies, the rich variety of ornamental head-dress, "the mantle and the wimples and the crisping pins" (Isaiah 3 : 19-23), they will cast a reproachful, triumphant glance at their old teachers, and spring with avidity to repurchase and resume their long-neglected elegancies; the cheering news will fly up the Lah-gyaing, the Laing-bwai, the Sal-wen; the Karenesses will reload their necks and ears and arms and ankles; and when, after another year's absence, I return and take my seat before the Burmese or the Karen Church, I shall behold the demon of vanity en-

throned in the centre of the assembly more firmly than ever, grinning defiance to the prohibitions of apostles and the exhortations of us who would fain be their humble followers. And thus you, my dear sisters, sitting quietly by your firesides, or repairing devoutly to your places of worship, do by your example spread poison of vanity through all the rivers and mountains and wilds of this far-distant land; and while you are sincerely and fervently praying for the upbuilding of the Redeemer's kingdom, are inadvertently building up that of the devil. If, on the other hand, you divest yourselves of all meretricious ornaments, your sisters and daughters who come hither will be divested, of course, the further supplies of vanity and pride will be cut off, and the Churches at home being kept pure, the Churches here will be pure also.

Dear sisters, having finished my tale, and therein exhibited the necessity under which I lay of addressing you, I beg leave to submit a few topics to your candid and prayerful consideration.

I. Let me appeal to conscience, and inquire, what is the real motive for wearing ornamental and costly apparel? Is it not the desire of setting off one's person to the best advantage, and of exciting the admiration of others? Is not such dress calculated to satisfy self-love, and cherish sentiments of vanity and pride? And is it not the nature of those sentiments to acquire strength from indulgence? Do such motives and sentiments comport with the meek, humble, self-denying religion of Jesus Christ? I would respectfully suggest that these questions will not be answered so faithfully in the midst of company as when quite alone kneeling before God.

II. Consider the words of the apostle, quoted above from 1 Tim. ii. 9: "I will also that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; *not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array.*" I do not quote a similar command recorded in 1 Pet. 3: 3, because the verbal construction is not quite so definite, though the import of the two passages is the same. But cannot the force of these two passages be evaded? Yes; and nearly every command in the Scriptures can be evaded,

and every doctrinal assertion perverted, plausibly and handsomely, too, if we set about it in good earnest. But preserving the posture above alluded to, with the inspired volume spread open at the passage in question, ask your hearts, in simplicity and godly sincerity, whether the meaning is not just as plain as the sun at noon-day. Shall we then bow to the authority of an inspired apostle, or shall we not? From that authority shall we appeal to the prevailing usages and fashions of the age? If so, please to recall the missionaries you have sent to the heathen, for the heathen can vindicate all their superstitions on the same ground.

III. In the posture you have assumed, look up and behold the eye of your benignant Saviour ever gazing upon you with the tenderest love, upon you, his daughters, his spouse, wishing above all things that you would yield your hearts entirely to him, and become holy as he is holy, rejoicing when he sees one after another accepting his pressing invitation, and entering the more perfect way.

IV. Anticipate the happy moment, "hastening on all the wings of time," when your joyful spirits will be welcomed into the assembly of the spirits of the just made perfect. You appear before the throne of Jehovah, the approving smile of Jesus fixes your everlasting happy destiny, and you are plunging into the "sea of life and love unknown, without a bottom or a shore." Stop a moment; look back on yonder miserable world that you have left; fix your eye on the meagre, vain, contemptible articles of ornamental dress which you once hesitated to give up for Christ, the King of glory; and on that glance decide the question instantly and forever.

Surely you can hold out no longer. You cannot rise from your knees in your present attire. Thanks be to God, I see you taking off your necklaces and ear-rings, tearing away your ribbons and ruffles and superfluities of head-dress, and I hear you exclaim, "What shall we do next?" An important question deserving serious consideration. The ornaments you are removing, though useless and worse than useless in their present state, can be so disposed of as to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, relieve the sick,

enlighten the dark-minded, disseminate the holy Scriptures, spread the glorious Gospel throughout the world. Little do the inhabitants of a free Christian country know of the want and distress endured by the inhabitants of the greater part of the earth ; still less idea can they form of the awful darkness which rests upon mankind in regard to spiritual things. During the years that you have been wearing those useless ornaments, how many poor creatures have been pining in want ; how many have languished and groined on beds of abject wretchedness ; how many children have been bred up in the blackest ignorance, hardened in all manner of iniquity ; how many immortal souls have gone down to hell with a lie in their right hand, having never heard of the true God and the only Saviour ? Some of these miseries might have been mitigated ; some poor wretch have felt his pain relieved ; some widow's heart been made to sing for joy ; some helpless orphan have been taught in the Sabbath-school, and trained up for a happy life here and hereafter ; the Holy Bible and valuable tracts might have been far more extensively circulated in heathen lands, had you not been afraid of being thought unfashionable, and not "like other folks ;" had you not preferred adorning your persons and cherishing the sweet seductive influences of vanity and pride.

O Christian sisters, believers in God, in Christ, in an eternal heaven and an eternal hell, can you hesitate and ask what you shall do ? Bedew these ornaments with the tears of contrition ; consecrate them to the cause of charity ; hang them on the cross of your dying Lord. Delay not an instant. Hasten with all your might, if not to make reparation for the past, at least to prevent a continuance of the evil in the future.

And for your guidance allow me to suggest two fundamental principles. the one based on 1 Tim. 2 : 9, *all ornaments and costly dress to be disused* ; the other on the law of general benevolence, *the avails of such articles and the savings resulting from the plain dress system to be devoted to purposes of charity*. Some general rules in regard to dress, and some general objects of charity may be easily ascertained, and free discussion will throw light on many

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points at first obscure. Be not deterred by the suggestion that in such discussion you are conversant about *small* things. Great things depend on small; and in that case, things that appear small to short-sighted men are great in the sight of God. Many there are who praise the principle of self-denial in general, and condemn it in all its particular applications, as too minute, scrupulous and severe. The enemy is well aware that if he can secure the minute units, the sum total will be his own. Think not anything small which may have a bearing upon the Kingdom of Christ and upon the destinies of eternity. How easy to conceive, from many known events, that a lady's diverting herself of a necklace for Christ's sake may involve consequences which shall be felt in the remotest parts of the earth, and in all future generations to the end of time; yea, stretch away into a boundless eternity, and be a subject of praise millions of ages after this world and all its ornaments are burned up.

Beware of another suggestion made by weak and erring souls, who will tell you that there is more danger of being proud of plain dress and other modes of self-denial than of fashionable attire and self-indulgence. Be not ensnared by this last, most finished, most insidious device of the great enemy. Rather believe that he who enables you to make a sacrifice is able to keep you from being proud of it. Believe that he will kindly permit such occasions of mortification and shame as will preserve you from the evil threatened. *The severest part of self-denial consists in encountering the disapprobation, the envy, the hatred of one's dearest friends.* All who enter the straight and narrow path in good earnest soon find themselves in a climate extremely uncongenial to the growth of pride.

The gay and fashionable will in many cases be the last to engage in this holy undertaking. But let none be discouraged on that account. Christ has seldom honored the leaders of worldly fashion by appointing them leaders in his cause. Fix it in your hearts that in this warfare *the Lord Jesus Christ expects every woman to do her duty.* There is probably not one in the humblest walks of life but would, on strict examination, find some article which might

be dispensed with for purposes of charity, and *ought* to be dispensed with in compliance with the apostolic command. Wait not, therefore, for the fashionable to set an example; wait not for one another; listen not to the news from the next town; but let *every individual go forward* regardless of reproach, fearless of consequences. The eye of Christ is upon you. Death is hastening to strip you of your ornaments, and to turn your fair forms into corruption and dust. Many of those for whom this letter is designed will be laid in the grave before it can ever reach their eyes. We shall all soon appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, to be tried for our conduct, and to receive the reward of things done in the body. When placed before that awful bar, in the presence of that Being whose eyes are as a flame of fire, and whose irrevocable fiat will fix you forever in heaven or hell, and mete out the measure of your everlasting pleasures or pains, what course then will you wish you had taken? Will you then wish that, in defiance of his authority, you had adorned your mortal bodies with gold and precious stones and costly attire, cherishing self-love, vanity and pride? Or will you wish that you had chosen a life of self-denial, renounced the world, taken up the cross *daily*, and followed him? *And as you will then wish you had done, DO NOW.*

Dear sisters, your affectionate brother in Christ.

MAULMAIN, October, 1831.

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HARLAN PAGE.

HARLAN PAGE was born in Coventry, Connecticut, U.S., July 28th, 1791. At twenty-three years of age, he and his wife publicly professed their faith in Christ, and joined the visible Church.

As soon as he was converted he began to interest himself in the salvation of souls. One of his favorite methods of work was writing letters to different individuals about their eternal welfare. It would be difficult to compute the number of pointed, earnest, yes, powerful appeals which he sent all over the land through the mails. In Sabbath-school work he took a very prominent part, and labored assiduously for the conversion of his pupils. Of his success in this direction, a Christian friend says:—"A number of ladies, who, when in youth, attended his school, still feel under great obligations to him and to God for his faithful and untiring efforts for their salvation, and attribute their conversion under God to his instrumentality."

His biographer says that, "During his stay in Jewett city, he worked fifty-seven days, at seventy-five cents a day. Here was a mechanic performing his daily task on time; establishing and sustaining a religious meeting at the boarding house, on Wednesday evenings; a meeting of the people of God for prayer, on Sabbath mornings, at sunrise; and, though he went about three miles to attend public worship, throwing his efforts into a Sabbath-school at 5 p.m., and instructing a class; devoting Sabbath evenings to meetings and family visitation; conversing with the sick, the careless, the anxious, and those indulging a hope; distributing tracts; endeavoring to awaken an interest in the benevolent operations of the day; keeping a brief diary; abounding in

prayer; and adopting methods for the foundation of a church, and the settlement of an evangelical pastor."

The friend with whom he lodged there says:—"Religion was always first in his mind. If he entered a family, after his usual salutation, this subject was immediately introduced. In promoting the Sabbath-schools, he went out into the highways; and wherever he found those of suitable age—however far from God they might seem—would gain their attention, and, if possible, bring them in. Six or eight wild boys, from twelve to fourteen years of age, were thus induced to attend; were led to see their ruin by sin, and brought hopefully to Christ." In the providence of God Mr. Page was in October, 1825, appointed as Depositary of the American Tract Society—a position for which he was eminently fitted. It is said that "one consideration that satisfied his mind of the propriety of changing his sphere of effort, was, that he could think of no young persons, within the bounds of his congregation, whom he had not seriously addressed, either personally, or by letter, on the subject of their salvation. Many of them had already united with the Church."

He at once set to work to bring all the employees of the Tract Society under the influence of grace. In this he was eminently successful. God crowned his labors with glorious results. In one of the most wonderful revivals that was ever experienced in the city of New York—a revival which resulted in an accession to the evangelical churches of about two thousand souls—this indefatigable worker labored with all his might to win souls for Christ. His labors and his incessant prayers contributed greatly to the accomplishment of this glorious result,

To persuade the young to abandon swearing, Sabbath-breaking, drinking intoxicants, and using tobacco, but more

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especially to get them soundly converted, was his constant aim and work. In speaking of his labors, while in connection with the Brainerd Church, the minister, who was then his pastor, says :—" His influence, while the Lord continued him with us, was excellent. He was always engaged—always spiritual. His zeal seemed to suffer no declension ; it savored of the closet, of self-communion with heaven. He had a wonderful tact in conducting our prayer-meetings and making them interesting ; always diversified, and yet always solemn. His remarks, though simple, were never commonplace. The point and spirit of them appeared to have been premeditated, and they were generally well adapted to the character and condition of those present. He had also a happy talent for addressing strangers on the subject of personal religion ; and, after our meetings, would almost always single out some individual, and engage in close personal conversation. Several persons were in this way brought under conviction of sin, and some will have reason to bless God through eternity for his persevering faithfulness.

" When engaged in his usual business, the religious welfare of persons with whose state he had become acquainted was generally pressing on his mind. It is now known that, for several years before he died, he usually had by him a memorandum of the names and residences of a few individuals, with whom he was to converse. On these he would call as he went to and from his office or religious meetings. If no names were on his list, he felt that he was doing little good. He also uniformly had in his hat some awakening tracts, that he might present as he should judge them adapted to the state of those whom he met. Not unfrequently he would seize a few moments from his usual occupation to go out and address some indi-

vidual. When the business of the day was closed, he hastened to some meeting or other religious engagement for the evening. Every evidence of good accomplished gave him new joy ; and every opening for usefulness added a new impulse to his efforts. He felt that, under God, the eternal joy or woe of immortal souls depended on his fidelity.

"It was not the great object of his spiritual life himself to be happy in religion, but rather by persevering labors and holy self-denial —like the apostle who testified that he died daily—to glorify God in winning souls to him. He ardently desired to devote the whole undivided efforts of his life to this work ; and nothing but the duty of providing for the support of his family prevented it.

"He brought his efforts to bear upon individuals, and followed up impressions made. All the triumphs of the Gospel, he knew, consist in the conversion and sanctification of *individuals* ; and he was not satisfied with merely praying and contributing for the salvation of the world as a whole, or having a general impression made on the minds of a congregation. His intense desire was that *individuals* should be turned from sin to God. Not unfrequently he would observe in the congregation a person unknown to him, who seemed to give solemn attention to divine truth ; ascertain who he was, and seek a personal interview ; and, *in all cases*, if he left an individual to-day in an interesting state of mind, he would endeavor to see him again to-morrow, and follow up the impression at brief intervals, till there was no longer encouragement, or he had evidence of true conversion."

His biographer says :—"There is no doubt that it was by continual and fervent prayer that he imbibed that glowing sense of eternal things, that love to souls, and that heavenly

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unction, which were at once the spring of his fidelity, and, under God, the ground of his success.

"He was uniform and unwearied. I know not who has made or heard the charge of inconsistency in his Christian character.

"Is it wonderful that God should have blessed his efforts?—that, in each church with which he stood connected, individuals, when relating their religious experience, should be heard referring to his faithful endeavors as the means of bringing them to Christ?—that a revenue of souls should have been gathered from the place of his nativity; thirty-two teachers be brought publicly to confess Christ from one of his Sabbath-schools, and nine of them have set their faces toward the ministry?—that thirty-four souls should have been gathered by him and his fellow-laborers from one ward of the city; and fifty-eight, in connection with his efforts, and those of a few endeared associates, have been brought to join themselves to the people of God, from the Tract and Bible houses?—that individuals should come to his dying bed, and thank him, with tears, for his fidelity to their own souls? Is it wonderful that, in speaking to her who is now his widow, of his early departure, and looking back on his work on earth as ended, he should, with the solemnity of eternity on his countenance, say: 'I know it is all of grace, and nothing that I have done; but I think I have had evidence that more than one hundred souls have been converted to God through my own direct and personal instrumentality'?"

As he drew near death, he exclaimed: "O for a holy ministry, devoted to the salvation of souls! I cannot bear to have so much time wasted in controversy. If all would devote themselves to the salvation of souls, how many might be saved from eternal burnings!" Of him it might

truly he said that "he ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears." He died in great peace and triumph, September 23, 1834.

REV. C. G. FINNEY.

C. G. FINNEY was born in Warren, Litchfield Co., Connecticut, August 29, 1792.

He devoted himself to the study of law, in which profession he was for some time engaged. This employment led him to read his Bible, because he found it quoted in the law books. He noticed, however, that the professing Christians around him were constantly asking God to pour out his Spirit, and give them a revival; and yet, according to their own confessions, they failed to receive any answer. This was a great stumbling-block to him, and nearly drove him into scepticism. On further examination of the Bible, he discovered that the cause of their failure was their neglect to meet the conditions on which God promises to answer prayer.

After a great deal of searching the Scriptures and debating in his mind, he was led to an unconditional surrender of himself to God. His conversion was remarkably clear and definite. His joy was deep. He thus describes his feelings at this time:—

"My heart seemed to be liquid within me. All my feelings seemed to rise and flow out, and the utterance of my heart was, 'I want to pour my whole soul out to God.' The rising of my soul was so great that I rushed into the back room of my office to pray. There was no fire and no

light in the room ; nevertheless it appeared to me as if it was perfectly light. As I went in and shut the door after me, it seemed as if I met the Lord Jesus Christ face to face. It did not occur to me then, nor did it for some time afterward, that it was wholly a mental state. On the contrary, it seemed to me that I saw him as I could see any other man. He said nothing, but looked at me in such a manner as to break me right down at his feet. I have always regarded this as a most remarkable state of mind ; for it seemed to me a reality, that he stood before me, and I fell down at his feet and poured out my soul to him. I wept aloud like a child, and made such confessions as I could with choked utterance. It seemed to me that I bathed his feet with my tears ; and yet I had no distinct impression that I touched him, that I recollect. As soon as I became calm enough to break off from the interview, I returned to the front office, and found the fire I had made of large wood nearly burned out. But as I was about to take a seat by the fire, I received a mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost. Without any expectation of it, without having the thought in my mind that there was any such thing for me, without any recollection that I have heard the things mentioned by any person in the world, the Holy Ghost descended upon me in a manner that seemed to go through me, body and soul. I could feel impression, like a wave of electricity, going through and through me. Indeed it seemed to come in waves and waves of liquid love ; for I could not express it in any other way. It seemed like the very breath of God. I can recollect distinctly that it seemed to fan me like immense wings. I wept aloud with joy and love, and I doubt not but I should say I literally bellowed out the unutterable gushings of my heart. These waves came over me one after another, until

I recollect I cried out, 'I shall die if these waves continue to pass over me. Lord, I cannot bear any more;' yet I had no fear of death."

Being assured that God wanted him to preach, he gave up the study of law, and at once commenced his work as an ambassador of the cross. From the first his labors were eminently successful. He travailed in birth for souls. On these occasions he would not give up praying until God had assured him that his prayer would be answered.

He was licensed by the Presbyterians to preach, and after having held some successful revival meetings he was ordained to the ministry.

His autobiography is full of the most thrilling incidents in connection with his labors. His revivals were powerful. Men of strong wills and educated minds—physicians, lawyers and judges—were convicted under his preaching, and fell like dead men to the floor. During twenty days which he spent in Rome, N.Y., there were five hundred conversions. The same number were converted in a few weeks' revival in Utica. The following are some instances from his autobiography of the wonderful manifestations of divine power which took place under his labors. Describing some meetings in a very wicked place, he says :—

"I stopped at the village hotel, and there learned that there were no religious meetings held in that town at the time. They had a brick meeting-house, but it was locked up. By personal effort I got a few people to assemble in the parlor of a Christian lady in the place, and preached to them on the evening after my arrival. As I passed round the village I was shocked with the horrible profanity that I heard among the men wherever I went. I obtained leave to preach in the school-house on the next Sabbath, but before the Sabbath arrived I was much discouraged, and

almost terrified, in view of the state of society which I witnessed. On Saturday the Lord applied with power to my heart the following words, addressed by the Lord Jesus to Paul (Acts 18 : 9, 10) :—‘Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace ; for I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee ; for I have much people in this city.’ This completely subdued my fears ; but my heart was loaded with agony for the people. On Sunday morning I arose early, and retired to a grove not far from the village, to pour out my heart before God for a blessing on the labors of the day. I could not express the agony of my soul in words ; but struggled with much groaning, and I believe, with many tears, for an hour or two without getting relief. I returned to my room in the hotel ; but almost immediately came back to the grove. This I did thrice. The last time I got complete relief, just as it was time to go to meeting. I went to the school-house, and found it filled to its utmost capacity. I took out my little pocket Bible, and read for my text, ‘God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.’ I exhibited the love of God as contrasted with the manner in which he was treated by those for whom he gave up his Son. I charged home their profanity upon them ; and, as I recognized among my hearers several whose profanity I had particularly noticed, in the fulness of my heart, and the gushing of my tears, I pointed to them, and said, ‘I heard these men call upon God to damn their fellows.’ The Word took powerful effect. Nobody seemed offended, but almost everybody greatly melted. At the close of the service the amiable landlord, Mr. Copeland, rose and said that he would open the meeting-house in the afternoon. He did so. The meeting-house was full, and, as in the morn-

ing, the Word took wonderful effect. Thus a powerful revival commenced in the village, which soon after spread in every direction. I think it was on the second Sabbath after this, when I came out of the pulpit, in the afternoon, an aged man approached, and said to me, 'Can you not come and preach in our neighborhood? We have never had any religious preaching there.' I inquired the direction and the distance, and appointed to preach there the next afternoon, Monday, at five o'clock, in their school-house. I had preached three times in the village, and attended two prayer-meetings on the Lord's Day; and on Monday I went on foot to fulfil this appointment. The weather was very warm that day, and before I arrived there I felt almost too faint to walk, and greatly discouraged in my mind. I sat down in the shade by the wayside, and felt as if I was too faint to reach there; and, if I did, too much discouraged to open my mouth to the people. When I arrived, I found the house full, and immediately commenced the service by reading a hymn. They attempted to sing, but the horrible discord agonized me beyond expression. I leaned forward, put my elbows upon my knees and my hands over my ears, and shook my head withal, to shut out the discord, which even then I could barely endure. As soon as they had ceased to sing, I cast myself down upon my knees, almost in a state of desperation. The Lord opened the windows of heaven upon me, and gave me great enlargement and power in prayer. Up to this moment I had no idea what text I should use on the occasion. As I rose from my knees the Lord gave me this — 'p, get you out of this place, for the Lord will destroy this city.' I told the people, as nearly as I could recollect, where they would find it, and went on to tell them of the destruction of Sodom. I gave them an outline of the history of Abraham and Lot,

and their relations to each other ; of Abraham's praying for Sodom, and of Lot, as the only pious man that was found in the city. While I was doing this, I was struck with the fact that the people looked exceedingly angry about me. Many countenances appeared very threatening, and some of the men near me looked as if they were about to strike me. This I could not understand, as I was only giving them, with great liberty of spirit, some interesting sketches of Bible history. As soon as I had completed the historical sketch, I turned upon them, and said that I had understood that they never had any religious meetings in that neighborhood ; and applying that fact, I thrust at them with the sword of the Spirit, with all my might. From that moment the solemnity increased with great rapidity. In a few moments there seemed to fall upon the congregation an instantaneous shock. I cannot describe the sensation that I felt, nor that which was apparent in the congregation ; but the Word seemed literally to cut like a sword. The power from on high came down upon them in such a torrent that they fell from their seats in every direction. In less than a minute nearly the whole congregation were either down on their knees, or on their faces, or in some position prostrate before God. Every one was crying or groaning for mercy upon his own soul. They paid no further attention to me or to my preaching. I tried to get their attention, but I could not. I observed the aged man, who had invited me there, as still retaining his seat near the centre of the house. He was staring around him with a look of unutterable astonishment. Pointing to him, I cried at the top of my voice, 'Can't you pray?' He knelt down and roared out a short prayer, about as loud as he could holla ; but they paid no attention to him. After looking around for a few moments, I knelt down and put my hand on the head

of a young man who was kneeling at my feet, and engaged in prayer for mercy on his soul ; I got his attention, and preached Jesus in his ear. In a few moments he seized Jesus by faith, and then broke out in a prayer for those around him. I then turned to another in the same way, and with the same result ; and then another, and another, till I know not how many had laid hold of Christ, and were full of prayer for others. After continuing in this way till nearly sunset, I was obliged to commit the meeting to the charge of the old gentleman who had invited me, and go to fulfil an appointment in another place for the evening. In the afternoon of the next day, I was sent for to go down to this place, as they had not been able to break up the meeting. They had been obliged to leave the school-house, to give place to the school ; but had removed to a private house near by, where I found a number of persons still too anxious and too much loaded down with conviction to go to their homes. These were soon subdued by the Word of God, and I believe all obtained a hope before they went home. Observe, I was a total stranger in that place, had never seen or heard of it, until as I have related. But here, at my second visit, I learned that the place was called Sodom, by reason of its wickedness ; and the old man who invited me was called Lot, because he was the only professor of religion in the place. After this manner the revival broke out in this neighborhood. I have not been in this neighborhood for many years ; but in 1856, I think, while laboring in Syracuse, N.Y., I was introduced to a minister of Christ from St. Lawrence County, by the name of Cross. He said to me, 'Mr. Finney, you don't know me ; but do you remember preaching in a place called Sodom ?' I said, 'I shall never forget it.' He replied, 'I was then a young man, and was converted at that meeting.' He is still living,

a pastor in one of the churches in that county; and is the father of the principal of our preparatory department. Those who have lived in that region can testify to the permanent results of that blessed revival. I can only give in words a feeble description of that wonderful manifestation of power from on high attending the preaching of the Word."

Of the greatness of one revival held in Rochester, he says, it "attracted so much attention throughout New York, New England, and many parts of the United States, that the very fame of it was an efficient instrument in the hands of the Spirit of God, in promoting the greatest revivals of religion throughout the land that this country had then ever witnessed." An eminent minister, in speaking of this revival says:—"That was the greatest work of God, and the greatest revival of religion, that the world has ever seen in so short a time. One hundred thousand were reported as having connected themselves with churches, as the results."

The time had now come when his experience in the things of God was to be deepened. He says:—"During this winter (1843) the Lord gave my own soul a very thorough overhauling and fresh baptism of his Spirit. This winter, in particular, my mind was exceedingly exercised on the question of personal holiness; and in respect to the state of the church, their want of power with God. I gave myself to a great deal of prayer. I arose at four o'clock, and generally spent the time in prayer until breakfast, at eight o'clock. My days were spent, as far as I could find time, in searching the Scriptures. I read nothing else all winter but my Bible, and a great deal of it seemed new to me. The whole Scriptures seemed to me all ablaze with light, and not only light, but it seemed as if God's Word was instinct with the very life of God.

"After praying in this way for weeks and months, the thought that I might be deceiving myself, when it first occurred to me, stung me almost like an adder. It created a pang that I cannot describe. The passages of Scripture that occurred to me, in that direction, for a few months greatly increased my distress. But directly I was enabled to fall back upon the will of God. I said to the Lord, that if he saw that it was wise and best, and that his honor demanded that I should be left to be deluded and go down to hell, I accepted his will, and I said to him, 'Do with me as seemeth to thee good.'

"Just before this occurrence, I had a great struggle to consecrate myself to God in a higher sense than I had ever before seen to be my duty, or conceived as possible. I had often before laid my family all upon the altar of God, and left them there to be disposed of at his discretion. But at this time, that I now speak of, I had a great struggle about giving up my wife to the will of God. She was in very feeble health, and it was evident that she could not live long. I had never before seen so clearly what is implied in laying her, and all that I possessed, upon the altar of God; and for hours I struggled upon my knees to give up unqualifiedly to the will of God. But I found myself unable to do it. I was so shocked and surprised at this that I perspired profusely with agony. I struggled, and prayed, and prayed, until I was exhausted, and still found myself unable to give altogether up to God's will, in such a way as to make no objection to his disposing of her just as he pleased. But, as I said, I was enabled, after struggling for a few moments with this discouragement and bitterness, which I have since attributed to the fiery dart of Satan, to fall back in a deeper sense than I had ever done before upon the infinitely blessed and perfect will of God. I then

told the Lord that I had confidence in him; that I was perfectly willing to give myself, my wife and family, all to be disposed of according to his own wisdom. I then had a deeper view of consecration to God than ever before. I spent a long time upon my knees considering the matter over, and giving up everything to the will of God; the interest of the church, the progress of religion, the conversion of the world, and the salvation or damnation of my own soul, as the will of God might decide. I went so far as to say to the Lord, with all my heart, that he might do anything with me or mine, to which his blessed will could consent; that I had such perfect confidence in his goodness and love as to believe he could consent to nothing, to which I could object. I felt a kind of holy boldness, telling him to do with me just as seemed to him good. So deep and perfect a resting in the will of God I had never before known. My mind settled into perfect stillness. I seemed to be in a state of perfect rest, body and soul. The question frequently arose during the day, 'Do you still adhere to your consecration, and abide in the will of God?' I said, 'Yes, I take nothing back.' Nothing troubled me. I was neither elated nor depressed; I was neither joyful nor sorrowful. My confidence in God was perfect; my acceptance of his will was perfect, and my mind was calm as heaven. Holiness unto the Lord seemed to be inscribed on all the exercises of my mind. My prayers were swallowed up in the will of God. Of course, my mind was too full of the subject to preach anything except a full and present salvation in the Lord Jesus Christ. My soul was wedded to Christ in a sense which I had never had any thought or conception of before. That passage, 'My grace is sufficient for thee,' meant so much. I could understand the prophet when he said, 'His name shall be called Wonderful, Coun-

sellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.'"

After this Mr. Finney was more useful than ever. He held revivals in Rochester, Birmingham, London, Bolton and Boston. In the latter place it is estimated that not less than five hundred thousand persons were converted. In these places the educated and more intelligent part of the community, as usual, were brought to Christ under his labors. While laboring in a certain town a friend of his showed him through a factory. He says:—"As I went through, I observed there was a good deal of agitation among those who were busy at their looms, and their mules, and other implements of work. On passing through one of the apartments, where a great number of young women were attending to their weaving, I observed a couple of them eyeing me, and speaking very earnestly to each other; and I could see that they were a good deal agitated, although they both laughed. I went slowly toward them. They saw me coming, and were evidently much excited. One of them was trying to mend a broken thread, and I observed that her hands trembled so that she could not mend it. I approached slowly, looking on each side at the machinery, as I passed; but observed that this girl grew more and more agitated, and could not proceed with her work. When I came within eight or ten feet of her, I looked solemnly at her. She observed it, and was quite overcome, and sank down and burst into tears. The impression caught almost like powder, and in a few moments nearly all in the room were in tears. The feeling spread through the factory. Mr. W—, the owner of the establishment, was present, and seeing the state of things, he said to the superintendent, "Stop the mill, and let the people attend to religion: for it is more important that

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our souls should be saved than that this factory run." The gate was immediately shut down, and the factory stopped; but where should we assemble? The superintendent suggested that the mule room was large; and the mules being run up, we could assemble there. We did so, and a more powerful meeting I scarcely ever attended. It went on with great power. The building was large, and had many people in it, from the garret to the cellar. The revival went through the mill with astonishing power, and in the course of a few days nearly all in the mill were hope-fully converted."

Of all the glorious work wrought, there was, as we have already pointed out, one grand secret—fellowship, close, constant, perfect, with God. He says:—

"I shall never forget what a scene I passed through one day in my room at Dr. Lansing's. The Lord showed me as in a vision what was before me. He drew so near to me, while I was engaged in prayer, that my flesh literally trembled on my bones. I shook from head to foot, under a full sense of the presence of God. At first, and for some time, it seemed more like being on the top of Sinai, amidst its full thunderings, than in the presence of the cross of Christ.

"Never in my life that I recollect, was I so awed and humbled before God as then. Nevertheless, instead of feeling like fleeing, I seemed drawn nearer and nearer to God—seemed to draw nearer to that Presence that filled me with such unutterable awe and trembling. After a season of great humiliation before him, there came a great lifting up. God assured me that he would be with me and uphold me; that no opposition should prevail against me; that I had nothing to do, in regard to all this matter, but to keep about my work, and wait for the salvation of God."

He once induced a worldly church not only to abandon their finery and follies, but to adopt a public confession of their backslidings, which was read out to the congregation whilst the members of the church stood weeping.

"I saw that Deacon R — was very uneasy ; and he soon got up and went and stood in the open door. As there were some boys near the door, I supposed, at the time, that he had gone to keep the boys still. But I afterwards learned that it was through fear. He thought that if they set upon me, he would be where he could escape. From my text he concluded that I was going to deal very plainly with them ; and he had been made quite nervous with the opposition which he had met with from them, and wanted to keep out of their reach. I proceeded to pour myself out upon them with all my might ; and before I was through, there was a complete upturning of the very foundations of Universalism, I think, in that place. It was a scene that almost equalled that of which I have spoken in Sodom. Thus the revival penetrated to every part of the town, and some of the neighboring towns shared in the blessing. The work was very precious in this place."

Rev. C. C. Foote says of this remarkable man : "He had in early life been seduced into the Masonic lodge. He, therefore, knew Masonry, having been in it. But when converted he renounced it, as every converted man should. The strength of his terrible denunciations was in his personal knowledge and clear preception of its wickedness. This was the reason why he received so many threats of murder if he did not desist from his exposures and denunciations.

"We have heard the most celebrated ministers of the United States and Canada, and we regard Mr. Finney the peer of them all. Like Saul, he was head and shoulders

above all the men of his age. In person he was tall and commanding. When roused in the pulpit there was an awful majesty in his appearance that at times made the heart stand still, and the people to tremble as by the terrors of an earthquake. He was possessed of an intellect of almost boundless versatility. He was a very Elijah in boldness and awfulness of denunciation. But in tenderness and love he was as the disciple that leaned on the bosom of Jesus. And, like those holy men, there will be none of his like to come after him.

"The power of the Holy Spirit upon him was equal to the greatness of the faculties inspired. The vastness of his sensibility caused him to feel the truth as if it were a consuming fire in his bones. Where others had but faint views, truth rose before him like mountains on mountains ; such was the power of his perceptive faculties.

"His sympathy with Christ was as that of a twin brother. No marvel that he came among the people as a revelation from heaven ; and no marvel that people came hundreds of miles to hear and witness the wonders of his revivals. He had the power of walking into men's consciences like an angel with a flaming sword. His ability to read the character of men was startling. Many a man was stricken under conviction by one look from those searching eyes. His sermons to Christians reveal his remarkable power of analysis. These sermons would sometimes drive nearly a whole church into the inquiry room. In the realm of law and moral government, it is doubtful if this country has had his equal since the days of the elder Edwards. If you would know his logical powers, read his reviews of his reviewers. It was his logical reasoning that gave him such great success with lawyers.

"But transcending all else was his spiritual power. His

experience in the heights and depths of the spiritual life was past description. Those mighty prayers that moved heaven and earth caused people to say, 'No matter what he wanted of God, he was sure to get it for the asking.' "

He died August 16, 1875, lacking two weeks of having completed his eighty-third year.

BILLY BRAY.

THIS extraordinary man was born in the village of Twelve-heads, near Truro, Cornwall, England, 1794. The following sketch by Mark Guy Pearse, somewhat altered and revised, gives the main facts of his wonderful career:—As a young man, he was exceedingly wicked, and indulged in all sinfulness. After being absent from his native country seven years, he returned to it a *drunkard*. But throughout these years the constant danger to which he was exposed in his work, and the hair-breadth escapes, filled his mind. His conscience tormented him; dreams terrified him; at times he feared to sleep lest he should wake up in hell.

At length there came into his hand a book written by one who would have been a kindred spirit. It was John Bunyan's "Visions of Heaven and Hell." The vivid picturings of the lost roused Bray to great anxiety. The description of two souls in hell cursing each other for their misery, was himself and a drunken companion; and the thought burned within him,—“Shall he and I, who like each other so much, torment each other in hell?” That wound did not heal until he met with the Good Physician. It was deepened by the words of his wife, who had once

enjoyed the favor of God, but had left her Saviour. She frequently talked of the remembrance of her joy and peace,—"O, Billy, no tongue can tell what they enjoy who serve the Lord!"

"Why don't 'e begin again, then?" asked Billy, "for then I might begin, too. Get converted, and show me the way; for you bean't such a sinner as I be."

Though he suffered this bitterness, "the devil had such a hold of him," as he said, that he was ashamed to pray before his wife, and went to bed without kneeling.

What strange things men are ashamed of! And what strange things they are *not* ashamed of! A man is *not* ashamed to let his wife and children see him drunk, but he is dreadfully ashamed for them to see him on his knees! He is not ashamed for men to hear him take the holy name of God in vain, but he wouldn't for the world be heard praying! To be told by God's Word that he is in danger of "hell fire" is nothing; but to be called religious, and told *that he's in danger of getting to heaven*—this makes him blush like a child!

But Billy's trouble was too much for his shame. In the middle of the night, he sprang out of bed, and fell on his knees, and prayed for mercy. "The more I prayed, the more I *felt* to pray," was his account of it afterwards; and day and night, at work and at home, he wrestled for deliverance from the guilt of sin. His companions reproached him for making such a noise—like him of old, he was "roaring all the day long." But Billy could not be quiet until the Lord Jesus had spoken peace to him.

"You would roar out too, if you felt my load, and roar I will until I get it off," was all Billy said in reply.

There was no more drunkenness, no more oaths, no more shame, but day and night one incessant cry,—"*What must I*

do to be saved?" Work, and food, and sleep were forgotten in the intensity with which he sought the Lord. One day, as soon as he reached home, he went straight to his room, and determined to press into the kingdom.

He prayed, "Lord, thou hast said they that ask shall receive, and they that seek shall find, and they that knock shall have the door opened—and *I have faith to believe it.*" That instant the Lord made him happy. "I shouted for joy," he tells us; "I praised him with my whole heart for what he had done for a poor sinner like me. . . . Everything looked new to me—the people, the fields, the cattle, the trees. I was like a man in a new world . . . *I told all I met what the Lord had done for my soul. I have heard some say that they have had hard work to get away from their companions, but I sought mine out, and had hard work to find them soon enough to tell them what the Lord had done for my soul.* . . . They said I was a madman; but they meant I was a *glad* man, and glory be to God, I have been glad ever since!"

Billy Bray at once determined to possess all the privileges and gifts that his new-found religion afforded. He joined the "Brianite," or "Bible Christian Methodists." And in this he at once proved his earnestness, and found much help.

The earnestness of his devotion was soon felt. Such a fire as burned in his soul could not but spread. Religion to him was not a duty to be done—not a privilege to be enjoyed in leisure hours—not a benefit-club, a comfortable provision for "rainy days;"—it was a *life*. It was never left behind—never put off with the Sunday clothes, never hidden before great or low, good or bad—but *in* him, flowing through him, speaking in every word, felt in every action, seen in every look—deep, true, abiding religion, was

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with him altogether *a life*. Dead indeed to sin, he was now living to God through Jesus Christ.

Billy had "lighted his candle," and resolved that it should give light to all that were in the house. His religion was not a *safety-lamp*, laid by till he should be going down into the dark valley—nor like the chapel gaslight, that burned only on Sundays, and at the week-evening services. Once lighted, it was perhaps put into a common-place sort of a candlestick, but all at home could see by it. And as the world about him was "a dark world," he thrust his candle into a lantern, and took it forth wherever he went, and guided not a few from "horrible pits" that threatened them, into the way of salvation. One thing about this lighted candle Billy never forgot—that it burned none the worse for every candle that was lighted from it. His words on this matter deserve to be written in gold :—

"There were men who professed to be converted before I was, but did not love the Lord enough to own him, and not enough to pray with us, and tell us we were going to hell. But when I was converted, praise the Lord, he gave me strength to tell all I met with, that I was happy, and that what the Lord had done for me, he would do for anybody else that would seek his face. There was nobody that prayed in the mine where I worked; but when the Lord converted my soul, he gave me *power to pray with the men before we went to our different places of work*. Sometimes I felt it a heavy cross; but the cross is the way to the crown. Sometimes I have had as many as from six to ten men down with me, and I have said, 'Now, if you will hearken to me, I will pray for you before we go to work; for if I do not pray with you, and any of us should be killed, I should think it was my fault.' Then I should

pray in what people call simple language ; but as I hope the Lord would have me. When praying, I used to say, '*Lord, if any of us must be killed, or die to-day, let it be ME—let not one of these men die, for they are not happy ; but I am, and if I die to-day, I shall go to heaven.*' When I rose from my knees, I saw the tears running down their faces ; and soon after some of them became praying men too."

Within a week his wife recovered her lost joy, being led by her husband's hand to the Saviour whom she had forsaken.

The secret of Billy's wonderful success was this—he kept himself always ready for the Lord's work, anywhere and in any way. And as the Lord has much work to be done, Billy was always busy.

Why may we not look for that which came to the Evangelist Philip in the olden time? The Spirit said to Philip, "Go near, and join thyself to this chariot." If our ear were opened to the Spirit's whisper should we not thus be directed oftentimes? Billy never doubted it. His simple faith heard and at once obeyed the divine direction. Take one instance that he records:—"I worked with a man before I was converted, called William Bray, and he was like myself a very wicked man. Both of us were promoted at the same time ; for he was made 'Captain' of the mine, and I was adopted into the Royal Family of heaven, and made a child of God. *I had not seen him for a long time, when one Monday evening it was impressed upon my mind that if I went to see him he would be saved.* And I went, nothing doubting, and found him at home.

"I prayed with him ; told him what the Lord would do for him ; and soon he found the Saviour and was happy in his love. I saw him many times in his last sickness, and he was very happy and full of faith. Just before he died

he sent for me, as he wanted to tell me that *Christ was his*. These were the last words he spoke to me, and soon after he was taken to paradise."

To him every one he met was a soul redeemed—one whom he might lead to Jesus. At any rate he would try.

From the time of his conversion to the day of his death, Billy's zeal for souls was "a flaming fire." It seemed never to be checked by any difficulties—never turned aside by any opposition. Hindrances only summoned a stronger faith, and ensured a mightier triumph.

Of many stories that illustrate his usefulness, perhaps the most interesting is one that I give simply as I have heard it from the clergyman himself.

Billy was one day walking over a hill, near which he lived, "when the Lord said to him"—for so he spoke of the impression—"I will give thee all the souls that dwell upon this mountain."

"Thank'e, Father," he replied reverently, and at once fell on his knees and prayed for the people, and for wisdom that he might win them. As a miner he had some time every day at his disposal, the work of those who go underground not extending over eight hours. These spare hours he devoted to the people who had thus been given to him. He visited them constantly, reading, and talking, and praying, until every one was brought to Jesus, and savingly converted. The promise was fulfilled—the Lord had given him every soul that dwelt upon that hill.

With great joy he told the Lord of what had been done; and as it was "a whist little mountain with on'y three housen 'pon en," he prayed for a larger field of labor. He rose from prayer satisfied with the assurance that soon there would be work enough upon his "mountain." It came in a way Billy had not expected—first with an intimation

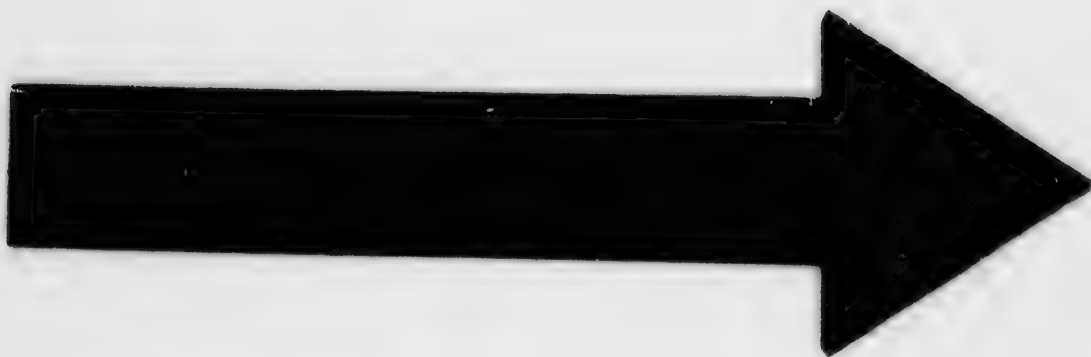
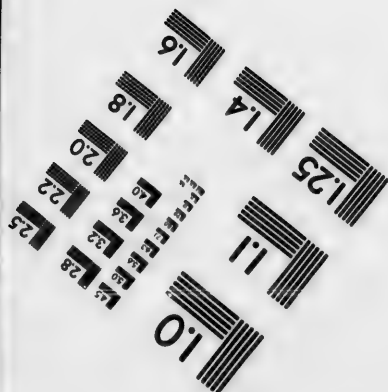
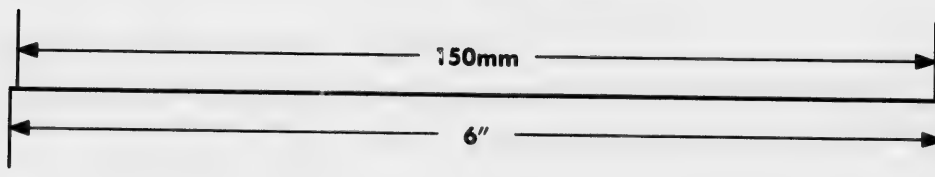
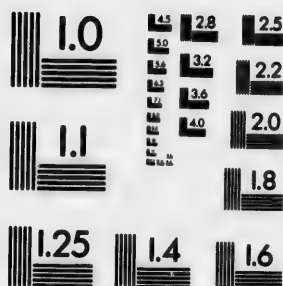
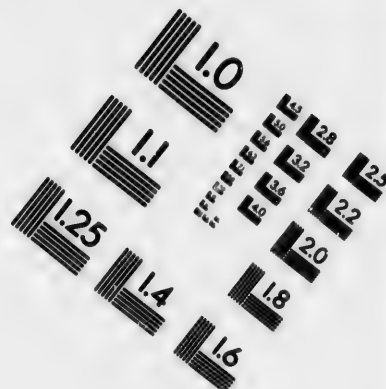
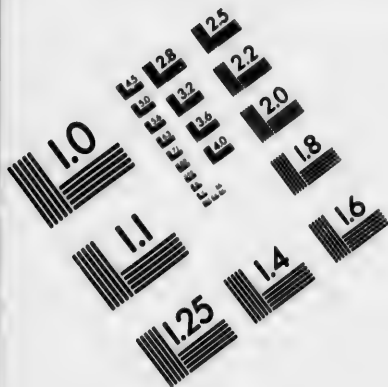


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that they were building a church school-house on the hill, then that they had begun to build the vicarage there.

At once Billy began to pray for the new-comers ; and with great expectations came to church to hear the new "passon." He left the service with as much disappointment, by no means concealing his opinion, that "they had a Pusey preaching there ; and he reckoned he should have more trouble with the new passon than the whole lot on 'em beside."

He went home to pray for these souls, above all praying that he might be permitted to go and speak to the clergyman. He prayed for some weeks, but no answer came—no direction that he should call and see him. He was so accustomed to look for this divine guidance in everything, that he would do nothing without it, ever keeping his mind open for such impressions. Though it was his prayer day and night, the permission was withheld. He had soon after to leave that neighborhood, and removed some miles away, without seeing this one unconverted soul on his "mountain."

But day and night he wrestled in prayer for him—at work and at home, he besought the Lord for this one remaining soul.

Meanwhile the clergyman continued to preach as he had done. He taught that there is no salvation for anybody out of the National Church, except by some unrevealed and uncovenanted mercy—that the sacraments alone are able to save ; and besides these nothing is needful. Certainly, being the most advanced of the High Church school at that time and in those parts, he was looked upon as the last man to be influenced by such a one as Billy Bray.

By his zeal and devotion to his parish, he succeeded in making many of his people strongly attached to him ; and not a few held his notions as firmly as himself.

Some weeks and months passed, Billy pleading still for this one soul. Though he was several miles away, he pleaded that he might go and speak to him.

Again the kingdom of heaven suffered violence, and the violent man took it by force. Billy's prayers were answered, and that in the Lord's own way.

Amongst the clergyman's hearers there was one to whom he was specially attached. A zealous churchman and a regular communicant, strict and ritualistic, he was a man after the minister's own heart. He was taken suddenly ill, and very soon was evidently sinking in rapid consumption, and in the prospect of death he longed for a more distinct and assured hope. Others had been able to sing of sins forgiven—of titles clear. Others had told triumphantly of victory over death, and exulted as being more than conquerors through him that loved them. In much distress, the sick man sent for a Methodist of the place to pray with him; and very soon he saw himself to be a poor, helpless sinner without hope or plea—then saw in Jesus Christ the one true Saviour of all, and, coming penitently to the Cross, he found pardon and peace through the blood of Jesus. His peace brightened into joy. So rapturous were his feelings that he rose from his bed, and walked about the room praising God.

Whilst he was in this state, the clergyman called. He was astonished to find this proper and quiet churchman shouting "Glory!" with a face beaming as if heaven shone upon him. He looked in amazement and grief.

"O, Sir!" the man cried, "I know that you love me, and I love you. You don't know this peace and joy; I'm sure you don't, or you would have told me about it. O, Sir, pray the Lord to give it to you! I will never rest praying for

you. Don't be angry with me. The Lord bless and convert your soul."

The minister left him, bewildered. Here one of the best and most hopeful of his flock had been led astray by these "wretched Dissenters." And yet he could not help feeling, and was candid enough to acknowledge, that—call it enthusiasm or excitement, or anything else—it was a very blessed thing that could lift a man out of the shadow and gloom of death, and make him cry with such assurance:—*"The time of my departure is at hand. . . . Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."*

It made him miserable. Was it all a mistake? Was there a mighty power and life to which he himself was a stranger? Did he know what it meant *to be converted*—being justified by faith, to have *peace with God*—did he himself understand these things?

His wife suggested that he should visit a godly clergyman who lived in an adjoining parish. But the visit only troubled him the more. "If you ' ' been converted yourself, you would have rejoiced in man's salvation, and would have praised God with him," said this plain-spoken friend; and added, as a parting consolation, "*You'll never do any good in your parish until you are converted yourself.*"

He returned more cast down than ever. The approach of the Sabbath filled him with dread. What could he tell the people if he himself were not converted?

The Sunday came. The bell was tolling for the service. Trembling from head to foot he entered the church, and managed as best he could to get through the prayers. He could not dismiss the people without a sermon, yet he had nothing for them. He announced his text, "*What think ye of Christ?*" As soon as he opened his mouth the glory of the Lord shone upon him. Christ as the only foundation—

Christ as the only salvation—Christ as the all and in all—was revealed to him. His soul was at once as full of joy as it had been of mourning; and he preached with such fervor and earnestness a present salvation by simple faith, that there arose a general cry for mercy; and that day many of the people were savingly converted—the beginning of a work that spread on every side.

Now it was that late one cold winter's night, as Billy was pleading with God, that the answer came. He might go and speak to the parson. So, as he said, "I put up my clothes agen and hitched in the dunkey, and comed singin' all along the road."

The next morning early the good clergyman heard some man arrive, whose first salutation was, "Bless the Lord!" Presently the man came through the hall, repeating quietly his favorite phrase. He opened the door of the breakfast room to see who this strange visitor could be; and there stood the little man, with twinkling eyes and beaming face, praising the Lord. Half suspecting who it was, he asked him.

"What is your name?"

"I be Billy Bray, Sir. Be you the passon?" he asked, in reply. The vicar told him he was.

"Convarted be 'e, Sir?" and an eager look drove the question home.

"Yes, thank God, I am," said the clergyman.

In a moment Billy was filled with a delight that knew no bounds. Throwing his arms around the vicar, he lifted him up and carried him round the room, shouting, "Glory, glory, the passon's converted! Glory be to God!"

The clergyman thought that submission was his only safety, and rode round the room in this fashion until Billy should set him down again.

But now the vicar's wife came in.

"Be the missis converted?" cried Billy.

"Yes, thank God," was the gentle answer.

Either courtesy or exhaustion prevented him from repeating the proof of his delight, and he said only, "O I be so happy I can hardly live!"

His new friends persuaded him to sit down and get some breakfast. Then he told them how the Lord had given him all the souls upon the hill; and how he had prayed for months for them—prayed that he might come and speak to them, and now the answer was given—they were both the Lord's.

But suddenly Billy checked himself. "All the souls 'pon the mountain," he said to himself. Perhaps some had been overlooked.

"Bean't there some maids in the house, mum?" he asked, turning to the lady.

"Yes, Billy, there are three."

"Be they converted too, for they do live 'pon my mountain?"

"Yes, the good Lord has led us all to himself," said the lady, gratefully.

Then all together knelt and gave thanks to God for his wonderful goodness.

The answer to Billy's prayers has issued in the mighty preaching and fruitful ministry of this converted clergyman.

He thus relates an interesting incident:—

"Friends, last week I was diggin' up my 'tators. It was a poor yield, sure 'nough; there was hardly a sound one in the lot. An' while I was a-diggin' the devil come to me, an' he says: 'Billy, do you think your Father do love you?'

" 'I should reckon he do,' I says.

" 'Well, I don't,' says the tempter, in a minute.

" 'If I'd thought about it, I shouldn't ha' listened to him, for his 'pinions been't worth the leastest bit o' notice.

" 'I don't,' says he, 'an' I tell 'ee what for: If your Father loved you, Billy Bray, he'd give you a pretty yield o' 'tatures—so much as ever you do want, and ever so many of 'em, and every one of 'em as big as your fist. For it been't no trouble for your Father to do anything; and he could just as easy give you plenty as not. An' if he loved you he would, too.'

" 'O' course I wasn't goin' to let him talk o' my Father like that, so I turned round 'pon him. 'Pray, sir,' says I, 'who may you happen to be, comin' to me a-talkin' like this here? If I been't mistaken, I know you, sir, an' I know my Father, too. An' to think o' your comin' a-sayin' he don't love me! Why, I've got your written character at home in my house, and it do say, sir, that you be a liar from the beginnin'. An' I'm sorry to add that I used to have a personal acquaintance with you some years since, an' I served you faithful as any poor wretch could; an' all you gave me was nothin' but rags to my back, an' a wretched home, an' an achin' head—an' no 'tatures—an' the fear o' hell-fire to finish up with. An' there's my dear Father in heaven. I've been a poor servant o' his off an' on for this forty years, an' he's given me a clean heart, an' a soul full of joy, an' a lovely suit of white as'll never wear out, an' he says that he will make a king o' me before he've done, an' that he'll take me home to his palace to reign with him forever an' ever. An' now you come up here a-talkin' like that!'

" Bless 'ee, my dear friends, he went off in a minute, like as if he'd been shot—an' he never had the manners to say good-morning."

No account of this quaint, warm-hearted Cornishman would be complete without some allusion to the wonders he did in the way of chapel-building. To the apostle's list of the triumphs of faith he proved that yet another could be added. By faith *he built chapels, and paid for them, too.* His faith did not believe in works that want credit. He took far too proud a delight in working for God to work with borrowed money. He was in the service of the Almighty, and he lived every moment believing that that Power could bend all things to the divine will.

Once, as he went on a begging expedition, his companion suggested that, as they were going to call at a gentleman's house, it would be more seemly to knock at the back door.

"No," said Billy, "I am the son of a King; and in my Father's name, and for his cause, I'll go front ways."

With many persons this, perhaps, would have been but a conceited impudence; with Billy Bray it was the utterance of a conviction that ever inspired him.

Amidst very many difficulties and hindrances, he commenced, with his own hands, a chapel near the place where he lived. "The dear Lord," he tells us in an account of it, "raised me up many friends, who sent me money to pay the masons, and so we got the chapel walls up, and timber for the roof. But we had not got enough by one principal, and I asked my Heavenly Father to send me some timber, or money to buy some."

Here, then, was the little place—the last bit of timber used—the last penny spent. What is to be done but close it for want of funds? Want of funds! That was an utter impossibility in Billy's mind. "The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of Hosts;" and kneeling in simple, earnest, believing prayer, Billy ever had access to him; how, then, could he doubt?

The next morning Billy came down to his work without timber or money, but with faith in God. He didn't wait long. A man who lived near there came up to him, and asked abruptly:—

"What do you want a pound note for?"

"Just the money I want to put up a principal on that end of the chapel," said Billy, with twinkling eyes.

"Well," said the man, "I never knew such a thing in my life, for all the morning it has kept coming into my ears, go down and give Billy a pound note; and now, here it be."

So off went the happy little man to buy his principal, blessing the Lord all the way.

At this time, whilst engaged in this work, his youngest child was taken ill. Very touching is the story he used to tell, how that when she was dying Satan tempted him severely. "I had but two pounds left to cover the chapel, and it would take seven; and now if the dear little maid were to die, it 'uld be a pound to bury her; and he tempted me that the child would be sure to die." Off went the man of God to tell his troubles to "Father," and it was applied to his mind, "I will save thy child's life." He returned home, and told his wife that the child would live—the Lord had told him so.

The wife replied, "Don't say so; all the neighbors say she'll die, she is so very ill."

"But," says Billy, "I went to the mine to work, believing in the Lord. When I came home the child was not any better, and had not eaten any meat. That night she was very ill; and the next day got no better at all, till I came home to dinner. I was afternoon 'core' at the mine; and, ever since the Lord converted my soul, I do always kneel down and pray with my wife and children before leaving

my home to go to work. So now we knelt down to pray. The little maid was lying in the window-seat ; we had had for dinner what was very plentiful at that time, fish and potatoes ; and in my prayer I said, ' Dear Lord, thou hast said that my girl shall live, but she has not eaten any meat yet.'

"She began to eat there and then ; and, bless the Lord, she is living now, and has grown up to be the mother of ten children. So the Lord made the devil a liar once more."

He managed to get the reed and spears for thatching the roof. Then, he says, "I put a man to work at it—that would cost one pound ten shillings ; and when the man came to be paid, I had but one pound ; so I wanted ten shillings more. The Lord put it into my mind to go into a high road near, where a great many people went up and down to work. The first man I met was P. B. I said to him :—

" ' You haven't given me anything yet for my Father's house.'

" ' No, I haven't,' says he, ' and sha'n't, neither.'

" ' What,' I replied, ' are you amind for the Lord to say to you in that day, You saw me an hungered, and gave me no meat ; thirsty, and ye gave me no drink ; a stranger, and ye took me not in ; naked, and ye clothed me not ?'

" ' Well,' says he (frightened rather, we suspect), ' I doan't mind if I do give 'e ten shilling.'

"So he gave me the ten shillings, and I went home and paid the thatcher."

But Billy's troubles were not at an end when the house was finished. Some of the "Society," who had held themselves aloof from his efforts, opposed his having "preaching" there, and sought to prejudice the ministers against taking it on the Circuit-plan. Would that the stubborn faith that

can work well were always softened and beautified by such submission as Billy showed now! He locked the chapel door, and carried the key home, and hung it on a nail behind the door. Then kneeling down, he said, "Lord, there's the key. I have done what thou hast told me to do; the chapel is built, and there is the key. If it is thy will that the key should stay there seven year, or that it be taken down every minute of the day, *thy will be done*, my dear Lord."

"That very day," Billy adds, "our preacher appointed services at my chapel even oftener than I should have asked him if I'd done it. The Lord soon revived his work, and we gathered a great many members. A large new chapel has been built there since then. No wonder that the devil was so much agen me while I was building, and put his servants to hinder me so, for I have seen at one time fifty down asking for mercy, and mercy they had."

The next chapel he built was at a place called Kerley Downs. Billy has himself written the account of it.

"I told the preacher we could have a spot for a chapel, and if he did not call a meeting of trustees, I should begin about the chapel myself. So he appointed a day, and got trustees; but all that promised to help left me to myself.

"My little son and me went to work, and got some stone; the good friend who gave the land lent me his horse and cart, and we soon set the masons to work.

"Those who read this must remember that I was a very poor man, with a wife and five small children at that time, and worked in the mine underground. Sometimes I was forenoon 'core,' and when I had taken my dinner, I should go to the chapel and work as long as I could see, and the next day do the same. The next week I should be afternoon 'core;' then I should go up to the chapel in the

morning, and work until the middle of the day, and then go home and away to the mine. The week following, I should be night 'core;' I should then work about the chapel by day, and go to the mine by night. I have worked twenty hours in the twenty-four. Had not the Lord helped me I could not have done it. Bless and praise his holy name, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength!"

When the chapel was about half-way up the devil tempted Billy—"They are all gone and left you and the chapel, and I would go and leave the place too."

His answer was like himself,—“Devil, does'n' thee know better 'an that? By the help o' the Lord I'll have the chapel up, or lose my skin on the down.”

Billy's argument against every objection was this:—“If this chapel should stand one hundred years, and if one soul were converted in it every year, that would be a hundred souls, and that would pay me well enough if I got to heaven; for 'they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever.'”

Of many remarkable incidents that occurred in connection with his chapel-building, we must content ourselves with this:—

The little place at Kerley Downs was up, but it needed a pulpit. Billy began to think within himself where that could come from. At last, as he looked about among some furniture at an auction sale, his eye fell upon an old three-cornered cupboard.

“The very thing,” cried Billy, “the very thing I can cut a slit down the back of un, and strengthen the middle of un, and put a board up in front of un, and clap a pair of steers behind un, and then the preacher can preach out of un pretty.”

With much glee he turned to some one near him, and

asked, "What do 'e think they'll want for that there cupboard?"

The man looked, and gave it as his opinion that it would go for six shillings. Billy told him what he meant to do with it, and the man said:—

"Why, you're Billy Bray. Here, I'll give 'e the six shillings to buy it."

After awhile the cupboard was put up. Billy knew nothing of auctions. All eager to have his pulpit, he cried holding out his hand:—

"Here, Mister Auctioneer, here's six shillin' for un; I do want un for a pulpit."

Of course there was a great laugh at Billy's expense. As it passed away the auctioneer cried:—

"Six shillings, going for six."

A nod from behind Billy was quickly caught.

"Seven," said the auctioneer, "seven shillings."

"No," cried Billy, "'tis on'y six, there's the money."

Of course, down went the hammer, and much to Billy's astonishment the cupboard was not his.

"Well, Father do know best," said he, in a rather disappointed tone; "but anyhow I must give the man back his six shillin'."

The man was gone, nor was Billy likely to see him again. This was a new and even greater trouble.

"I'll be gone down an' tell Father about it," said Billy, as he started off for his little chapel.

With faith renewed, and a comfortable assurance that it would be all right, he was coming from the chapel, when he saw the cupboard going up the hill in a cart.

"I'll follow un, anyhow," he whispered, "an' see the end."

They carried it to a house, and tried to take it inside, but

it was just too big to get in. They twisted and turned, they pulled and pushed, but it was no use.

"Here's a mess," said the purchaser, angrily; "I've given seven shillings for en, an' shall have to skat en up for fire-wood."

Then, as his eyes twinkled, Billy stepped over and put his hand on the man's shoulder as he stood, hat in hand, wiping his forehead.

"I'll give 'e six shillin' for un, if you'll carry un down to my chapel."

"That I will," said the man, pleased at being so well out of it.

"*Bless the Lord,*" cried Billy, "*'tes just like him. He knew I couldn' carry en myself, so he got this man to carry en for me.*"

Billy's whole life was spent in praising the Lord; and for the most part *aloud*. He couldn't help himself; with a heart always in tune, every influence, every breath shook from its tremulous chords some note of thanksgiving. "As I go along the street," he said, "*I lift up one foot, and it seems to say 'Glory!' and I lift up the other, and it seems to say 'Amen!'* and they keep on like that all the time I walk."

But probably you would have come upon him singing. "Bless the Lord, I can sing," he would say; "my Heavenly Father likes to hear *me* sing. I can't sing so sweetly as some, but my Father likes to hear me sing as well as those who can sing more musically than I can. My Father *likes to hear the crow as well as the nightingale, for he made them both.*"

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MARY ANN PEARCE

MARY ANN PEARCE was born at Randwick, Gloucestershire, England, March 22nd, 1803. When very young her mind was impressed with the solemnity of death, with a fear of offending God, and a continual desire to be kept from sin. Very solemn impressions were made on her heart, when scarcely three years old, by the death of her father; the tolling of the bell, his burial, and the words of her mother that "*she* was not too young to die," deeply affected her. The little one was noticed for her amiable, affectionate disposition and unvarying cheerfulness, which won the love of her neighbors. Her elder brother and sisters were duly admitted into the Sunday-school at the age of five years. As Mary Ann saw them going to school while she might only attend the chapel with her mother, she longed for the time when she would be allowed to accompany them. The yearning of the child's heart was satisfied in January, 1807, by her public reception into the school before she was quite four years of age. She and her teacher soon became particularly attached to each other. Little Mary Ann was always punctual, for her mother made it a duty to get everything ready, and all work "done up," the night before, so that her children might be quite prepared for the Sunday-school in the morning. Thus things went on smoothly and pleasantly at home and at school.

Mary Ann passed upwards from class to class, and often receiving from her teachers presents for good behaviour. It was the custom with Mr. Knee, the superintendent, to "break up" the school every year at Christmas, closing it for three Sundays; on the third Sabbath there was a public re-admission of the children in the presence of their parents,

also an admission of new scholars. During one of these intervals, Mary Ann being fifteen years of age, several of the young women in her class resolved not to return; influenced by their persuasion and example, Mary Ann decided to leave also. The school was re-opened; just at this crisis a mighty outpouring of the Holy Spirit came down on the children. "Oh," she said, "if I were in the school now, what good I might receive! How the blessed Spirit might work on my soul!" Her sorrow for leaving and sense of sin became so intense at last that she could not rest, but was constrained to go to Mr. Knee and, humbly confessing her fault, plead for re-admission. This he most cheerfully granted, and *that* Sabbath was a *very* happy one to Mary Ann.

Four years after, Mary Ann being now about nineteen, special services were held in the chapel. A general awakening followed, and many were pricked in the heart. Amongst the young women who were deeply convinced of sin on this occasion was Mary Ann. With a few more, she often met at the chapel for prayer, both for themselves and the whole neighborhood.

One Saturday evening, ever memorable and precious, Mary Ann, with other young women whose "hearts God had touched," and who "hungered and thirsted after righteousness," locked themselves in the chapel, and determined to wrestle with God all night. With tears and earnest supplications did they pour out their souls, even till the morning light, "unto him who was able to save." Six o'clock, the hour for commencing the prayer-meeting, being nearly come, they hastened to the village spring to wash their faces and refresh themselves, hoping none would discover by their looks or manner how and where the night had been spent. During the public prayer-

meeting, the Holy Spirit yet more deeply convinced Mary Ann of sin, so that she trembled exceedingly. Arriving at home and having no desire for food, she retired to her room, where she continued pleading for mercy until church time. The Rev. J. E., the clergyman, took for his text: "I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit, he taketh away, and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit."

This sermon seemed different to any she had heard before. Very earnestly did she pray to become a *fruit-bearing branch*. During the whole of the service she continued weeping, endeavoring to conceal her tears.

Her whole desire was for the pardon of sin and peace with God. The language of her heart was:

"Nothing I ask or want beside
Of all in earth or heaven;
But let me feel thy blood applied,
And live and die forgiven."

In the evening she went to the chapel, still depressed in spirit, and often inquiring

"Depth of mercy, can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?"

After the service the young women again lingered for prayer, and pleaded yet more earnestly for a present pardon through "the blood of the Lamb." When a verse was sung, Mary Ann could not join, but continued crying and praying with great importunity for an hour. Suddenly rising up, she burst forth, saying: "'God *hath* power on earth to forgive sins,' for I feel it, and can testify that 'this is none other than the house of God, and the very gate of heaven' to my soul!"

She then gave out that beautiful hymn :

"Now I have found the ground wherein
 Sure my soul's anchor may remain ;
 The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
 Before the world's foundation slain ;
 Whose mercy shall unshaken stay
 When heaven and earth are fled away."

Her joy was unspeakable and full of glory—

"True pleasures abound in the rapturous sound,
 And whoever hath found it hath Paradise found."

Mary Ann had found it, and rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

It is written, "he that believeth shall not be ashamed." Arriving at home that night, she prayed and praised God aloud before her mother, brother, and sisters, for the *first* time in her life. Shame and shyness were overcome. Like the poor woman who spent her all upon many physicians ; who at last came to Jesus through the crowd and touched his garment, and then fell down at his feet, declaring before all for what cause she had touched him, and how she was made whole—so Mary Ann, her heart being full of love and gratitude, confessed before all her relations how she had met Jesus, and he had made her whole. She entreated those who had not obtained pardon to fly to the outstretched arms of Jesus, for he would save them.

The next day was the happiest she had ever spent. On her way to a prayer-meeting at the chapel that evening she overtook Mr. Knee, to whom she communicated all that had passed, and "what great things God had done for her soul." His heart was overjoyed. He urged her to become a teacher in the school ; she replied : "I am not worthy, sir, but if you think I can do any good by taking the lowest class, I shall be quite willing."

Mr. Knee also invited her to join the Wesleyan Church

and meet in his class ; she immediately and thankfully embraced the privilege, and remained a pillar of strength and beauty for six and forty years.

After the prayer-meeting that evening, which was an extraordinary one, full of life and power, for "the Lord was there of a truth," Mr. Knee came to her and said : "You are happy, my child, are you not?" She said, "I am." "Thank God!" he exultingly exclaimed, "press forward."

It was not long before the tempter and great adversary was busy at work. Only a few minutes elapsed before she thought : "Oh, I have done wrong in making known to others and Mr. Knee what my experience has been. I ought to have kept it to myself. I shall not be able to stand my ground, and fear I shall bring a reproach on the cause of Christ."

She feared, too, that now Mr. Knee was acquainted with what she enjoyed, he would cease to pray for her.

Before twenty-four hours were gone, this little cloud of doubt and fear had spread and darkened all the sky ; the terrors of the law filling her with such alarm that, at last, she cried out, "Wretched woman that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of sin and death?" The succeeding six weeks were seasons of light and darkness, victory and defeat, hope and despair.

Fearing she should commit the unpardonable sin, and be shut out of the reach of mercy forever, she eagerly attended every means of grace, pouring out supplications for light, freedom from sin, and holiness of heart. Often when going to work in the morning she would say,

"I look—perhaps my Lord may come ;
If I turn back hell is my doom :
If I ne'er find the sacred road,
I'll perish crying out for God !"

She felt that if she discontinued praying, Satan was ready to assault her with strong temptations.

Once she felt so wretched she wished she could sink into the earth to hide from the Almighty. But the words of the Psalmist came with great force to her mind :—"Whither shall I go from thy Spirit ? Or whither shall I flee from thy presence ?" That she had yielded for one moment to this temptation cost her many sighs and groans ; nor could she ever again endure the thought of fleeing or hiding from her best Friend.

At the end of six weeks she was so weary of living at this poor, doubting, dying rate, that she determined to wrestle on like Jacob, until perfect liberty and love were given. The Holy Spirit helped her to keep this resolution. After the Sabbath services were over she returned home and went into secret retirement. There, bowing before God, she besought him to strengthen her *that* night until perfect freedom, "from sorrow, fear, and sin," were hers. "I will not let thee go except thou bless me," "O make me thy child," was the burden of her cry for some hours. But the "prey" was not "taken from the mighty" without the lion rearing against her. The kingdom suffered violence at her hands, and the adversary drew near to resist her taking it by force. "An horror of great darkness fell upon" her, which made her cry out in still greater agony of soul for deliverance from Satan's power, whose presence and nearness made her shudder to the inmost soul.

In this deep distress she saw on her right hand, extended on the cross, the blessed Redeemer. His look seemed to rend her heart, and filled her with such sorrow as she never felt in her life, either for herself or others ; no, not even at the death of her dearest friends.

"She saw him hanging on the cross in agony and blood ;
He seemed to charge her with his death, though not a word he
spoke."

The Saviour disappeared, but she continued agonizing in
fervent prayer, and very soon he reappeared. He looked
upon her now with a *sweet smile*, which instantly set her
soul at liberty, removed all doubts and fears, bruised
Satan at once and for evermore under her feet, and filled
her soul unutterably full of peace, love, and joy.

"The second look he gave, which said, I freely all forgive ;
My blood was for your ransom paid. I died that you might live."

"True believers *have seen*
The Saviour of men,
As his head he on Calvary bowed ;
We shall see him again
When, with all his bright train,
He descends in the luminous cloud."

As her Saviour disappeared, she heard heavenly music, "so
sweet and beautiful,"—heaven seemed separated from her
only by a thin veil.

She was now very, very happy, and had no room for
anything else but praise and thanksgiving to her Redeemer.
The refining fire *had* gone through her heart,

"Illumined all her soul,
Scattered the life through every part,
And sanctified the whole."

Now, as on eagle's wings, she mounted up, and until the
dawn o. day continued "praising and blessing God."

Going to work early, her feet were "light as a young
hart upon the mountains of spices." The fashion of her
countenance was changed, and the *light* of heaven was in
her eye, for the *love* of heaven was in her heart. Never

had she worked so cheerfully ; within and without all was light and love and glory. So satisfied was her inmost soul with "his likeness," that she desired no food for the body ; the bread of heaven was meat indeed. Returning home, she went up to her bedroom, as she had been wont to do for the last seven weeks, not now to ask for pardon and purity, but to praise God for these gifts.

Often has she said that "more than an infant desires the mother's breast, did she long for the night to come, to praise and commune with her precious Saviour." From the breasts of heavenly consolations did she draw fresh supplies, in secret and alone with "her Beloved."

In a meeting, called after the old scriptural model a "feast of charity," or "love-feast," she rose up, and with radiant countenance declared "all that God had done for her soul." She said, to quote her own simple but striking words, "that all she had enjoyed before was no more than the snuff of a candle to the light and love God had now given." Mr. Knee, whom she called her spiritual father, said to her after the meeting :—"My child, it was a hard struggle, but you are now safe within the veil."

Mary Ann's conversation was truly heavenly. To her mother, who had been very ill and unable to attend the means of grace, she was made a great blessing, comforting and quickening her, in weakness and sickness. Henceforth she walked upon that glorious highway, "the way of holiness," over which the unclean cannot pass ; but this redeemed one walked there, and this ransomed one returned "to Zion with songs and everlasting joy" upon her head. She obtained joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing fled away ; her sun went down no more, for the Lord was her everlasting light and glory, and the days of her mourning were ended.

One dark winter's night, the last in the old year, and many years before the events which have been narrated took place, a number of young men were passing Randwick Chapel, and heard singing within. One said :—" Let us go in and see what they are at." Though some went to laugh and mook, all remained to fear and tremble. At midnight, during solemn, silent prayer, one, named Nathaniel Pearce, was "pricked to the heart," and felt as though he was dropping into hell. Sound conversion followed these searching convictions. This man became a member, teacher, and prayer-leader, and remained an ornament and strength of the church until old age. His memory is precious, and he is still spoken of as "good old Nathaniel."

A son of his, named Nathaniel, who was also a member, teacher, and prayer-leader, sought Mary Ann in marriage. But so afraid was she of taking this step, that she earnestly prayed, even while going up the aisle of the church to be married, that, if not according to God's will, he would then prevent the union.

About four years after her marriage, they removed to a house about three miles from Randwick. Having become a mother, she quickly learned "the art of governing by love." In that house was heard no scolding, no threatening, no sharp or angry words. If the children did wrong, she mildly reprov'd; if they had grievously disobeyed, she took them upstairs, talked seriously with them, and then knelt down to pray.

Though living so far from the chapel, it was her custom to be present at the six o'clock Sabbath morning prayer-meeting, often carrying her infant. If some were cold and lifeless there, life and power prevailed when Mary Ann opened her lips. She often said that, after these happy morning meetings, her heart seemed "light as a feather."

In the afternoon she came again, to class and chapel, returning home in the evening with her husband and children. Thus she seldom walked less than twelve miles on the Sunday.

Turning now to her domestic life, it may justly be said that "the praises and properties of a good wife," as set forth in God's word, were found in her.

"The heart of her husband" safely trusted in her. She did "him good and not evil all the days of her life." She laid "her hands to the spindle, and her hands held the distaff." She stretched "out her hand to the poor," even when requiring things herself, saying "I shall not want." She opened "her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue" was the "law of kindness." She "looked well to the ways of her household, and ate not the bread of idleness." "Her children" rose up and "called her blessed"; "her husband also, and he praised her."

All the sewing, the making, and mending, for herself, husband, and six children, was done by her own needle. If she knew not *how* to do a thing, her habit was to keep on trying till she *could* do it. An early riser, she loved to "get work forward" in the morning.

When her husband went to his work, she always gave him a smile and cheering word; and greeted him on his return with a happy look and a joyful voice. If she saw him looking anxious, his mind burdened, his soul "vexed within him," she could not rest until he had told her his troubles. She would then carry them away to "spread before the Lord," and plead earnestly till light and deliverance were given. She and her husband met in the same class. Returning home from Randwick one Sunday, he said:—"Well, Mary Ann, whatever troubles you have, you

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never go to class to tell them." "Oh no," she replied, "I tell all these to my heavenly Father."

One who used to meet with her has said :—"I was, when young, very timid and trembling at class, especially when the minister came. Mary Ann would take me by the hand, and say so cheerfully : 'Come along, I will help you. Have faith in God ; trust in him.' Still holding my hand, and looking at me so tenderly, she would lead me out of the chapel into the school-room, where the minister was waiting for us. Many a time should I have left the class and gone back, if it had not been for her."

Much as Mary Ann prized and loved all the means of grace, yet she did not neglect family duties to attend them ; nor would she remain at any meeting, however interesting, or however pressed to do so, beyond the time when she felt it was her duty to be at home.

One autumn there had been a long season of wet ; rain and dark, dismal days had prevailed for weeks ; the corn was spoiling, the bread rising, the people very anxious. A special prayer-meeting was held at Painswick Edge, and thither, through the rain, with her little one under her cloak, went Mary Ann. Those still living who were present remember the life and power that filled the place while she, with childlike confidence, pleaded with the "God of Heaven" for fair weather. Next morning the sun shone beautifully, and fine weather set in, continuing till the end of harvest. Many who heard the prayer observed the change, and gratefully recognized the hand of God.

Mary Ann and her family were for a long time annoyed by a bad neighbor, who broke down their hedges, stole articles of food, and injured them in every possible way. One night Nathaniel was sorely troubled about these depredations. His wife determined to lay the matter

before her heavenly Father, and prayed with importunity until she was assured of deliverance. In a dream that night one in bright clothing appeared; with a dignified look and sweet smile, he said, waving his hand, "Read the thirty-seventh Psalm." In the morning she requested her husband to read it; he did so. It begins: "Fret not thyself because of evildoers." The sacred words filled the sorely tried man with comfort. The next day a letter came from a distant town to this bad neighbor, requiring his removal, and in less than a week he and his family left the neighborhood.

On one occasion Mary Ann was taken seriously ill in the night, and her husband hastened off to fetch a doctor. When he had gone some distance, two men suddenly rushed upon him, demanding "his money or his life." He said he had no money. Then they demanded his watch; but he had no watch. Holding him fast, they declared they would have his coat and hat. Telling them his trouble, he implored them to let him go on to the doctor, and was set free. The medical man at once started on horseback, and was stopped by the same ruffians. Happily, just then Nathaniel overtook him, and by his earnest entreaties so overcame the robbers that they allowed both to go on unmolested. Not a word of the strange event was breathed to Mary Ann, but a few days after, she asked her husband what had gone amiss with him the night he went to Stroud. She said she had felt an unusual concern for his safety, and had been drawn out in prayer for his preservation in an extraordinary manner all the time he was away.

About ten or twelve years after her marriage, Mary Ann was summoned, suddenly from Randwick Chapel one Sunday, by a little daughter, to go home, for "father is taken very ill." She found her husband sickening with the

small-pox. He grew rapidly worse, and by the next Sabbath all hope of recovery was gone. At seven o'clock in the morning, he insisted upon getting up; but, unable to stand, sank on the floor with a groan, saying, "Tis hard to die." After he was lifted into bed, he caught hold of his wife's hand, saying, "Don't leave me—don't leave me again." With his hand in hers, she knelt at his side, pointing him to Christ, pleading the promises, and pouring out her soul in prayer. She prevailed; her husband's doubts and fears vanished—peace, joy and victory were given. With his hand still in hers, where it had remained for five hours, died Nathaniel Pearce, in "perfect peace."

Thus at one stroke all earthly props were knocked away. Suddenly left a widow, with six little children, and no means of support, she could yet say with the prophet: "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation. The Lord God is my strength; and he will make my feet like hinds' feet."

One who was secretly glad at her calamity said: "Ah, now you and the children will have to go to the poor-house." "My Father has other houses besides the workhouse for his children," she calmly and confidently replied. To her inmost soul, with sweet sustaining power, were applied those words in Isaiah 54. "Fear not; for thou shalt not be ashamed; neither be thou confounded, for thou shalt not be put to shame. . . . For thy Maker is thy Husband; the Lord of Hosts is his name; and thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel."

Those who were present the next Sabbath morning at

the early prayer-meeting, were amazed beyond measure. Her confidence in God, her faith, and love, and joy, seemed not only unshaken, but increased. She really appeared to "glory in tribulation," and verily "the power of Christ rested on her."

When the funeral sermon for her husband was preached, she was there. Many gazed on her face with astonishment—the same sweet look—she shed no tear; and some left the chapel saying, "She did not love her husband after all, and did not feel his death, or care for her loss."

Within a year or two of the death of her husband, Mary Ann received three offers of marriage, from respectable men much above her in position and substance. Though importuned again and again, and reasoned with—assured of easy circumstances, comfortable home, freedom from menial and laborious work, and even a servant to wait on her promised—yet she firmly declined all. This decision was never regretted; nor did she ever lack till the hour of death, by day or by night, the cheerful and untiring ministry of dutiful and affectionate children. Unable to support her family by her needle, she was now obliged to go to the cloth mill. Humble, teachable, industrious, and quick at everything, she soon "got into the work."

Though highly respected by many and treated kindly by some, yet because of her scrupulously neat and clean appearance, because she did not idle away her time, but *would* go on with her work, would *not* join in evil speaking or trifling and sinful conduct, and because she was always happy and singing hymns, there were others who envied, persecuted, and hated her. They called her names, mocked her, and even threw things at her, so that she has many times returned home with her hands covered with bruises, and even her head and face injured. The severest word

Mary Ann ever employed in speaking of those who thus ill-treated her was, "Poor thing, poor thing!" None of these things moved her; all was meekly, patiently endured for her Saviour's sake. Never did she resent an injury; never answered again; but committed herself to him who hath said, "Vengeance is *mine*, I will repay." She firmly believed that God would "lift up her head above her enemies round about her." It is written: "He who toucheth thee toucheth the apple of his eye"; it is also written: "Those who hate the righteous shall be desolate"; and again: "I will contend with him who contendeth with thee." Let all (and these have been many) who have spoken against, hated, and contended with this righteous woman, say if these scriptures have not been fulfilled to the letter in their experience. Let them say if their arm of oppression, like Jeroboam's, has not "withered up" when "stretched" forth to "lay hold" on her. Let them testify if they found not "a defence round the glory, a wall of fire which consumed them."

How far the accident she now met with was caused by design and dislike on the part of another, cannot be affirmed; but one day, as Mary Ann was stooping down by the power-loom, it was unexpectedly started. She was struck on the forehead, and with violence knocked backwards across the keep edge of the joint in a steam-pipe. She was taken up for dead, and carried home to Ebley, where she now lived. Besides other internal injuries, the bottom of the spine was seriously hurt. The doctors despaired of her life, and for months she suffered excruciating pain. The whole support of the house now fell upon the elder daughters. Leaving the door unlatched, and their dear afflicted mother alone, they went to work with

anxious and heavy hearts, fearing what might happen in their absence.

Except when the late Rev. B. Parsons—who frequently referred to widow Pearce in public as a marvellous instance of the sustaining power of true religion under severe and prolonged suffering—except when he and a few other kind friends opened the door and crept upstairs to see her, she was always alone. Mr. Parsons delighted greatly in visiting her. He would say: “I am come again to get good, you see, and to be cheered up.” He always referred to these interviews as seasons of rich spiritual profit and pleasure.

When one of Mary Ann’s daughters, who had been a member of his church for eight years, entered his room the day before his death, this dying minister, looking earnestly at her, said: “I wish I felt as happy as your dear mother.”

On one occasion her kind and faithful friend and leader, Mr. Knee, entered the house, and saw, not only Mary Ann on her bed of suffering, but the two daughters who waited on her, and upon whose earnings the support of the house depended, also lying very ill. Quite unable to repress his feelings, the venerable man burst into tears, saying: “My poor child! what will you do?” Gazing up into his face with a smile of unshaken trust in God, she replied, “*’Tis all right.*”

One who had been a scholar in Randwick school, and knew Mary Ann’s power in prayer and her holy life, was brought nigh unto the grave. This present evil world she had loved too much. Given up by the doctors, the terrors of death compassed her about. Nothing would do but that Mary Ann should be sent for, to come and stay with her. Over the stricken one Mary Ann’s heart yearned. “Yes, I will go,” she said, and against all the protests of her kind

doctor and children, who declared the journey of a mile and a half would kill her, she reached Randwick, drawn up in a Bath chair kindly lent by a clergyman's wife.

The moment Mary Ann entered the house, hope sprung up. For fourteen days and nights she remained in the sufferer's room, herself stretched on a bed, praying and wrestling with God, though in severe pain.

Continuing "instant in prayer," she saw every doubt and fear flee away, and another most peaceful death—one more "brand plucked from the burning"—one more soul won. So this sick visitor of the sick returned home rejoicing; not counting her own ease or life dear to her, so that she might do her Lord's will and work.

From her bedroom window the roof of the chapel at Randwick could be seen. The stones of that place were dear to her, for there a thousand spiritual blessings had been received. Unnumbered supplications for the prosperity of this "little hill of Zion" arose from that sick-chamber.

The book that Mary Ann loved best, and which was always by her side, was the Bible. The only volumes read and prized besides were Wesley's "Hymn Book," Thomas à Kempis's "Christian Pattern" (J. Wesley's abridged edition), Clark's "Scripture Promises," Baxter's "Saints' Rest," and the lives of Mrs. Fletcher and Hester Ann Rogers.

After living at Ebley for fourteen years, Mary Ann was removed to her son's house in Stroud, where the writer's acquaintance with this holy child of God commenced, and during twelve years it has been to him an unspeakable happiness and privilege to visit her. Sitting at her bedside, he has learnt more of what true religion *is*, what it can *do*, and what it can *suffer*, than from any other source besides, **save one.**

The Wesleyan ministers and their wives often called to see her. One of them made it a point to visit her, saying "he could always preach better after seeing Mary Ann; he had always more life and liberty in the pulpit when he went to it *from* her bedside."

The mother's bedroom was the council chamber of the children. She cheered her sons in depression and despondency, guided them in perplexity, inspired them with hope in trouble, and was ever the light and life of the house.

After a few years she was removed to the Plain, near her native village, which proved the last earthly resting-place of this happy pilgrim's progress to the skies.

Mary Ann rejoiced in the grand and glorious displays of her heavenly Father's power. Her spirit triumphed exceedingly in the thunder-storm; not only without fear, but with intense admiration and delight, she would gaze on the vivid lightning playing around, and listen to the pealing thunder. To her they were a light and voice from home. Always looking for, and loving, his appearing, her animated countenance proclaimed how welcome was his coming.

Prayer and praise were her continual employment. Daily she prayed for each of her children; then the members at Randwick; then her neighbors, and friends and enemies, presenting each separately and by name, and bringing their special trials, temptations, and necessities, as far as she knew them, before her heavenly Father. Answers were looked for, and seen in numberless instances. The gracious revivals experienced in the church she loved may, under God, be ascribed in part to her ceaseless and powerful supplications.

When told of a remarkable outpouring of the Spirit on the people, no amazement or astonishment was expressed,

but thanksgiving and praise burst from her lips, as though a *long-expected* blessing had come at last.

If any of the young people in the church or Bible-classes fell into sin, and were in danger of forsaking the fold and "drawing back," she would plead for them in the most impassioned and importunate manner. Little have they thought how Mary Ann, in the silent watches of the night, while they slumbered, had poured out cries to God for them.

An esteemed and respected schoolmaster, who died after a distressingly painful illness, requested a friend on his deathbed to tell Mary Ann that he ascribed his conversion, and great peace and joy in the prospect of approaching dissolution, to her faithful prayers.

To all who visited her and *desired* to hear her experience, she would humbly relate it, stating the circumstances of her conversion, as described in these pages, the peace and love and joy God gave her, how he bruised Satan under her feet, that her fellowship and communion with God had been uninterrupted ever since, and that she *did* love him with all her heart. And indeed it was abundantly apparent that she was one of the happy few who had never left her "first love," who had kept her garments white and unspotted.

Some of her visitors were offended with this "full assurance of faith"; and though unable to resist the power and spirit by which she spake, yet regarded it as presumption, enthusiasm, excitement, or fanaticism. But others believed and rejoiced greatly, and earnestly prayed that God would make them possessors of like precious faith in Jesus.

"Very few have attained to your state of grace; how is it?" inquired one. "Oh, sir," she replied, "there's no praise to me, there's no praise to me. I owe all to my

blessed Saviour. 'Tis as free for all as the air we breathe, as the light from the sun. My dear Lord is no respecter of persons." She added, after a pause, and with serious, emphatic manner, "But we must persevere, we must persevere; it's not to be had by trifling."

Two graphic and striking pictures hung in her bedroom, the one representing Christ bearing the cross, the other his body being taken down from the cross. A person said to her, "You have these to look at, to comfort you, and remind you of your Lord's sufferings." "Oh," she replied, "I place no trust or confidence in these—they are nothing to me." To her daughter she said afterwards, "My dear child, some suppose I almost worship these pictures, but they are mistaken."

A wealthy lady of the neighborhood, after listening with deep attention to her experience and faith, said, in tones of mournful regret, "I wish I could realize the presence of the Saviour like that; but I cannot. He appears to me only as it were in a picture, and afar off. His personal presence, as a quickening, living Spirit of love and power, I do *not* feel." With sweet confidence, and yet deep humility, Mary Ann said, "Oh, ma'am, but he abides with me, in my heart—his loving presence is ever with me."

Whatever her sufferings, she never murmured or complained—seldom alluded to them, in fact. If others referred to them, she quickly turned the conversation, or only dwelt upon them that she might magnify the exceeding riches of the grace of her Lord and Saviour. Receiving a little wine to renew her exhausted strength after a distressing fit of coughing, she sipped it with heartfelt gratitude, saying, "They gave my dear crucified Lord vinegar in *his* distress."

A dry and burning feverish heat seemed to drink up all the moisture in her frame. Deep sympathy being expressed,

she meekly bowed her head, saying, "But I shall never taste the *second* death." So intense was the pain sometimes that her face would be flushed, her hair wet with perspiration, her lip quivering, the agony forcing out the trembling tear and suppressed groan ; yet even then

"Joy through her swimming eyes would break,
And mean the thanks she could not speak."

Recovering a little from the anguish, she would say, "All is well—my dear Lord knows what is best. He is with us—it will not be long." Immediately after, with look of concern and tone of anxiety, she would beg her visitor, perhaps, to place his chair out of the draught, and inquire tenderly after his health and family, and the state of the church.

During a conversation on the heavenly world, and the glory which shall be revealed, her spirit kindled to a flame, and she exclaimed, "I shall know him—I shall know him—I shall know my crucified Lord—I shall press through all and cast my crown at his feet. I shall ! I shall !"

At last the time came, long desired, for her departure. For fifteen years she had been confined to her bed ; and for five years was never free from pain. "I am very sorry to see you suffering so much," said one. With a sweet smile, she replied, "What pleases my dear Lord pleases me. His will is best. His blessed will be done." To another, who said, "You are now passing through the dark valley," she instantly replied, "Oh, it is *not* dark ! it is *not* dark !" A few days before her death she said, "I was never so ill in all my life. From the crown of my head to the soles of my feet and ends of my fingers, I am in pain." "Yea, all her bones he chastened with strong pain." No sleep had she had for many days and nights, but no murmur or complaint escaped her lips, and in the ear of one who softly bent over

her she whispered, "All is well." The Thursday before she died she was in an agony of pain the whole night. In the midst she said, "If *this* is passing through death—O blessed Jesus! blessed Jesus!" "Oh, mother," said her daughter, "I wish you could get a little rest." Affectionately she said, "My dear child, my rest is not here." For a day or two before her departure she was unable to speak, and for some hours before her death was unconscious.

At ten minutes to one on Sunday afternoon, July 25th, 1869, she most peacefully fell asleep in Jesus. After death her countenance lost all traces of suffering, and assumed the most lovely appearance. A sweet and heavenly smile was there indeed.

On the following Wednesday, all that was mortal of this tried one was brought into the sanctuary she loved. We sang over her with full hearts and tearful eyes:—

"Hark! a voice divides the sky,
Happy are the faithful dead!
In the Lord who sweetly die,
They from all their pains are freed.

"When from flesh the spirit freed,
Hastens homeward to return,
Mortals cry, 'A woman's dead!'
Angels sing, 'A child is born!'

"Born into the world above,
They our happy sister greet;
Bear her to the throne of Love,
Place her at the Saviour's feet.

"Jesus smiles, and says, 'Well done,
Good and faithful servant thou;
Enter, and receive thy crown,
Reign with me triumphant now.'"

Then we carried her out to the little plot of ground behind

the chapel, where lie the mortal remains of William Knee, her husband, and husband's father. Here she wished to lie, and here we buried her, "in sure and certain hope of a resurrection to eternal life." There she rests until that glorious morning when, at his voice, she shall come forth and shine as the sun forever and ever in the kingdom of our Father. Amen.

The above sketch, we believe, was written by Mr. G. H. Carpenter, by whose kind permission it is here inserted. We are happy to be able to bear personal testimony to the truth of this narrative. It was in a glorious revival of the work of God, for which Mary Ann Pearce had prayed most fervently for a long time, that we were led from darkness to light. The same school-room in which she wrestled all night with the Angel of the Covenant was the place where we first publicly sought the Lord. In that same sanctuary she loved so well, we worshipped for many years. We were favored on several occasions with the opportunity of visiting this saint on her sick-bed, and we were deeply impressed with her rich and hallowed experience. It was indeed an inestimable privilege to hear her fervent prayers and see her heavenly face, while at the same time she was suffering most acute pain. Those visits will never be forgotten.

REV. JOHN PETTY.

JOHN PETTY was born at Salterforth, Yorkshire, England, December 29th, 1807. His early education was very imperfect, as he was brought up in circumstances quite unfavorable to the pursuit of knowledge. He was soundly converted to God under the faithful preaching of Thomas Batty, in the sixteenth year of his age, and shortly afterwards joined the Primitive Methodists. He soon began to preach, and in about three years after he was taken into the itinerant ministry. At the age of eighteen, he was sent to labor on the Pembrokeshire mission in Wales. Serious difficulties attended him on this field of toil, but glorious success followed his labors. Amid many discouragements, such as straitened circumstances—poor accommodation and the physical ~~pain~~ resulting therefrom—he persevered in his studies, lived very near to God, was incessant in his work of preaching and visiting, built a new chapel, saw the congregation much improved, and during his two years' stay on this mission the membership rose from twenty to eighty.

His second station was Stroud, Gloucestershire, which at that time formed a branch of Brinkworth Circuit. On this charge Mr. Petty had occasion to mourn deeply, on account of the low state of grace in which many of the members lived. He longed after their entire sanctification, preached with much unction and power, and witnessed some improvement generally. Determined to have a pure church, he expelled some of the sinful officials, and, notwithstanding his trying circumstances, the work prospered around him, and souls were saved.

He then removed to Tunstall Circuit, and soon after

sought and found the blessing of holiness. As a natural result, he was more than ever successful in saving souls, and he experienced more and more of the love of God. It gave him great joy to find his members making progress in holiness, and he labored hard for the conversion of sinners and the extension of the work on all sides.

Sunderland was his next circuit. Under his labors many of his members attained the blessing of entire sanctification, and he had a great increase of members all over his circuit. Whilst he thirsted after God, he also felt an insatiate thirst for knowledge.

On the Dudley Circuit he began by endeavoring to awaken the members to a sense of their low state of grace; he labored intensely for a revival of religion, used every possible means for the conversion of souls, and grew in grace and knowledge. As a result of his indefatigable labors, a glorious revival broke out in the circuit, great numbers were converted to God, and an addition of 493 made to the various societies on the circuit.

He was next removed to the Shrewsbury Circuit. Penurious giving was one of the drawbacks he had to contend with here. But he still felt an insatiate thirst for knowledge, redeemed every moment of time, and was exceedingly methodical in his studies and other labors. Better still, he made blessed progress in piety. A deep sense of responsibility at the divine tribunal seems to have been continually cherished in his heart, ever controlling his course of action, and rendering him a faithful minister of Jesus Christ. Every department of the work on this circuit prospered.

The experience of Mr. Petty on this and other circuits was that he usually preached with the greatest effect when he was best prepared.

Wrockwardine Wood Circuit was his next sphere of labor. The reading of religious biographies on this circuit was the means of greatly stirring up his zeal and ambition for the glory of God. His burning earnestness and incessant labors here resulted in an increase of 166 members during his three years' sojourn.

He then removed to Darlaston Circuit, where a sweeping revival commenced shortly after his arrival. In six months there was an increase of 150. The revival swept on in glorious power—blessed union was felt all over the circuit. In one year there was an increase of 300, in one quarter an increase of 219, and in the next quarter 40. His deep piety greatly qualified him for his work; he was constantly influenced by an absorbing love for the souls of men and his own responsibility before God. During his two years' stay on this circuit there was an increase in the membership of 710.

He then removed to Dudley Circuit for a second term. Notwithstanding his continued bodily affliction, and the large extent of the circuit, he preached, prayed, visited, read, and studied to a marvellous extent. There was abundant prosperity throughout the circuit—the first six months witnessing an addition of 800.

Though at the commencement of his itinerant labors his education was very defective, yet he had, by dint of perseverance, made such progress in self-education as to be able to read with facility in French, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. He had also obtained a good store of sound Methodist theology, logic, and of various other branches. He was now appointed as Connexional editor, and filled this office with marked ability and satisfaction.

His term as editor having expired, he removed to Hull Second Circuit. He still worked on from a consciousness of

duty, burned with a zeal to do good, performed an amazing amount of work, visiting, preaching, and praying continually. The Conference now appointed him to write the history of the Connexion, which arduous task he most faithfully and carefully performed. During his stay on this circuit, he was elected president of the Jubilee Conference, 1860, and there was an increase of 150 on his circuit.

He was then removed to Hull First Circuit, and was appointed, in conjunction with another minister, to revise forms for baptismal, sacramental, and funeral services. He also drew up a covenant form, and prepared three catechisms. These extra tasks he performed besides his regular studies, extensive reading and circuit labors, etc. He also assisted two other ministers in preparing a consolidated copy of the Connexional rules. Still he thought but little of the amount of labor which he performed. Here is a specimen of a week's labor: Preached eight times; conducted three prayer-meetings; addressed two societies individually; prayed with above fifty families; read Mr. Cook's new work on "Three Intercessions," the greater portion of the lives of Josiah Pratt and Leigh Richmond, and sketches of the wives of Luther, Calvin and Zwingli, as contained in Anderson's "Ladies of the Reformation." It seemed as though he could not live unless thoroughly and constantly devoted to his work.

He was now appointed as governor of the Jubilee School, York, in 1864. In addition to this post, he was in the following year appointed as the first theological tutor among the Primitive Methodists. He turned all his spare moments to good account in writing doctrinal sermons, etc., and on Sabbath in preaching special sermons in different parts of the Connexion. He was instrumental in the conversion of many of the scholars; in short, most of them

were saved through his instrumentality. Though his duties were very oppressive, and his strength but little, yet he determined to live and work for God as long as his strength would allow him. Declining health, however, compelled him to give up; he was confined to his bed—grew worse—but was graciously sustained in his affliction. His joy was unutterable, and he frequently broke out in glorious raptures. As he reached the valley, he exclaimed, "O that weight of glory! the idea is too much for me, I cannot realize it. Draw the curtain back, that it may in waves roll over me." At eight o'clock in the morning of April 22, 1868, his spirit triumphantly passed away.

Rev. J. Macpherson, his biographer, says of him:—"As a Christian he was distinguished for eminent holiness. The blessing of entire sanctification he enjoyed from December 11, 1829, to his death—a period of thirty-nine years. During that period holy love was his ruling passion, his propelling power, his immediate motive. He was also distinguished for *prevalency in prayer*. Heaven was to him peculiarly accessible. Often at the family altar, in the social means, and the great congregation, it seemed as if he could open the sluices of the water of life, and let in upon his fellow-worshippers floods of spiritual blessing. Sometimes during the opening prayer at a public service, such an overwhelming influence has been felt that he has had to descend from the pulpit and labor with penitents before he could commence his sermon. He wrestled with God in private. He was also distinguished for humility; he felt, he saw, he said, that all he did was characterized by littleness. He also felt a great solicitude for the conversion of sinners—a solicitude often fearfully oppressive. Hence he was very earnest in his work; no inclemency of the weather prevented him from attending to his appointments,

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He was also strictly Methodistic in his habits, studies, etc. Every hour had its appropriate work. He possessed intense desires for the acquisition of knowledge, ready apprehensive powers, clear discrimination, and a retentive memory. He continued year by year, yea, till the last month of his life, to add to his previous acquisitions of knowledge. To work was to live, to cease was to die."

GEORGE MULLER.

THIS eminent man of faith was born in the Kingdom of Prussia, in 1805. He was converted to God when about twenty years of age, in a small meeting that was conducted by a university friend of his. After having spent many years in the university, he left Germany for England, in the service of the Gospel, and has been pastor of a church in Bristol now over fifty years. At the beginning of his ministry, his salary was made up of pew rents, and by other similar means. He began to see the unscripturalness of these methods, and soon told his congregation that he would relieve them of all anxiety, and if they would give him just what they could find it convenient, for the rest he would simply speak to his heavenly Father, and look to him for all necessary supply.

He says:—"Since that date, over fifty years ago, I have not failed to have an abundance for all the enterprises under my control, although I have not any stated salary or any regular income. Frequently the last copper had gone before the supply came, but I simply took the matter to God. Often the last meal was on the table, but I asked

my Father to give them this day their daily bread, and it always came. Not once were they without good, wholesome food upon the table; not once did they go cold or hungry to bed."

His attention was drawn to the numerous throng of children wandering about the streets, dirty and uncared for, suffering for want of food and clothing, and, having experienced such blessed help in answer to prayer, he wondered if he could not, by taking the matter to God, get all necessary assistance to help them. This took such a strong hold of his mind that in March, 1834, he founded the institution now under his control, which bears the name, "The Scriptural Knowledge Institution, Home and Abroad." The object of this institution was to establish day and Sunday schools, circulate the Scriptures among the poorest of the poor, make missionary efforts, and circulate religious tracts, pamphlets, etc., among believers and unbelievers, and befriend orphans. At first he made God the patron of the institution. There are at present under its control some 118 schools—several in Spain, India, and other distant parts of the globe—all supported by funds coming out of the institution, which God had provided, and for which he had never had to ask any man to the amount of one cent. These 118 schools drew from the institution \$50,000 a year, but all this vast sum was obtained through prayer and faith. In the circulation of the Holy Scriptures the work of the institution was something unprecedented. Since May, 1879, between 11,000 and 12,000 Bibles, and 67,000 New Testaments, besides other portions of the Scriptures, had been distributed.

Between three and four millions of tracts and pamphlets are distributed year by year. More than seventy-six millions of books, pamphlets, etc., have been given away;

sixty-seven millions in various languages. As the result of this enormous circulation of wholesome literature, a great many papists, and thousands of others, have been saved; while in the various Sunday and day schools, and orphanages, untold numbers of children and youth have been savingly converted to God.

On mission work throughout the world, he has spent altogether about a million of dollars. But the support of the orphan was the particular object in view when the institution was founded, and in that direction it has been eminently successful. It is now one of the largest institutions of the kind in the world. "He at first prayed for \$5,000 to start the institution, and in doing so he expected to receive every cent without asking any one for it. After four months he had enough, which came in small and large sums from various directions, and he rented a house, and fitted it up to afford a home for thirty children. On the day of the opening, he sat in his vestry to receive applications for admission, but not one came. After some reflection, he remembered that he had asked for money and house and furniture, but he had not prayed for orphans, and he at once humbled himself before God, and asked for orphans. Next morning one came, and since then more than 10,000 have been provided for. Within six months of the opening of the first home, he opened another, and soon after a third and a fourth, for girls and boys."

In his orphanage there are about, on an average, 2,250 children. None are admitted unless satisfactory proof can be given that they are legitimate as to their parentage, real orphans, and that they are needy. When they have come to a suitable age, they are furnished with an outfit, and apprenticed to trades, or placed in situations, while very many of them are retained as teachers in the various day schools,

The support of the orphanage amounts to \$230,000 annually. The milk bill amounts to \$10,000 yearly! He has sometimes paid out as much as \$27,500 in one day. "In all, Mr. Muller has received for his orphanage and other works of a Christian and benevolent kind, a total of \$4,275,000, and he declares that he never asked a human being for a sixpence! He has made it his uniform rule to go in prayer to him who has the hearts of all men in his hands, and ask him for all needed supply, and men have been moved to give it—some giving out of their abundant wealth, and some out of their poverty. He has received as high as \$45,000 in one donation, and scores of times \$5,000. A principle of his has been never to contract a debt in connection with his orphanage. Often the last sixpence has been spent, and within a few hours either money must come or starvation; but the money came without fail, and never were the children sent hungry to bed."

Hundreds of times he has held two prayer-meetings in a day with his helpers, beseeching God to send them supplies for the next meal of food for the orphans, and in every case the Lord has graciously answered their prayer. In eleven years he had received five thousand answers to prayer. In the course of his life he has received some thirty thousand answers to prayer within the same day of asking, and that for some things he had been praying every day for over thirty years, and the answer had not come as yet. He mentioned these things to encourage Christians patiently to wait on God. He had received answers after waiting fifteen, twenty, and thirty years. When in the deepest poverty, he never gives any human being the least intimation of his needs, either by word or look, but always carries every matter great and small to God, and continu-

ally rejoices in the Lord. He declares that his countenance never looks sad or anxious when in need, as he considers that would be dishonoring to God, and inconsistent with a perfect trust in him.

He says:—"When I first began allowing God to deal with me, relying on him, taking him at his word, and set out, over half a century ago, simply to rely on him for myself, family, taxes, travelling expenses, and every other need, I rested on simple promises. I found in the sixth chapter of Matthew this passage:—'I say unto you, take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body more than raiment? Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature? And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin. And yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?' No man could by care and forethought array a lily. Put a flower under a microscope, and you will say it has been attired by no other than the living God. 'Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? (For after all these things do the Gentiles seek); for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. Take, there-

fore, no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'

"I believed the word. I rested on it and practised it. I 'took God at his word.' A stranger, a foreigner in England, I know seven languages, and might have used them perhaps as a means of remunerative employment, but I had consecrated myself to labor for the Lord. I put my reliance in the God who has promised, and he has acted according to his word. I've lacked nothing—nothing. I have had my trials, my difficulties, and my empty purse, but my receipts have aggregated tens of thousands of dollars, while the work has gone on all these years.

"Now, this is not, as some have said, because I am a man of great mental power, or endowed with energy and perseverance—these are not the reasons. It is because I have sought God, and he has cared for the institution, which, under his direction, has 117 schools, with masters and mistresses, and other departments. The difficulties in such an undertaking have been gigantic, but I read that they that put their trust in the Lord shall not be ashamed. Many years ago, a beloved brother came from America to see me, and he expected to find me an old man, helpless and decrepit, bowed down with burdens, and he wondered I did not look old. 'How is this?' he said, 'that you keep so young under such a load as you are carrying?' 'My dear brother,' I said, 'I have always rolled the burden on the Lord. I do not carry one hundredth part of it. The burden comes to me, and I roll it back on him.' I do not carry the burden, and now, in my seventy-sixth year, I have physical strength and mental vigor for work as great as when I was a young man in the university, studying and preparing Latin orations. I am just as vigorous as at that

time. How comes this? Because in the last half-century of labor I've been able, with the simplicity of a little child, to rely upon God. I have had my trials, but I have laid hold upon God, and so it has come that I have been sustained. Day by day I cast my burdens on the Lord. This morning again sixty matters in connection with the church of which I am pastor, I brought before the Lord. Many persons suppose it is only about money that I trust the Lord in prayer. I do bring this money question before the Lord, but it is only one out of many things I speak to God about, and I find he helps. Often I have perplexity in finding persons of ability and fitness for the various posts that I have supplied. Sometimes weeks and months pass, and day by day, I bring the matter before the Lord, and invariably he helps. It is so about the conversion of persons—prayer, sooner or later, is turned into praise. Do not, however, expect to attain full faith at once. All such things as jumping into full exercise of faith in such things I discountenance. All such things go on in a natural way. The little I have I did not obtain all at once."

He says:—"The first and primary object of the institution was, and still is, that God might be magnified by the fact that the orphans under my care are provided with all they need only *by prayer and faith*, without any one being asked by me or my fellow-laborers, by which it may be seen that God is FAITHFUL STILL, AND HEARS PRAYER STILL. This, my aim, has been abundantly honored. Multitudes of sinners have been thus converted, multitudes of the children of God in all parts of the world have been benefited by this work, even as I had anticipated. But the larger the work has grown, the greater has been the blessing, bestowed in the very way in which I looked for blessing; for the attention of hundreds of thousands has

been drawn to the work. Many tens of thousands have come to see it with their own eyes."

We recommend the reader to read his "Brief Narrative of the Lord's Dealings with George Muller," and his Annual Reports. These accounts are simply marvellous. No Christian can read them without having his faith greatly strengthened.

At this date, June, 1889, Mr. Muller is still alive, and pushing on his work with remarkable energy and zeal.

"And what shall I more say? for the time would fail me to tell of Gideon, and of Barak, and of Samson, and of Jephthah; of David also, and Samuel, and of the prophets:

"Who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions,

"Quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens.

"Women received their dead raised to life again: and others were tortured, not accepting deliverance; that they might obtain a better resurrection:

"And others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonment:

"They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword: they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented;

"(Of whom the world was not worthy:) they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth.

"And these all, having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise [of the Saviour, that is, the fulfilment].

"God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect." (Heb. 11. 32-40).

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